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Memoirs

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

Luïs de Camoens.

BY

JOHN ADAMSON, F. S. A.

LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

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AN

ESSAY

ON

The Lusiad

OF

CAMOENS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE

OF

Dom Joze Maria de Souza.

ESSAY

ON

THE LUSIAD.

THOUGH various writers, as well of Portugal as foreigners, have published their opinions upon the poem of Camoens; among which those of Manoel Severim de Faria and Mr Mickle claim superiority; yet I confess not any of them have completely satisfied me. Whilst some, who were even partial to our author, biassed by the opinions of the times in which they lived, have judged him according to the prejudices of those periods, and the rules of art which were then adopted; others, not having read him in the original, deceived by unfaithful translations, and led away by various pre-

possessions, have criticised him with an unpardonable severity. It is therefore to be wished, that some of our literary men, uniting a patriotic feeling to their love for general learning and for our poet, would undertake a work upon the Lusiad, similar to that executed with so much judgment by Addison with respect to the Paradise Lost of Milton.

Without pretending to supply this defect in our literature, or to satisfy the wishes of an enlightened public, let it be permitted me, in order to perform my duty as a biographer, to offer some reflexions, which point out my reasons for considering this excellent poem worthy of attention, and which shew, that it deserves to be esteemed by foreigners equal in execution to the best epic poems that are known, and that it is preferred by the Portuguese to them all.

It is not to be expected that I can say any thing new on a subject, which has been previously treated upon by so many critics. My only motive is to fix the attention on the most essential points, and upon those, which have been subjects of controversy, and thereby to incite other persons, more competent than I

am, to complete, as a work, that which I only bring forward as an essay.

Luis de Camoens, as I have stated in his life, conceived very early the plan of his poem, and, had composed a portion of it previous to his departure for India in 1553, where it was finished in 1570. These dates are worthy of remembrance, because they establish for our poet, in the composition in modern times of a regular and justly esteemed epic poem, the glorious title of priority.

It is true that Dante had previously written his Divina Comedia, and that Pulci and Boiardo had by their compositions opened the way for a new species of poem, which Ariosto rendered famous by his chivalrous romance, the Orlando Furioso; but none of these productions, beautiful as they are in this description of poetry, can be compared to the ancient epic poems. Trissino, who pretended to imitate them, shewed himself so incompetent to such an undertaking, that it is scarcely necessary to mention the Italia Liberata, which either is not now read at all, or at most once only. Tasso and Milton are posterior to Camoens.

An epic poem, as defined by Aristotle and other celebrated critics, is a narration in verse of the heroic actions of great and illustrious personages. Its action should be one, great, and complete. The style majestic, serious, spirited, and full of enthusiasm. In its composition reason should direct the poet, and imagination adorn the work. These are the principal rules, admitted by all nations on account of their foundation in sound reason. Other rules dependent upon various customs and tastes—whether relative to the contrivance of the machinery, or the agency of supernatural powers—whether as regards the nature of the episodes, or the choice of the subject—have been respectively contended for, yet cannot be taken as general regulations.

Not any doubt can be entertained that our poet has followed the most essential precepts, and it is only those persons, who have not read his poem with attention, and in the original language, who charge him with a departure from the rules of the art. Surely no one will deny that he has attended to the primary object, namely, to unite the *utile dulci*.

An epic poem is universally allowed to be the most noble production of the fine arts. It requires in the author a presence of all those qualifications and faculties, of which one would have sufficed for the proper execution of other compositions. Its end and purpose are to afford the most important lessons and to teach the truth by the most agreeable precepts. The citizen, the statesman, the sovereign should be able to find in it and to acquire from it that knowledge, which is necessary for them individually and jointly.

Luis de Camoens, animated by the most ardent patriotism, and full of enthusiasm for the valour and constancy, by which the Portuguese nation, notwithstanding the smallness of its beginning, had conquered its country from the Moors—by which it had founded a monarchy and supported its independence against the superior forces of Castile—with which, after having confirmed itself at home, it passed into Africa to place barriers to the Moorish power —with which at last it traversed new seas and established a magnificent empire in the East—undertook to erect a monument, which, trans-

mitting such heroic deeds to posterity, should perpetuate the glory of the Portuguese name, and attest that not any other nation had acquired equal renown.

He conceived therefore a national epic poem, and desired to celebrate the principal virtue of the Portuguese, their heroism on land and at sea: this he explains

> Eu canto o Peito illustre Lusitano
> A quem Neptuno, e Marte obedeceram.

For this purpose he selected for the subject of his poem the most memorable achievement in the Portuguese history—the Discovery of India by Vasco da Gama and his brave companions. He introduced in the narrative, as proper episodes, those events in the history of Portugal, which prepared the nation for so grand an undertaking, and for the foundation of that vast empire which its heroes should establish in the East. He completed his plan, not only with reference to the principal subject, but in every way which could aggrandise

his country, and excite the curiosity of future times. Thus he commences and how properly:

As armas e os Baroens assinalados,
Que da occidental praia Lusitana,
Por mares nunca d'antes navegados
Passaram ainda alem da Taprobana:
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Entre gente remota edificaram
Novo reino que tanto sublimaram.

The Discovery of India, achieved by the expedition of Vasco da Gama, is the only and complete action of the poem.

This event, when we consider the state of nautical knowledge in Europe at the time, the dread, which prevailed, previous to our expeditions, of tempting distant seas, the smallness of the nation and of the expedition which made the discovery—is one of the most heroic of human actions. The importance of it, when its consequences are considered, is in my opinion, greater than that of the crusades. It is evident to all, who are conversant with history, that the conquests of the Portuguese in the

East weakened the Mussulman power, which threatened Europe with fetters, and that from the direct opening of the navigation and commerce of Asia resulted the civilization and liberty of Europe, and the extension and increase of her riches.

Who is there so little curious as not to desire to ascertain the causes of these extraordinary events, or so ungrateful to a nation, which has thus benefited others, as not to wish to become acquainted with the establishment and origin of a monarchy, which could render each Portuguese a hero? It is therefore natural, that the generality of men should ardently desire to inform themselves as well of the events previous to this era in the History of Portugal, as of those which have resulted from this celebrated undertaking, and to obtain a knowledge of the principal heroes engaged therein. So Camoens thought, and made the plan of his poem, in which he proposed to celebrate the heroic valour of the Portuguese, conform to these views of the subject. He therefore intituled his poem Os LUSIADAS, and

in the commencement of it states that he will sing:

> ..... Tambem as memorias gloriosas
> Daquelles Reis que foram dilatando
> A fé, o imperio; e as terras viciosas
> De Africa, e de Asia, andaram devastando;
> E aquelles que por obras valerosas
> Se vaõ da lei da morte libertando.

which neither destroys nor offends the unity of the action, but completes the whole. Thus the two first obligations were observed, and we shall presently see that the third was equally attended to.

The use of mythology was judged amongst literary men, at the period when Camoens wrote, essential in poetry—more especially in epic poetry; and it was also the prevailing opinion that the fabulous deities were allegorical personages. Camoens, therefore, to be consistent with this general opinion, made use of this kind of machinery; but foreseeing the objection that would be made to it, he took care to explain in Canto X, st. 82—85, that they are

secondary causes personified to make delightful verses.

But why did he not employ in his poem the agency of good angels and evil spirits, as Torquato Tasso did some few years afterwards, rather than of the manifest incongruity, which we dislike, in having the pagan deities introduced into a poem, in which the heroes profess the dogmas of the christian religion? I can adduce a reason.—I am persuaded, he did not conceive the other machinery so poetical, following in this respect the opinion of Boileau, which those, who examine this point impartially, will sometimes adopt. I will venture to assign another reason, deduced from that period of our history, and which will not be challenged by those, who refer to it. I ask, had he the liberty to select the species of machinery he should employ? I will say the same with respect to the Jerusalem.

The present literary characters in Europe place as little credit in the heathen deities as in the magic and witchcraft performed by infernal spirits; and must allow, that, when they read the poems of antiquity and the work of Tasso,

they are under the necessity of referring their thoughts to the periods, at which these opinions severally prevailed, to enable them to enjoy the beauties which they produce, and to enter into the illusion occasioned by one or other description of machinery. Without this illusion they would not experience any emotion on reading the combats and quarrels amongst the deities of Homer, or the contentions of those infernal spirits in Tasso, which pretended to dispute and contend with the cœlestial power. If therefore, this argument is applicable to Homer and Tasso, why should it not apply to Camoens?

The employment of the heathen deities in the Lusiad doubtless produces beauties equal to those to be found in the poems of antiquity; and when the Lusiad is read, and the opinion of the time, which guided the poet, admitted, that censure, which, in a severe criticism, blamed only Camoens, whilst Tasso and Milton had both fallen into this pretended fault of introducing into their poems mythological terms and figures, will be discountenanced. But when a criticism too severe is so fastidious as to reprehend the employment of this machinery,

where is the poet who is entirely blameless? Horace discovered that Homer sometimes slept; others disapprove of his fiction or metamorphose of the deities into owls. In Virgil the heathen goddesses are not represented with so much dignity, nor is the agency so powerful as in Homer: the invention of the Harpies and the change of the ships into nymphs are blamed, and in the concluding books the interest grows cool. If these two masters of the art, the one conspicuous for his sublimity, and the other celebrated for the purity of his style, are not free from defects, it is because human nature cannot attain the highest perfection.

Instead of accusation, the ingenuity with which he introduces the heathen deities as agents and secondary causes, and by which he overcomes this difficulty, should be noticed; and the art, with which he combines with the antient the chivalrous species of poetry and our modern customs, preserving always in both the appropriate dignity of the epic poem, ought equally to ensure him praise.

We shall now see how sublime is the conception of Camoens even in its simplicity, and

how he, I am bold to say it, of all the moderns, has approached nearest to the great models of antiquity, without being a servile imitator of them.

The plan of the poem is conducted with that classical regularity laid down by the antients. The fable is distinct. The poet, in the commencing stanzas, explains his subject, invokes the nymphs of the Tagus, addresses himself to King Sebastian in order to obtain his protection, and enters upon the narrative and the middle of the action.

Vasco da Gama and his companions sail along the eastern coast of Africa projecting the discovery of India. Jupiter convokes an assembly of the deities to decide upon the fate of this great enterprise. Bacchus, who considers himself the original conqueror of India, opposes the expedition, lest his glory should be eclipsed. Venus and Mars support the Portuguese, because that nation is distinguished for the qualities, which they most appreciate. Jupiter decides in favour of these deities. The squadron arrives in the mean time at Moçambique. The Moorish governor, at the instiga-

tion of Bacchus, meditates its destruction by force; but not being able to accomplish it, he maliciously procures its entry into the port of Mombaça, where Bacchus prepares new treasons against it. Venus, perceiving the danger of the Portuguese, hurries to Jupiter, who dispatches Mercury to advise Gama to leave the port. This advice he follows, and casts anchor at Melinda. The King of Melinda receives him in a most friendly manner, and requests to hear the narrative, as well of his voyage, as of the history of the Portuguese nation, the fame of which had already excited considerable admiration. Vasco da Gama acquiesces in the wishes of the King, and as Æneas did to Dido, relates to him the most extraordinary and curious exploits recorded in the Annals of Portugal, and, finishing with the account of his arrival at Melinda, entreats the sovereign to furnish him with a pilot to conduct him to India. Scarcely has he obtained this and set sail, when Bacchus in grief descends to the depths of the ocean to supplicate Neptune and the deities of that element to destroy the Portuguese squadron. Neptune raises a tempest, which, but for

the timely arrival of Venus, who appeases the winds, would have swallowed them up. The fleet at last fortunately arrives at Calicut, on the coast of Malabar, where Gama is well received by the Zamorin, or sovereign of that country. Here, the poet, by the mouth of Monçaide, gives an account of the history, religion, and customs of Asia. Camoens, never losing sight of the aggrandisement of his nation, embraces an opportunity, which the visit of the prime minister, the Catual, to the ship of Paulo da Gama, afforded him, to satisfy, by a narration given by Paulo of some of the most heroic deeds of the Lusitanians, the curiosity of the Indian. Bacchus, however, in a rage, endeavours to rouse and excite the Moors of Calicut against the Portuguese, whom he represents as pirates, and to put them to fresh inconvenience. The Catual detains Gama a prisoner, who, in this crisis, displays his prudence and bravery, and at length obtains liberty from the Zamorin to embark and return to his country. On their voyage, Venus, to reward her valiant heroes, makes them approach an Island, where she had prepared such recreations as were proper to

alleviate the fatigues and troubles which they had experienced in their great and arduous enterprise. Thetis, who receives them, shews to Gama the extension of the empire, which the Portuguese should found in Asia, as also the governors and illustrious men, who should immortalize their names in that part of the world.

I am persuaded, that all those who read the poem attentively, will feel with me, that this composition causes the greatest interest; that as a whole, considering the subject of the action, it is extremely well organized; that its parts correspond, and are very appropriate; and that it possesses at the same time great simplicity and an agreeable variety.

All the rules of art, which apply to the action of the poem, are found united in it. It is one, great, and complete. The episodes are naturally adapted. The vicissitudes, which keep the action of the poem in suspence, deservedly create curiosity, and arrest the attention.

If we do not find in this poem a group of characters well conceived and supported, surrounding the principal hero, as in the Iliad;

the same absence is observable in the Æneid. The characters however of an Affonso I., a Ioaõ I., an Egas Moniz, a Duarte Pacheco, an Affonso d'Albuquerque, &c. are equally striking as those of the brave Gyas, the Cloanthus, and the Evander, who also do not form any group, and who are introduced into that admirable poem.

As to the episodes, which are essential ornaments in epic poems, those wherein the narrative of the history of Portugal, the adventures of the Knights, who were at the tournaments in England, and the loves of Dona Ignez, are given, must be considered excellent. Their beauty is heightened by the manner in which they are interwoven in the poem.

The sentiments and the poetical language of the Lusiad are most proper and suitable to this species of composition. Neither the personages, who figure in it, nor the poet himself, introduce or express a single sentiment or feeling, which may not be moral, generous, heroic, and even sublime. In this respect Camoens distinguishes himself above all writers since Homer, verifying the maxim of a celebrated moralist, *that noble thoughts originate in the heart;*

and who, it may be asked, had a more dignified heart than Luis de Camoens?—In his poem we find nothing vulgar or mean, no vile flattery, no praise bestowed except upon true merit. The love of virtue, of heroism, and of his country, is constantly displayed, and adds lustre to his performance.

The diction and poetical style of the Lusiad, present a character always natural, without affectation, noble, and frequently reaching the sublime. Luis de Camoens petitioned the nymphs of the Tagus that they would grant him

> ——— um som alto e sublimedo,
> Um estylo grandiloquo, e corrente,
> ——— uma furia grande, e sonorosa:

and every one must feel that the muses listened, and were propitious to his wishes.

Sir William Jones, skilled in various languages, and a lover of literature, thus mentions our poet: *Camoensium Lusitanum, cujus poesis adeò venusta est, adeò polita, ut nihil esse possit jucundius; interdum verò adeò elata, grandiloqua, ac sonora, ut nihil fingi possit magnificentius.*

The reader experiences, immediately on his commencing to peruse the Lusiad, an emotion caused by the blaze of patriotism, which inflames the poet, animates the whole work, and is communicated to himself; whilst a correct and flowing diction attracts and captivates by its harmony. The arrangement of the figures is admirable. The comparisons, wherein Homer or Virgil have supplied the originals, are equal to such originals, and do not appear as copies; and when they are furnished by the invention of the poet, they are full of beauty and truth. The descriptions of sieges, combats, and naval views, are most lively, and so much the more natural from the mode of life of the poet affording him opportunities of witnessing similar scenes. In the paintings—whether he is grand, and avails himself of the powerful and sublime pencils of Michael Angelo and of Raphael,—or soft, and applies the delicate brush of Albano or of Correggio—he appears as one whose heart united great energy with extreme sensibility. Many excellent verses of imitative poetry might be quoted. He possessed also the art of giving dignity, by

his poetical diction, to things of minor and common acceptation, by which means he removed any disadvantage to the poem by their introduction. Two ages and an half have now passed, and, although Camoens was one of the first who formed our language, no phrase used by him, or even any word, has become obsolete or obscure. In whatever way this poem is considered,—whether with respect to its composition and execution being agreeable to the rules of art,—whether as to the sublimity of invention and display of science and erudition, —whether referring to the morality of its sentiments and the lesson it affords to mankind,—or the entertainment which the perusal of it furnishes, every just and impartial reader will allow that it is not inferior to any of the best epic poems. I say this, addressing myself to foreigners, because I am persuaded that the Portuguese ought, as I do, to think it superior to them all, without any fear of such opinion being attributed to a rash national vanity, but rather to a natural and praise-worthy patriotic feeling inspired by a just sense of gratitude.

The Lusiad is a monument of national glory.

This poem should be prized by us as the Iliad was by the Greeks. If in the Iliad the heroic times of Greece were sung by the first epic poet, the memorable achievements, the victories and the labours of our ancestors, are celebrated and described in the Lusiad. Thus every Portuguese participates more intensely in this glory in proportion to the smallness of our nation, and so much the more ardently loves his country and the poet, who preserved those illustrious portions of her history to future ages. In it each noble family finds its name recorded, together with the exploits performed by its progenitors, and cannot fail to estimate highly the honour of viewing itself thus inscribed in the archives of heroism. Each city and town are mentioned in it. The Portuguese have, therefore, like the Greeks and the Romans, their Homer and Virgil in Camoens, to whom they are indebted for the preservation and perpetuity of their fame. Who is there amongst us so mean, that he does not feel a grateful enthusiasm for our poet? The English feel it so highly for Shakspeare, as not to allow that a single defect can be discovered to diminish

their admiration of the bard. Johnson, a critic more than severe, speaking of the Paradise Lost, exclaims: "What Englishman can take "delight in transcribing passages, which, if "they lessen the reputation of Milton, di- "minish in some degree the honour of our "country?"

If, then, any amongst us should dare to do this with respect to Camoens, they would be guilty of a fault, which might be denominated anti-national.

If I was not limited in the extent of my remarks on the poem of Camoens, I could establish by examples, as Addison did, the propositions I have advanced; let it, however, be conceded to me to point out some of the most remarkable passages in each Canto, which, although unnecessary for natives of Portugal, yet may be useful to foreigners. The difficulty I experience is to select from so many beauties.

Voltaire says, in some part of his works, treating of the manner in which Racine should be commented upon, that it would be difficult to repress at each page, the exclamations—*admirable—pathetic—sublime*—in lieu of any

lengthened remark. This, in my opinion, is applicable to the work of Camoens, and therefore, I trust, that I shall be pardoned, if, in pointing out the passages in the Lusiad, I make frequent use of these and similar testimonies of applause.

In Canto I. the introduction is in the truly epic style,—noble, and breathing that patriotism which animates the whole poem. The invocation to the muses of the Tagus, and the address to the King Dom Sebastian, are a continuation of the same feeling, expressed in beautiful verse. In the latter, the tone, elevated and appropriate from a vassal, conscious of his own valour, is worthy of notice; respectfully, yet with dignity, he thus addresses the sovereign:—

> Vereis amor da patria naõ movido
> De premio vil; mas alto e quasi eterno:

And, speaking of the illustrious kings, his predecessors, and of the great men of the nation, he invites, with due enthusiasm, the young monarch to become the worthy heir of the virtues of his ancestors, and the sovereign of a

nation of heroes, whose valour he was about to proclaim in his verses. Every one, conversant with the best antient and modern authors, must necessarily discover the superiority of sentiment, and of the diction of our poet, when they advert to the manner in which Virgil and Lucan addressed the Cæsars, and in which Ariosto and Tasso appealed to the princes of the house of Este.

The entry of Camoens on his narrative, is after the style of the antient epic poets. He commences with an assembly of the Gods, desirous of assisting and protecting the heroes of the poem, and by their agency, gives the work a greater degree of importance, thus preparing the reader for grand and noble exploits.

In this council, the majesty and superiority of Jupiter Tonans are preserved in the substance and style of his discourse; the jealousy of Bacchus, evident in his every speech, is well supported, so as to excite fears from his opposition for the undertaking of the Portuguese. On the other hand, Venus maintains, in the few words she uses when interceding for them, a tone characteristic of the goddess, who prizes

the qualities and the language of the Portuguese, which resemble those of her Romans. Mars, who supports this protection, and who esteems the Portuguese valour, expresses himself with the vehemence of the God of war, and shews himself *iracundus*, *inexorabilis*, *acer*, and great, even in the mode in which he presents himself to Jupiter, making the heavens tremble. The diction in this part of the poem is, indeed, the language of the deities.

The Lusiad has the rare merit of preserving faithfully in its pictures, the customs of the people of Asia and Africa, as also of the adventurous Chevaliers of that day in Europe. The first interview of Vasco da Gama with the Moors of Moçambique is a proof of this assertion, it not being possible that the poetry could be better, or that the picture could be more faithfully pourtrayed.

The description of a fine moon-light night, and of the following morning, is peculiarly beautiful; and, although the poet copied Virgil, who was indebted to Homer, he has made the descriptions his own. The comparison which precedes the battle is new, very appro-

priate, and is represented in the most natural colours.

The combat which follows, between the Portuguese and the Moors, is well described, and in a hurried style. In it I must not forget to notice two beautiful lines of imitative poetry:—

> A plumbea pella mata, o brado espanta,
> Ferido o ar retumba e assovia.

Immediately at the commencement of Canto II. we see, that Camoens does not allow a single opportunity to escape him of bringing forward any occurrence which conduces to the honour of his country; he therefore mentions the two criminals, whom Vasco da Gama sent on shore. Our great sovereigns were the first who commuted, either in this way, or by transportation, the sentence of death.

To frustrate the snares, which the Moors of Mombaça had placed for the destruction of the navigators, Venus descends to the ocean and convokes the Nereids, and the whole Cerulean train to proceed, and, by opposing their breasts to the prows of the vessels, to prevent their en-

trance into the port; a new and exquisitely beautiful invention of our poet, wherein, as in other passages, his originality of genius is evinced. The two similes of the ants and the frogs are in the true style of Homer.

Venus, not yet satisfied with her exertions, enters into the sixth heaven to implore the favour of Jupiter towards her beloved nation. This is one of the most tender passages in this Canto. The description of the Goddess and her address are written in elegant poetry, and with pure taste; the images are beautiful, the versification is harmonious, and the style is warm and animated. If I may expresss my opinion, I consider the imitation of it by Tasso, in his very beautiful, although somewhat elaborate description of Armida, inferior to the passage in the Lusiad. In the portrait which he draws of Venus, in her movements and in her speech, there are a grace and a sweetness which display the excellence of the poet in delineation and fine feeling.

The reply of Jupiter, when he pronounces the decrees of the fates in favour of the Portuguese in the highest strain of poetry, exciting

the curiosity for information respecting those great deeds which are prophesied, is given with appropriate dignity. In stanza 53, an imitation of Virgil may be observed, as well as the good taste with which he vies with that great poet. The energy and power of his language throughout the whole discourse are also worthy of attention.

The speech of the messenger of Gama, on the arrival of the fleet at Melinda, may be cited as a model of correct oratory, whilst that which is pronounced by the sovereign of Melinda, is such as might be expected from a prince, of whom Osorio says: *In omni autem sermone princeps ille non hominis barbari specimen dabat, sed ingenium et prudentiam eo loco dignam præ se ferebat.* I quote this historian to refute more strongly the unjust criticism of Voltaire, who accuses Camoens of having made Vasco da Gama speak of Ulysses and Æneas to a barbarous African, who must have been unacquainted with such names. It is surprising, that a writer, so enlightened as Voltaire, should not have remembered that this king was an Arab prince, in whose native language many transla-

tions from the antient authors, and various works of science and history, existed at the time; and also, that he should not have considered with how much greater propriety he might himself be censured for placing in the mouth of Mahomet, when addressing Zopire:

> En Egypte Osiris, Zoroastre en Asie,
> Chez les Crétois Minos, Numa dans l'Italie,
> A des peuples sans mœurs, et sans culte, et sans rois,
> Donnèrent aisément d'insuffisantes lois.

In the description of the interview between the King and Vasco da Gama, the talent of Camoens evinces itself in the manner in which he elevates by his style, things in their nature common and unimportant; whilst the painting is so spirited and natural, as to bring the subject completely before us.

If, in following that example, which has generally given the preference to the fourth and sixth books of the Æneid, I should venture to select any of the Cantos of the Lusiad as more excellent than the others, I would name those which contain the history of the Portuguese

monarchy, being the third and fourth. It is in this narrative that the poet shews himself animated with that most ardent patriotism which gives spirit to the whole, and places him on a level with the best epic poets. I feel embarrassed to make choice of any particular passages, because the whole relation is admirable; whilst some are to be distinguished for classical perfection, others are eminent for a chivalrous taste, the most select and original.

The description of Europe, with which he commences, and which some foreign critics have censured as uninteresting and dry, affords a specimen whereby to estimate the poetical talents of Camoens. The features of the various climates, and the historical allusions, render it striking and agreeable. If descriptions of this nature are esteemed in Homer, why should we not give equal credit to our poet? I cannot imagine how the four verses, with which he concludes stanza 21, can be read without tears:

> Esta hé a ditosa Patria minha amada,
> A' qual se o ceo me dá, que eu em perigo
> Torne com esta empreza já acabada,
> Acabe-se esta luz alli comigo!

Certainly Camoens published in these divine lines, by the mouth of Gama, those feelings, which he himself experienced in India whilst writing his poem dedicated to the glory of his countrymen. I will proceed to point out the most excellent passages. Amongst these, the mode in which he has prepared the narrative of the battle of Ourique (memorable of itself, and also because the foundation and independence of the Portuguese monarchy, bear date from that brilliant day) is as great as the subject which it unfolds. The appearance of the Son of Mary to Dom Affonso, and the emotion which that appearance caused in him, and in the soldiers;—the confidence and valour that inspired this handful of men to proclaim Affonso, as if certain of success, testify a poetical genius. The account of the battle, or rather a spirited picture of it, follows: and here, as in some of his other descriptive passages, the difference is apparent between a military poet, and one, who, in his cabinet, imitates or copies from historians and writers of romance. The strokes are rapid, natural, appropriate, and delineate those horrid scenes, to which he had

himself been an eye-witness, when upon service.

Obliged, as I am, to pass rapidly over many beauties, I am certain that the pure taste apparent in stanzas 83 and 84, containing the account of the death of our first and great king, and the pathetic manner in which they conclude, will secure universal attention.

The supplication of the Queen Dona Maria is a piece of perfect oratory, and supposing her situation to be much similar to that of Venus in the second Canto, is satisfactory, the difference of the feelings and affections which are proper to the action being taken into consideration.

In the verse:—

Que a vivos medo, e a mortos faz espanto.

The last figure is sublimely bold.

The mode in which the tragical history of Dona Ignez de Castro is introduced, after the equally energetic and strongly painted description of the battle of Tarifa, is very ingenious. On this excellent passage, it will be sufficient to quote the opinion of a man so eminent for his talents as Voltaire, who asserts that there

does not exist in Virgil (in the author the most correct, and feeling of antiquity) a passage more pathetic, more adapted to touch the heart, and more perfectly written.

In no other poem are so many eulogies on the female sex, and their powerful attractions, to be found. The sensible heart of Camoens delighted to dwell upon the varieties of beauty and charms, and on the vicissitudes of the pleasures and pains of love, with the feeling of one who had a lively sense of their effects.

But, notwithstanding that affection which might be adduced as an apology for the terrible vengeance with which Dom Pedro visited the murderers of his beloved Dona Ignez, Camoens, always a philosopher, severely reprehends the unjust and cruel treaty, which was entered into by the two Pedros, the enemies of human life.

After the feeling and pathetic episode of the story of Dona Ignez, the poet proceeds, in the commencement of Canto IV. to paint the horrors of the civil war waged by Queen Dona Leonor, and a few Portuguese, assisted by the Castilians, against Dom Joaõ I., in which he

shews himself a true Portuguese, and asserts those principles and sentiments which ought to animate every lover of his country to support its independence, and to resist every foreign force which endeavours to violate it. In the proportion in which these political lessons (by which, at this time, my nation has lately ceased so gloriously to profit, having in its struggle evinced the antient Portuguese valour,) are beautiful, and worthy of general admiration, the commentator Faria, is deserving of censure for his notes on this passage, which are unworthy a good Portuguese, and also plainly demonstrate what Voltaire says, "That com-"mentators are always a little inimical to their "country." We cannot, therefore, wonder that the discourse of the Constable should fail to make that impression upon him, which it ought to do on every Portuguese heart. It is, indeed, an excellent model of military, chivalrous, and patriotic eloquence.

The preparations for the war, and the events which preceded the memorable day of Aljubarrota, which, like that of Ourique, assisted in consolidating our independence, are admirably

described; but must yield the palm to the account of the battle itself. The propriety of the images, the harmony and imitative poetry in the verses, the grand and just representation of the bloody scene, and the spirit which animates the whole, render the picture perfect. No touch is wanting for its completion.

Camoens has detailed the events of three battles, each description has its peculiar merits, and the truth of the painting which pervades them all is inimitable.

Let it be allowed me here to pause, for the purpose of shewing that Camoens observed one of the principal rules in writing epic poetry, which is to describe and to preserve faithfully, the customs of the time to which the action of the poem has reference. We remark, throughout the composition, that chivalrous valour, that military ardour, that enthusiasm and love of glory, which animated the nation, and which converted every Portuguese into a hero. It is only from our knowledge of this character, that we can comprehend that bold endeavour on the part of the Portuguese, after the glorious history of their wars with the Moors, and with

their neighbours, to execute such great achievements, and obtain such vast conquests.

What refers more particularly to the subject of the action of the Lusiad, being one of the first nautical expeditions which led to the discovery of India, now commences.

To omit, for the sake of brevity, several passages of merit, I will point out, as beautiful and truly in character with epic poetry, the invention of the dream of the King Dom Manoel, the undertaking of the expedition, and its departure from port.

I will give here, the note of Mr Mickle, in which he shews the ingenuity with which the poet conducts the daring voyage of Vasco da Gama, because I think it cannot possibly be better described.

" Every circumstance attending it is repre-
" sented with magnificence and dignity. John
" II. designs what had never been attempted
" before. Messengers are sent by land to dis-
" cover the climate and riches of India. Their
" route is described in the manner of Homer.
" The palm of discovery, however, is reserved
" for a succeeding monarch. Emmanuel is

" warned by a dream, which affords another " striking instance of the spirit of the Grecian " poet. The enthusiasm which the King be- " holds in the aspect of Gama is a noble stroke " of poetry; the solemnity of the night spent " in devotion; the sullen resolution of the " adventurers on going on board the fleet; the " affecting grief of their friends and fellow- " citizens, who viewed them as self-devoted " victims, whom they were never more to be- " hold; and the angry exclamations of the " venerable old man, give a dignity and inte- " resting pathos to the departure of the fleet of " Gama, unborrowed from any of the classics. " In the Æneid, where the Trojans leave a " colony of invalids in Sicily, nothing of the " awfully tender is attempted; and in the " Odyssey there is no circumstance which can " be called similar."

Camoens prosecutes, in the two following Cantos, the narrative of the voyage, and the beauties which are met with therein are of several kinds, and of great variety. The fifth Canto presents early to our view, a passage pre-eminent and universally admired; but I

will commence by calling the second stanza to remembrance, because it displays a difficulty ingeniously overcome. The third is very pathetic and beautiful. The description of the African coast, along which the squadron sailed, and of the maritime phenomena, from the first meeting with the negroes, is managed so poetically, and naturally, that the reader imagines he is on board one of the vessels of the expedition.

It is worthy of remark here, that all the delineations of nautical scenes, and of the appearance of those countries of Africa and Asia, which were discovered by the Portuguese, are given, not only with that extraordinary genius with which our poet was endowed, but also with the truth and spirit of one who had made long sea voyages, and had himself visited those remote countries. If, at this day, when navigation has attained so high a state of perfection, and these places are so well known from the narratives of travellers, this poetical account excites more than ordinary interest; we may judge of the impression it made, when only fourscore years had passed after the first expedition of Gama had been undertaken.

The adventure of Velloso is very neatly related: the mirthful discourse, in which he is jested with by his companions, and his reply, are appropriate to the military character, and are very admissible into an epic poem. If, however, this jocularity is offensive to some critics, I ask them to consider, that the greatest masters of the art have availed themselves of similar measures to relieve the reader by this species of variety.

I ought not to pass over in silence another difficulty which Camoens overcame, arising in describing poetically (without any offence to delicacy, but rather touching the sensibility) the disagreeable occurrences and disquiets attendant on long voyages.

The stanzas from 92 to 100, in this Canto, are most beautiful and moral; and in this passage, the poet addresses his readers in the manner of the chorus in the antient tragedies. We must greatly lament, that Luis de Camoens had such just cause of complaint against the descendants of Gama, and against his contemporaries, as to call for this so severe reprehension.

But it is in this Canto that the invention and fiction of the genius of the stormy Cape

occur. These are his own, are universally admired, and I dare pronounce, that they possess a sublimity and grandeur which cannot be surpassed by any passage that can be produced from any other human composition. Voltaire confesses that they ought to excite the wonder of all nations and ages. The style of the poetry corresponds with the loftiness of the subject. Any praise which I could bestow upon them would be much inferior to that, which every one who has taste, will concede to them every time he reads them.

The description of the palace of Neptune in the sixth Canto is new, pleasing, and possesses considerable merit. The ornaments and sculpture are delineated in beautiful verse; and the speech of Bacchus to persuade the divinities of the ocean to raise a storm, which should destroy the little Portuguese squadron, is not less eloquent than the others, of which we have already made mention. The oratorical artifice by which he excites those deities, may be quoted as a classical model. In this picture Camoens has imitated Virgil in that passage in which Juno is described supplicating the winds.

How naturally and well delineated is that naval scene in stanzas 38 and 39, that serves as a prelude to the history of the combat of the twelve knights of England, which the poet causes to be related by Velloso. This episode, written in the most beautiful romantic taste, is introduced very happily into the poem, because, being one of those exploits which displayed the valour of the Portuguese, its introduction is consonant to the conduct of Camoens, who never lost sight of any opportunity that was afforded him, to sing the heroism of his nation.

The narration of Velloso is scarcely finished, when the poet proceeds to describe the storm raised by Neptune. This description, I repeat what I have said before, is not only given with the usual talent and taste of Camoens, but is also painted in those true and natural colours, which only those persons who have witnessed such dreadful scenes as they delineate, can employ. The manner in which Venus appeases the winds, is after the model of the antients.

The navigators being now arrived at India, the bourn of the expedition, Camoens, in five

stanzas, which I esteem incomparable as well for their perfection and nobleness of sentiment, as for their sublime poetry, pours forth the feelings of his heart on the occasion. These stanzas, worthy of being committed to memory, are also characteristic of the great soul and dignified mode of thinking of our poet.

The apostrophe at the commencement of Canto VII. addressed to the powers of Europe, which destroyed themselves, and lacerated their bosoms by religious wars, is an ingenious artifice used by his patriotism to aggrandize his country, and to extol more highly the splendid enterprize which she had at that time undertaken. The diction is inspired by this noble feeling. This species of digression is neither improper nor unimportant, when it is considered that the world was then divided into two empires, that of the West and that of the East; the one Catholic, but disunited; the other Mussulman, united and striving to destroy the first. If, on referring to history, we find that the passage round the Cape of Good Hope was the salvation of Europe and its liberties from the yoke of the Mussulmen, (as could easily be

shown) we cannot surely but approve of this digression at the time when the Portuguese discover India. Thus the selection by Heaven of the small Lusitanian nation as the means of weakening the Mussulman power, of saving Europe, and of opening the commerce of Asia, which secured to Europeans the greatest and most beneficial consequences (as the poet explains, dwelling on these considerations on the arrival of the Portuguese in India) is very judiciously commemorated here, and affords a great relief to the action of the poem.

Vasco da Gama, on approaching Calicut, meets with a Moor, who had been born on the coast opposite to Spain, and who, being acquainted with the Portuguese nation and its language, could act as an interpreter. This Moor describes to him the Indian Peninsula, its customs, laws, and religion; an excellent description in the poetical sense, from the lively colours with which the poetry animates, and the truth adorns the work.

The account of the palace of the Zamorin is a very beautiful imitation of Virgil; the audience given by that prince is a faithful representation

of oriental customs, and the speech of Vasco da Gama, appropriate to explain the grand projects of the King Dom Manoel, is managed with an ingenuity which evinces that Camoens was versed in diplomatic knowledge.

In Canto VIII. Paulo da Gama receives the visit of the Catual, who, seeing in his ship the tapestry, which recorded the most extraordinary achievements of the illustrious men whom Portugal had produced, requests an explanation of these pictures. This naturally affords to the poet an opportunity to praise the heroes of his country in noble verses, calculated to incite a desire of imitation of their actions. The gallery of pictures is displayed with that art, or allow me to call it, in that excellent manner peculiar to great artists. Amongst the most remarkable are those which pourtray the noble exploit of Egas Moniz, and a deed, worthy of the times of chivalry, which the grand Constable performed.

On this occasion, and in consequence of the bad advice which was given to the Zamorin by his officers, Camoens makes some brief moral reflexions, which should be written in the cabi-

nets of sovereigns in letters of gold. The comparison of the glass is not inferior to the lines of Virgil, of which it is an imitation; and in all the passages in this Canto, to which there are corresponding parts in the Latin poet, Camoens appears as a great master and not as a servile imitator.

The remainder of the Canto details the subject of the poem. We find described in it the contention between Vasco da Gama with his adventurers and the Moors, who, lords of the commerce of those countries, and possessing the greatest influence in governments not absolutely under their own dominion, strove to oppose the views and the completion of the voyage of Gama, and endeavoured to destroy him. The consultation of the soothsayers, the artifices of Bacchus are fictions, with which Camoens, availing himself of the Marvellous *per ambages deorum*, artfully engages the attention.

The picture of the intrigues of the courts, the prudence by which the principal hero of the poem subdues every difficulty, his speech to the Zamorin, and the judicious reflexions introduced, are passages deserving the conside-

ration of every statesman. Here we see the conduct or management of a bad prime minister in the Catual rightly exposed; as also the ambition, the thirst of gold, and the vile interested views of courtiers severely reprobated. The canto closes with this moral.

I will add here a most apposite reflection, by Mr Mickle, on Canto VII., which he unluckily did not recollect when he dared to alter Canto VIII. in his translation. "That "imitation of Virgil, which occurs in Canto "VII. is written as by a master of the art. "If Homer had written the Æneid, he would "have written as the Roman poet wrote, and "would have presented us with a calm majes- "tic narrative in the seventh book without "the tumult and bustle of continual combats. "Thus Camoens preserves that appropriate "and dignified style in the narrative in his "seventh Canto, and renders himself not infe- "rior to that great poet." Thus far Mr Mickle: but I will say likewise, that Canto VIII., as it appears in the Lusiad, shews how judicious Camoens always was in the arrangement of the poem, as may be discovered, not

merely from the preceeding observations, but also by the opinion, which each literary person will form, on reading it with attention.

These two Cantos, but particularly the last, afford an excellent manual of political instruction. The knot of the intrigue and of the action is untied in Canto IX. dissipating the natural fear of the arrival of the ships of Mecca, which might frustrate the expedition of Gama. He is set at liberty, and finally departs from Calicut. The manner, in which Camoens in this Canto conducts the poem, is much preferable to the invention of Mr Mickle; who, in his translation, tries to alter it, imagining that, during the imprisonment of Gama, the fleet bombarded Calicut, and so terrified the Moors, that they released him and allowed him to depart. Camoens very properly avoided this mode of developing the plot of the poem, as also of availing himself of those tedious descriptions of battles so much resorted to in other compositions. Camoens has another stanza (17) on the departure of the squadron from the port of Calicut, with which he seizes and arrests the

attention by the joy experienced by the navigators on their return to their country.

We now have the lovely fiction of the island, which Venus created to receive her favourites, the discoverers of India, where they might rest from their fatigues, and where she should recompence them for having achieved so glorious an enterprize. This proves (if it were material) that this island is imaginary, and not placed in the Indian seas, but near to the close of the voyage of Gama. This bold invention is adorned, and detailed with all the graces of poesy. In no other part of the poem has Camoens allowed his fancy to range with more warmth and so voluptuously. The description of the country and the pleasure grounds, the circumstances attending the meeting between the Portuguese and the nymphs, and all the preparations for this feast of delights, present the most agreeable pictures, which the rich and amorous imagination of the poet could invent, and which Tasso could imitate, but not surpass. Our admiration of it is excited, because in the display of these delights, Camoens neither offends any honest feeling, nor delicacy; but

rather encourages the contrary by the explanation which he gives of this enchanting allegory. Those persons, who have censured him, have certainly never compared him with the other poets, for in that case they would have seen that none of them could have decked out these pictures as he had done, in the most lively and burning colours, without offence to taste. The character of Camoens, which united that strength of mind, which will ever distinguish him from other poets, to a tender and feeling heart, renders him conspicuous here by the manner in which he introduces this fiction into the poem, and by the discernment with which he treats the subject.

Whatever now follows for the completion of this excellent composition is properly connected. But with satisfaction I transcribe here the opinion of Mr Mickle, a foreigner, as well calculated for a critic, by his learning, as by his judgment and poetical talent, to explain my opinion with greater energy.

" But the chief praise of our poet is yet " unmentioned. The introduction of so beau- " tiful a fiction, as an essential part of the con-

" duct and machinery of an epic poem, does " the greatest honour to the invention of Ca- " moens. The machinery of the former part " of the poem not only acquires dignity, but is " completed by it; and the conduct of Homer " and Virgil, has in this not only received a " fine imitation, but a masterly contrast. In " the finest allegory the heroes of the Lusiad " receive their reward; and by means of this " allegory our poet gives a noble imitation " of the noblest part of the Æneid. In the " tenth Lusiad, Gama and his heroes hear " the nymphs in the divine palace of Thetis " sing the triumphs of their countrymen in " the conquest of India: after this the god- " dess gives Gama a view of the eastern world, " from the Cape of Good Hope to the farthest " islands of Japan. She poetically describes " every region and the principal islands, and " concludes, *All these are given to the Western* " *World by you.* It is impossible any poem can " be summed up with greater sublimity."

The prophecy, in which Thetis brings to the view of Gama, as a reward for his arduous enterprise, the foundation of the splendid empire of the Portuguese in India, sheds, in my opi-

nion, a great lustre round the poem. A geographical description of the countries which were discovered in that part of the world, and afterwards conquered by the Portuguese; as also the representation of the heroes, who were to render illustrious the nation in the glorious times of its dominion in the east, are naturally included in the prophecy. But, in order more distinctly to notice the beauties of this Canto, I will point out that passage, near the commencement of it, wherein the poet introduces his own situation, and excites equally our sympathy and our admiration when we see that, amidst the heaviest misfortunes, which are accelerating his death, his only request to the muses is, that they will enable him to conclude his poem, with which he is desirous of presenting his country:—

Os trabalhos me vaõ levando ao rio
Do negro esquecimento, e eterno sono:
Mas tu me dá que cumpra, ô graõ Rainha
Das Musas, co' o que quero á naçaõ minha!

How well designed is the character of Duarte Pacheco! How just is the censure with which

he accuses the King, who ungratefully allowed this hero to die in an hospital!

Sovereigns would do well to remember this instructing stanza, 24. The death of D. Lourenço de Almeida is recorded in sublime poetry, and with chivalrous dignity, especially in the two verses which close stanza 31. With what energy, corresponding with the subject he is about to dwell upon, sings he the glorious deeds of the great Affonso d'Albuquerque, the real founder of the Portuguese empire in Asia, whose name and memory the Indians even at this period preserve! How he characterises the other governors, and rouses our interest in this short history of our conquests! The poetical merit of these paintings is very considerable, and deserving of praise, not only on account of their variety, but also for their justice, and the total absence of flattery.

I am well aware that the erudition and knowledge of Camoens have been questioned: they should not, however, be put in comparison with the discoveries, and the science of modern enlightened men; and rather than otherwise, reflect honour on his talent for didactic poetry,

of which talent it may not be improper to take notice in this place.

I do not conceal also, that he has been blamed for some of the moral reflections with which he concludes his cantos, or which are interwoven in them. Marmontel justifies their introduction by the following very appropriate argument (*Le Chœur*, he says, *fait partie des mœurs de la tragédie ancienne ; les reflexions et les sentiments du poëte font partie des mœurs de l'épopée*) ; and who, on reading them, would wish to be deprived of instructions capable of such an acceptation?

The epilogue addressed to Dom Sebastian, with which the poem concludes, does honour to the noble heart, and to the patriotism of Camoens. It is a didactic apostrophe in harmonious verse, full of the most zealous loyalty, of love of truth and justice, and expressed with a degree of liberty becoming his elevated character.

A poem, inspired by a burst of patriotism, written with so much elegance and simplicity of diction, abounding with passages conspicuous either for their invention, by the fertile variety

of the descriptions, or by the sublimity of the thoughts, in which are also found an elevation of sentiment and a grace of expression, doubtless secures to its author an undeniable right to be placed amongst the best epic poets.

I think, without any boast, that the preference amongst modern poets may be given to Camoens, inasmuch as he is the only one, who conveys to the reader a dignified idea of human nature, a love of virtue and of glory, calculated to incite an imitation of great and heroic actions. The others delight us like Tasso, or inspire us with admiration and religious veneration like Milton, but do not electrify us. The Lusiad, if it was more frequently read in the original, would produce heroes. Bouchardon said, that after reading Homer, he fancied himself twenty feet in height; but with how much greater reason might a Portuguese imagine himself thus high after having read his Camoens?

I shall conclude with a saying of the celebrated moralist, La Bruyêre: "When the "reading a book," he observes, "elevates "your spirit, and inspires you with noble and

" valorous sentiments, you should not seek " for other rules whereby to form your judg- " ment of it: set it down that it is good, and " that it is the performance of an excellent " hand." Tasso did honour to himself, and credit to his discernment, when he confessed that he feared Camoens as a rival. The tribute of praise, which he generously paid to Luis de Camoens, confers honour on the Portuguese poet, and affords the best refutation of the censures with which some critics, even of his own country, have abused him. This great poet, the ablest judge of the abilities of another great poet, dedicated to him the following sonnet:—*

Vasco, le cui felici, ardite antenne, &c.

I have dwelt upon, and have noticed the epic poem of Camoens with greater precision, because it is by this composition, that he is most distinguished in Europe. His other poems are

* For the sonnet of Tasso, with the translations of Fanshaw and Mickle, see the Life of Camoens, vol. 1.

less known beyond our country, some foreign critics, in latter times, having merely given a short account of them in the history of the literature of Portugal. Nevertheless, if our language was equally well known with that of Italy, I am quite certain that the name of Camoens would be as illustrious for his Rimas as that of Petrarch is for his compositions of that description.

SOME

ACCOUNT OF THE TRANSLATIONS

OF

The Lusiad

OF

CAMOENS,

WITH NOTICES CONCERNING THE

Translators.

SOME

ACCOUNT

OF

THE TRANSLATIONS

OF

THE LUSIAD.

Me Colchus, et, qui dissimulat metum
Marsæ Cohortis, Dacus, et ultimi
Noscent Geloni: me peritus
Discet Iber, Rhodanique potor.

HORAT. LIB. II. ODE XX.

A CLEARER proof cannot be adduced of the estimation in which the Lusiad of Camoens has been held, from its first appearance up to the present time, and of the interest evinced almost immediately after its publication, than the adoption of it by so many countries, into the languages of which it has been at various periods translated.

Camoens has been considered rather unfortunate with respect to the translations of his poem. An ingenious foreigner writes, principally with reference to those executed abroad, that the persons who undertook them, had generally been *Traditóri* instead of *Traduttóre*—*Traducers* instead of *Translators*; and a critic of our own country, alluding to the translation of the Lusiad by Mr Mickle, and of some of the Rimas by Lord Viscount Strangford, says, that "Mr D'Israeli may chronicle it as one of the "curiosities of literature, that two Englishmen, "of considerable genius, should have employ-"ed themselves at different times in interpo-"lating a Portuguese poet."*

For some time previous to the commencement of the present century, the interest of the public in the works of Camoens had materially declined, not only in this country, but also abroad. Since that period, however, the version of the Lusiad by Mr Mickle has been more extensively circulated and read, and it has been admitted, together with that of Mr

* Annual Review for 1803, p. 575.

Hoole of the Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso, into the collections of translations, which have lately appeared in England. A new æra in the fame of the Portuguese bard appears to have commenced, and the nineteenth century seems destined to restore him to his former eminent station amongst epic poets.

The Translations, by Lord Strangford, from Camoens, have been followed by an Italian version of the Lusiad by Antonio Nervi, printed at Genoa in 1814: the splendid work of Dom Jozé Maria de Souza, appeared in Paris, in 1817: to this a new Spanish translation, by Don Lamberto Gil, succeeded in 1818: and another in the same year, in England, of some of his minor compositions, by an anonymous author. Besides these publications, considerable progress has been made in the cultivation of Spanish and Portuguese literature in Germany, where two complete versions of the Lusiad, and one of the first Canto, have been printed; and a new translation in French prose is about to be published in Paris.

The early translations of the Lusiad are of such rarity, as to almost preclude the possi-

bility of obtaining a collection of them; and without that assistance, which has been liberally granted to render the present work as perfect as possible, this part of it could not have appeared nearly so complete. On account of this difficulty of procuring a perusal of these translations, and also, in order that the reader may be able to form his own judgment on their respective merits, that portion of the third Canto, in which Camoens so pathetically relates the story of Dona Ignez de Castro, has been extracted from the writings of as many of the translators of the poem as the author of these memoirs has been able to obtain.

The misfortunes of this much injured lady, and the admitted fact, that this relation is, if not the very best, at all events one of the most exquisite passages in the Lusiad, will perhaps render the following short account of Dona Ignez, drawn chiefly from her life, given in a modern Portuguese publication,* acceptable.

Dona Ignez de Castro was the second wife of King Pedro of Portugal, surnamed the Se-

* Retratos, e Elogios dos Varoēs, e Donas, que illustraram a Naçaō Portugueza. Lisboa 1817. Tomo. 1.

vere; and was descended from a family in Galicia, of high and royal lineage, and which was nearly allied to the sovereigns of Portugal and Castile. She was the daughter of Don Pedro Fernandes de Castro, surnamed for his valour, *The Warrior*, a person of considerable wealth; a vassal of the first rank in Castile and Galicia, who enjoyed several important offices under Alonso XI. of Castile; and who, emigrating to Portugal during the reign of Dom Affonso IV., died there in 1343. Anxious to shew that the pretensions of Dona Ignez to the highest descent were not unfounded, her biographers have deduced her pedigree with great care; have stated the alliances of her family with the royalty of elder times, and have pointed out the various crowned heads, and other illustrious personages, who are descended from it. To these her noble qualifications, as to her birth, were united in Dona Ignez, all the charms of beauty, and those graceful and accomplished manners, for which she was distinguished by the appellation of *Collo de Garça*.

Dona Ignez accompanied, as maid of honour, the Infanta Constança, who, in 1340,

came into Portugal to espouse Dom Pedro, the heir to the throne. She was then called Ignez Pires de Castro, as she retained, according to the prevailing custom in Spain, the patronymic surname.

Dona Constança died in 1345, and Pedro, who was at that time twenty-five years of age, refused several alliances, which were proposed to him by his father; and heard, without any attention, the advice of the Grandees, who pointed out to him the advantages which the crown of Portugal would derive from his acquiescence in the wishes of the King.

Captivated by the charms of Dona Ignez, Pedro withdrew her from the court, and having first taken her to the monastery of Santa Clara, at Coimbra, he secretly married her, heedless of the consequences, at Braganza, in the presence of D. Gil de Vianna, the Bishop of Guarda, and of the Senhor Lobato, the Master of the Robes. The Portuguese authors do not agree on the subject of this marriage: whilst some deny that it ever took place, resting their assertions on the doubts of the times, as referred to by Fernaõ Lopez in his chronicle

of Pedro, and on the reasons alleged against it by the Dr Ioaõ das Regras in his oration, recited in the Cortes at Coimbra, in 1385; others, and amongst them nearly all the modern writers, entertain a directly contrary opinion, and adduce in proof of it the testimony of Pedro himself in the public justification of his conduct at Cantanhede, in 1361; the fact of the deposition given on oath by him, in the city of Coimbra, before the bishops and nobles, on account of which the instrument, notifying the event to the people, accompanied by the Bull of dispensation obtained from the Pope John XXII., was issued; and lastly, the will of Pedro, in which he expressly declares it.

The devotion paid by Pedro to Dona Ignez, excited the jealousy of some of the nobles and statesmen of Portugal; who, acting more from envy than loyal zeal, and with feigned attachment to the public good, were desirous only of averting those favours which were likely to be showered upon the relatives of Ignez. From this circumstance her alliance with Pedro, which promised to be the most happy path to felicity, proved the occasion of her total ruin.

These advisers of royalty persuaded the King, that the sacrifice of the life of Dona Ignez was necessary to the safety of the state. The injustice, that for the fault imputed to his son, the innocent Ignez should suffer, for some time arrested the fatal sentence against her; instigated, however, by repeated importunities, he at length determined to set out with an armed force from Montemor Velho, where he then was, for Coimbra, and consented to her death.

As soon as Dona Ignez was apprised of the arrival of the King, and of the cruel business connected with his journey; in the midst of terror and alarm, and with a countenance which betrayed her inward anguish, she, with her children, awaited his approach at the entrance of the palace; she knelt to him, and with those expressions which her hapless situation allowed her to utter, she intreated and implored his pardon; justified her conduct; interposing her children bewailed her forsaken condition; with her eyes raised to heaven, protested her innocence, and, begging for mercy, fell and embraced his feet in silence and humility.

This afflicting scene overpowered Affonso,

who, weeping at her misfortunes, was inclined to pardon her. At this moment, so propitious to her hopes, her persecutors appeared, and unanimously pronounced her sentence. They protested, in the name of the kingdom, against the weakness of his mind, and exclaimed, that the dangers with which they were surrounded, called loudly for the sacrifice. Drawing their poignards, they, with unheard of tyranny, plunged them into her breast, and she fell the victim of their vengeance.

The cruel perpetrators of this atrocious act were Alvaro Gonçalves, Meirinho-Mòr of the kingdom; Pedro Coelho, and Diego Lopes Pacheco, Senhor of Ferreira.*

The remains of Dona Ignez were, in the first instance, interred in the church of the monastery of Santa Clara; but, on the death of Affonso, and the elevation of Pedro to the throne, they were, by his orders, and in the

* This tragedy was performed at the palace of Coimbra, which is near to the Monastery of Santa Clara; and the sentence was executed, according to a book of considerable authority, belonging to Santa Cruz, at Coimbra, by beheading Dona Ignes.

fourth year of his reign, removed to the royal monastery of Alcobaça. The pomp and solemnity attending the translation of her body to Alcobaça are largely dwelt upon by the Portuguese historians, and supply sufficient testimony of the faithful affection which decreed these honours to her memory.

Pedro issued orders for the erection of two sepulchres of the whitest marble in the church of Alcobaça. They were to be executed with the choicest workmanship, and ornamented with sculpture. One of these he designed for himself, and the other for the reception of the remains of his deceased wife; which, as soon as the monuments were completed, he caused to be disinterred in his presence in the church of Santa Clara. He put a golden crown upon her head, and the body being placed on a throne, which had been erected for the occasion, all who were present kissed her hand as queen. This ceremony being concluded, the remains were covered and conveyed on a splendid litter to Alcobaça, being accompanied thither in great pomp and magnificence by the

grandees and nobles, by the ladies of the court, the religious, the clergy, and the greatest personages of the kingdom. The road between Coimbra and Alcobaça, consisting of seventeen leagues, was lined on each side with men bearing large wax lights, between whom the procession moved. Arrived at the Monastery, the ceremony of kissing her hand was repeated, and the body was then consigned to the grave. Her tomb, on which was sculptured her beautiful figure, together with the insignia of royalty, suffered considerably by an unsuccessful attempt made by the King Dom Sebastian to open it.* Those, who are curious to know the fate of her children, and the ample revenge Pedro took on the murderers of his wife, may consult the History of Portugal.

Such is the lamentable incident, which called forth the following sweet and pathetic strains of Camoens, the translations of which have been deemed most adapted to afford the best

* The tombs of Dona Ignez and Dom Pedro are now in the Chapel, called the King's Chapel, having been several times removed.

Retratos e Elogios. Tomo 1.

specimens of the abilities of their respective authors.

Luís de Camoens.

Passada esta taõ próspera victoria,
Tornando Afonso á Lusitana terra,
A se lograr da paz com tanta gloria,
Quanta soube ganhar na dura guerra;
O caso triste, e digno da memoria,
Que do sepulchro os homẽes desenterra,
Aconteceo da misera, e mesquinha,
Que despois de ser morta foi Rainha.

Tu só, tu puro Amor, com força crua,
Que os corações humanos tanto obriga,
Déste causa á molesta morte sua,
Como se fora perfida inimiga.
Se dizem, fero Amor, que a sede tua,
Nem com lagrimas tristes se mitiga,
He porque queres aspero, e tyrano,
Tuas aras banhar em sangue humano.

Estavas, linda Ignez, posta em socego,
De teus annos colhendo doce fruto,
Naquelle engano da alma, lédo, e cego,
Que a fortuna naõ deixa durar muito

Luís de Camoens.

Nos saudosos campos do Mondego,
De teus formosos olhos nunca enxuto,
Aos montes ensinando, e ás hervinhas,
O nome que no peito escripto tinhas.

Do teu Principe alli te respondiam
As lembranças que na alma lhe moravam;
Que sempre ante seus olhos te traziam,
Quando dos teus formosos se apartavam
De noite em doces sonhos que mentiam,
De dia em pensamentos que voavam;
E quanto em fim cuidava, e quanto via,
Eram tudo memorias de alegria.

De outras bellas Senhoras, e Princezas,
Os desejados thalamos engeita;
Que tudo em fim, tu puro Amor, desprezas,
Quando hum gesto suave te sujeita.
Vendo estas namoradas estranhezas
O velho pai sisudo, que respeita
O murmurar do povo, e a phantasia
Do filho, que casar-se naõ queria:

Tirar Ignez ao Mundo determina,
Por lhe tirar o filho que tem preso;

Luis de Camoens.

Crendo co' o sangue só da morte indina,
Matar do firme amor o fogo acceso.
Qual furor conscentio; que a espada fina,
Que pôde sustentar o grande peso
Do furor Mauro, fosse alevantada
Contra huma fraca dama delicada?

Traziam-na os horrificos algozes
Ante o Rei, já movido a piedade,
Mas o povo com falsas e ferozes
Razões á morte crua o persuade.
Ella com tristes e piedosas vozes,
Sahidas só da mágoa, e saudade
Do seu Principe, e filhos, que deixava,
Que mais que a propria morte a magoava:

Para o Ceo crystallino alevantando
Com lagrimas os olhos piedosos;
Os olhos, porque as mãos lhe estava atando
Hum dos duros ministros rigorosos:
E despois nos meninos attentando,
Que taõ queridos tinha, e taõ mimosos,
Cuja orphandade como mãi temia,
Para o avô cruel assi dizia:

Luis de Camoens.

Se já nas brutas feras, cuja mente
Natura fez cruel dè nascimento;
E nas aves agrestes, que sómente
Nas rapinas aerias tem o intento;
Com pequenas crianças vio a gente,
Terem taõ piedoso sentimento,
Como co' a mãi de Nino já mostráram,
E co' os irmãos que Roma edificáram:

O' tu, que têes de humano o gesto, e o peito,
(Se de humano he matar hũa donzella
Fraca, e sem força, só por ter sujeito
O coraçaõ a quem soube vencella)
A estas criancinhas tem respeito,
Pois o naõ têes á morte escura della:
Mova-te a piedade sua, e minha,
Pois te naõ move a culpa que naõ tinha.

E se vencendo a Maura resistencia
A morte sabes dar com fogo, e ferro;
Sabe tambem dar vida com clemencia
A quem para perdê-la naõ fez erro.
Mas se to assi merece esta innocencia,
Põe-me em perpétuo e misero desterro,
Na Scythia fria, ou lá na Libya ardente,
Onde em lagrimas viva eternamente.

Luís de Camoens.

Põe-me onde se use toda a feridade;
Entre leões, e tigres; e verei
Se nelles achar posso a piedade
Que entre peitos humanos naõ achei.
Alli co' o amor intrinseco, e vontade,
Naquelle por quem mouro, criarei
Estas reliquias suas que aqui viste,
Que refrigerio sejam da mãi triste.

Queria perdoar-lhe o Rei benino,
Movido das palavras que o magôam;
Mas o pertinaz povo, e seu destino,
Que desta sorte o quiz, lhe naõ perdôam.
Arrancam das espadas de aço fino,
Os que por bom tal feito alli pregôam.
Contra hũa dama, ó peitos carniceiros,
Ferozes vos mostrais, e Cavalleiros?

Qual contra a linda moça Policena,
Consolaçaõ extrema da mãi velha,
Porque a sombra de Achilles a condena,
Co' o ferro o duro Pyrrho se aparelha:
Mas ella os olhos, com que o ar serena,
(Bem como paciente e mansa ovelha)
Na misera mãi postos, que endoudece,
Ao duro sacrificio se offerece:

Luis de Camoens.

Taes contra Ignez os brutos matadores,
No collo de alabastro, que sostinha
As obras com que amor matou de amores
A' quelle que despois a fez Rainha,
As espadas banhando, e as brancas flores,
Que ella dos olhos seus regadas tinha,
Se encarniçavam férvidos, e irosos,
No futuro castigo naõ cuidosos.

Bem puderas, ó Sol, da vista destes,
Teus raios apartar aquelle dia,
Como da seva mesa de Thyestes,
Quando os filhos por maõ de Atreo comia.
Vós, ó concavos valles, que pudestes
A voz extrema ouvir da boca fria,
O nome do seu Pedro que lhe ouvistes,
Por muito grande espaço repetistes.

Assi como a bonina, que cortada
Antes do tempo foi, candida, e bella,
Sendo das mãos lascivas maltratada,
Da menina que a trouxe na capella,
O cheiro traz perdido, è a côr murchada;
Tal está morta a pállida donzella,
Seccas do rosto as rosas, e perdida
A branca e viva côr, co' a doce vida.

Luis de Camoens.

As filhas do Mondego a morte escura
Longo tempo chorando memoráram;
E, por memoria eterna, em fonte pura
As lagrimas choradas transformáram:
O nome lhe pozeram, que ainda dura,
Dos amores de Ignez, que alli passáram.
Vede que fresca fonte rega as flores,
Que lagrimas saõ agua, e o nome amores.

IN HEBREW.

I have endeavoured, without success, to obtain any intelligence of a translation of the Lusiad into Hebrew, or of the authority for the mention of it, made by Mr Mickle in the Life of Camoens, prefixed to his English version of the Lusiad in the following terms:—
"It is translated also into Hebrew, with great "elegance and spirit, by one Luzzetto, a "learned and ingenious Jew, author of seve- "ral poems in that language, and who, about "thirty years ago, died in the Holy Land."

IN THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

In the Latin language four translations in verse have been made, and one in prose. The

version in prose was composed by Philip Joseph da Gama, a member of the Royal Academy of Portuguese History, and of the Arcadian Society of Rome; and is highly praised in the "Discurso Preliminar" to the 8vo. edition of the Works of Camoens, published at Lisbon, 1779, &c. It perished in the fire, which, succeeding the earthquake, destroyed great part of Lisbon, in 1755.

D. Fr. Thomas de Faria.

Lusiadum Libri X. Olisipone apud Giraldum à Vinea. 1622. 8vo.*

D. Fr. Thomas de Faria was a native of Lisbon, and was promoted to the See of Targa, in Africa. His version is mentioned by Manoel de Faria e Sousa, who writes, that he published it without stating it to be a translation from Camoens, and that the bishop derived more honour by having translated it, than the Lusiad acquired by his Latinity. Manoel de Faria Severim speaks of it in terms of

* Machado—Bib. Lusit. Tom. III.

Thomas de Faria.

greater praise, and as displaying considerable erudition and genius on the part of the translator. Mr Mickle, in a note to his Life of Camoens, says, "Thomas de Faria, Bishop of "Targa, in Africa, translated it into Latin, "and printed it without either his own, or the "name of Camoens: a mean, but vain attempt "to pass his version upon the public as an "original."

The following account of Thomas de Faria, and his writings, is extracted from the Bibliotheca Hispana Nova of Nicolas Antonio. Vol. II.:—

"F. Thomas de Faria, Olisiponensis, e sacra "Carmeli familia provinciæ Portugalliæ, quam "primum ab anno MDXCVIII. indeque iterum "post Ulisiponensis domus præfecturam ab anno "MDCVIII. fuit moderatus, trium linguarum He-"braicæ, Græcæ, atque Latinæ in paucis peritus "fuisse dicitur; divina, humanaque literatura, sub-"tilitate ingenii, memoriæque mirabilis laude ex-"imius. Nempe his dotibus, et vitæ potissimum "innocenter anteactæ meritis, dum Lusitanis præ-

D. Fr. Thomas de Faria.

" esset sodalibus, Targensis in Africa, ut credo, " pontificatus titulum adeptus est; clarus ad poste- " ros Ludovici Camoesü Lusitanorum poetarum " Coriphæi Lusiadum e vernaculo in Latinum car- " men interpretatione, quæ prodiit hac inscriptione:

Lusiadum Libri X. Olisipone. 1622. *in* 8vo.

" Reliquit inedita, sed facultate superiorum in- " structa ad publicationem:—

" *In Libros Sententiarum,* duo volumina; quæ " asservari in cœnobio Ulisiponensi refert in libro " suo *de Palmitibus vineæ Carmeli,* qui in biblio- " theca Transpontinæ ædis Romanæ visitur manu " exaratus, Augustinus Viscarrettus ejusdem or- " dinis Carmelitarum.

" *Decades* item historiæ rerum sui temporis: " quarum meminit Georgius Cardosus in *Agiologio* " *Lusitano,* &c."

In the fifth volume of the " Corpus Illus- " trium Poetarum Lusitanorum qui Latinè " Scripserunt,"* Antonio dos Reis has re-print- ed this Version of the Lusiad, from which the

* Lisbonæ, 1745.

D. Fr. Thomas de Faria.

extract is made; and has prefixed to it a short life of the Bishop, a list of his works, and the testimonies of several authors, who have written in praise of the translation.

A copy of the original edition was sold at the Crevenna sale for two florins and fourteen stivers; in the private catalogue of which library, it stands thus. Tom. 3. p. 289.

" Lusiadum libri decem. Authore Domino Fratre
" Thoma de Faria, Episcopo Targensi. Ulyssipone,
" ex officina Gerardi de Vinea, 1662, in 8vo.—Ce
" volume n'est pas commun."

Postquam magnanimus portavit ab hoste triumphum
Alphonsus victor patrias digressus ad oras,
Lusiadûm placidâ populos in pace regebat.
Insanus, tristis, sævus, sceleratus, & omni
Famâ hominum dignus tunc casus contigit, imis
Qui (scelus horrendum) nunc tectas detegit urnas,
Ducere cùm vitam tranquillam fata vetarunt
Agnetem, quæ post mortem Regina vocata est:
Tu tu solus amor crudelis, & horride vitâ
Viribus imparibus pulchram spoliare puellam
Niteris, & tanto felicem lumine gentem.

D. Fr. Thomas de Faria.

Si non, crudelis, multo sitis aspera luctu
Lenitur, magis, atque magis sitientia torques
Pectora, fæmineo tandem maculare cruore,
Tingere & exoptas altaria dira Tyranni.
Ecce quiescebas Mondæ pulcherrima ripis
Ætatisque tuæ captabas dulcia fructûs
Præmia, (sed multum requiescere gaudia vitæ
Non patitur fortuna ferox) tua lumina Mondæ
Stellati ripas lacrymis, & fletibus augent,
Principis & Petri gratum tibi nomen, & altâ
Fixum mente manens manifestas montibus, herbis,
Floribus, atque rosis, hyacinto, albisque ligustris.
His animum incensum curis inflammat amore
Fæmina, & illustrat noctis cùm Luna tenebras
Sola domo mæret vacuâ, stratoque relicto
Incubat illum absens absentem, auditque, videtque.
Nobilium Princeps thalamos jam despicit, Agnes
Pectore sola manet, solam sociare sodalem
Constituit Petrus, sibi stat sententia menti,
Conjugio Agneti tandem se tradidit illi.
Improbe amor, sic tu mortalia pectora cogis!
At Rex Alphonsus nimiâ jam membra senectâ
Lassa gerens, Nati ardentem conspexit amorem
Illustres thalamos, regali & sanguine dignos
Tempere, rumores populique, & jurgia vidit,

D. Fr. Thomas de Faria.

Agnetem statuit formosam mergere acerbo
Funere, & insontem vultus spoliare decore.
Sanguine conceptas statuens extinguere flammas,
Quas securus amor constanti in pectore nutrit.
Quis furor ò cives, placuit ne ut frigidus ensis,
Quo Mauri ad stygias mittuntur sæpe paludes,
Imbellem contra, fragilem, pulchramque puellam
Vibretur, perdatque levi cum vulnere vitam.
Horrifici ad Regem motum pietate ministri
Adducunt miseram ; populus sed mente feroci
Suadet ut Agnetem superis Rex auferat auris.
Attamen illa sui Petri non immemor ædes
Respicit æthereas, flammisque accensa dolorem
Principis absentis, charâ natosque parente
Orbatos plusquam mortem lacrymaverat Agnes.
Fundebant oculi lacrymas, tunc fune minister
Alligat & palmas niveo candore decoras.
Postea conspiciens pueros sua pignora, dulci
Queis distenta dabat ludens lacte ubera mater,
Principis & natos arcto nutribat amore,
Sic fatur lacrymans, tristique hæc protulit ore.
Si quando (Rex alme) feras, natura feroces
Quas produxit, aves assuetas forte rapinis,
Commovit pietas pueros nutrire recenti
Lacte, sinuque suo, jam ut monstravere columbæ

D. Fr. Thomas de Faria.

Egregiæ Nini matri, quæ pabula quondam
Præstabant pulchræ magnâ pietate puellæ:
Et Lupa monstravit, sitiens dum flumina quærit
Inveniens binos nutrivit lacte gemellos,
Inclyta qui magnæ fundarunt mœnia Romæ;
Tu Rex, humano qui polles corde, videtur
Humanum si forte tibi mactare puellam
Insontem, indemnemque, ac nullo crimine fædam,
Hoc tibi crimen erit solum, quod pectora nati
Vicerit, eximio qui me sibi junxit amore.
Respice ad hos pueros, tristem ne respice matrem,
Te moveat pietas, siquidem te nulla movere
Culpa valet, vitamque insons cum sanguine fundo.
Quod si Maurorum furias consumere ferro
Ipse potes, moveat summum clementia pectus,
Neve occide Nurum, quæ crimina nulla patravit.
Si tamen hæc ratio sublimia pectora Regis
Non movet, extremas infelix mittar ad oras;
Exul ero Scythicis campis, Lybicisque remotis,
Queis lacrymis, nostros dum spiritus hos reget artus,
Consumam infaustum Petri non immemor ævum,
Principis & nomen firmo sub pectore condam.
Me mitte ad populos sævos, tigresque, leonesque
Et fortasse mihi pietas erit obvia, pectus
Quam celsum, eximium, sublimeque denegat, oris

D. Fr. Thomas de Faria.

Exul ero extremis placido contenta favore;
Pignora, relliquiasque tui, quem corde reporto,
Principis atque mei, materno ibi pectore pascam.
Jam pietas Regem impellit, jam parcere motus
Optat; nam nimium moverunt verba puellæ,
Sed non magnatum, populique ferocia parcit,
Sanguineumque ferox vaginâ liberat ensem,
Qui morte insontem dignam putat esse puellam.
O dura, ac horrenda nimis, fera viscera! contra
Imbellem, timidam monstrastis robora fortes!
Qualis Pirrhus erat, cum pulchra Polyxena virgo
Extremum charæ matris solamen, Achillis
Quod fera formosam damnaverat umbra puellam,
Crudelem Pirrhus jam præparat impius ensem.
Ast illa in matrem furiis, irâque furentem
Lumina conjiciens, quibus aêra temperat, agnæ
Haud similis patiens gladio se se hostia subdit.
Sic contra Agnetem insurgunt, collumque cruento
Percutiunt gladio, & cervicem vulnere fædant,
Cervicem, candore nivem, glaciemque rigentem
Quæ superat: pendent ex collo opera alta supremi
Principis Agnetem qui post sua funera fecit
Reginam: moriens chrystalli lumine guttas
Emittit, formosa quibus decoraverat ora.
O miseri, casum vestrum pensate futurum?

D. Fr. Thomas de Faria.

Quam bene Sol poteras abscondere fulgida ab istis
Lumina, ut insani feralis mensa Thyestis
Luce tuâ caruit, natum cùm frater edendum
Atreus apposuit; neque enim hoc perferre volebas.
Vosque cavæ valles, vos altâ cacumina montis,
Quæ vocem extremam potuistis ab ore puellæ
Accipere, audistis dilecti nomina Petri,
Atque iterum longo repetistis tempore Petrum.
Sicut cùm præcisa fuit sine tempore pulchra
Vel rosa, vel flores, vel lilia candida bellæ
Virginis attrectata manu, queis texere amænum
Cura fuit tenero capitique imponere sertum;
Jam color abscedit, gratumque amittit odorem:
Sic defuncta jaces Agnes, sic ora colorem
Deperdunt, sic pulchra rosas, sic lilia pulchra
Amittit facies, vultum color atque reliquit
Purpureus, pallor gelidos solùm occupat artus.
Vos fluvii Nymphæ Mondæ teterrima vestræ
Funera plorastis per tempora longa puellæ,
Æternumque oculis lacrymas vertistis amænum
In fontem, atque illi posuistis nomen Amorum
Agnetis, Petrique simul.

Andre Bayao.

Lusiadæ Indiæ Orientalis Argonautæ. MS.

The author of this translation was born at Goa, and evinced an ardent desire for science and philosophy. Having received instruction in the Latin language, and in such a course of education as Goa could afford, he came to Europe, and prosecuted his studies at the University of Coimbra, where he took the degree of bachelor. Bayaõ still thirsting after further attainments, journeyed, although very poor, to Rome, where he soon obtained an appointment of emolument, and was esteemed one of the ablest grammarians of the age. He subsequently distinguished himself as master of Rhetoric in the Greek College, being so eminently skilled in Greek as to have translated the Æneid of Virgil into that language: and afterwards undertook the management of some of the public seminaries in Italy, at the request of a Cardinal, to whom his amiable manners and his condition had endeared him.

Andre Bayao.

He returned to Rome to pursue his favourite studies amongst some religious friends, to whom he by will bequeathed all his compositions. Previous to his death, he wrote his epitaph, to which, after that event, the dates were added.

D. O. M.
Andræas Bayanus
Sacerdos Lusitanus Orientalis
Hic situs, unde natus.
Vixit annos 73.
Obiit 2 Junij, ann. Domini, 1639.

Quám bene novit humo compacta hæc membra reverti
Factus homo in paucam quá jacet author humum.
Non titulis nomen vita sibi crescere functo
Optavit: satis est: hic situs, unde satus.

His integrity of conduct and literary acquirements are mentioned by many writers; and they also procured for him the esteem of some of the Cardinals and principal personages of

Andre Bayao.

Rome. Many extracts are given by Machado to shew the estimation in which he was holden, amongst which is the following from Antonio dos Reis:—*

> Bayane sedes succinctus, et ipse
> Fronde triumphalis lauri, quam Roma canenti
> Docta tibi meritis pro tantis reddivit, Urbe
> Applaudente Goa; quæ Te sub Luminis auras
> Edidit, aucturum quondam Collegia vatum.

He is thus noticed by Nicolas Antonio:—

" Andreas Baianus, vulgari forma, ut credimus " Baiaon, Indus, ex Lusitanorum gente in Goensi " metropolitana urbe Orientis natus, bachalaurus ut " vocant Conimbricensis, theologus, nec obscuri " nominis orator ac poeta, Græcis non jejune nec " Latinis vulgariter eruditus, Romæ degens multa " conscripsit opera, nonnulla edidit, quorum seriem " cum laude hominis, alias nobis ignoti utpote inter " exteros viventis, ex Leonis Allatii viri eruditissi- " mi '*Apibus Urbanis*' sive de viris illustribus, qui

* Enthus. Poetic.

André Bayão.

" ab anno MDCXXX. per totum MDCXXXII.
" Romæ adfuerunt, ac typis aliquid evulgarunt,
" desumpsimus.

" Poema Epicum Ludovici Camoesii Latine red-
" ditum hoc titulo: Lusiadæ Indiæ Orientalis Ar-
" gonautæ."*

The manuscript, which is preserved in the Bibliotheca Romana,† commences:—

Siquá ego jactabam Zephyris; quá surda movebam
Littora, quà Sylvas patriis dare questubus auras
Ingenio, studioque valens: nunc quanta latino
Ore queam repetens longinqui ardentia martis
Arma, virosque cano Lusos, qui solis ab oris
Occiduis per inaccessas maris omnibus undas
Trapobanem venére super discrimina rerum
Plusquàm homines aggressi in Eoo littore regnum
Nobile perpetuis auctum posuère triumphis.

Machado says, that the composition of this translation occupied its author many years, and

* Bibliot. Hispana Nova, Tom. 1.
† Montfaucon Bib. MS. vol. 1. p. 179.

Antonio Mendes.

that Bayaõ was very anxious that it should preserve as much as possible the vivacity and energy of the original. He was urged by letters from the Archbishops of Braga and Lisbon to publish it, from which they stated equal credit would be derived to the author, and the Portuguese nation at large.*

Antonio Mendes.

Lusiaden Camonij Hispanorum vatum antesignani Poema Latinis versibus redditum. 4to. MS.

Antonio Mendes, who is noticed by Machado,† was a priest at Lisbon, and much beloved for his virtues and mild demeanour. He was the brother of Gonçalo Mendes Saldanha, an excellent composer of music; the one brother being as celebrated for counterpoint, as the other was for the flowing, clear, and elegant style of his Latin poetry. Mendes never suffered

* Bibliot. Lusitana, Tom. 1. p. 140.
† Bibliot. Lusitana, Tom. 1. p. 327.

Francisco de Santo Agostinho Macedo.

any of his works to be published during his life; some Epigrams, however, written in praise of certain authors, appeared without his authority. At his death the whole of his poetical compositions were discovered, amongst which (as it was the largest, so it was the most perfect) was his version of the Poem of Camoens in Latin.

He also wrote

Exequias do Estado da India,

Not less satyrical than learned—for which he was a short time imprisoned, but very soon restored to liberty.

Francisco de Santo Agostinho Macedo.

Lusiada de Luiz de Camoens, traduzida na Lingua Latina. MS.

Concerning this "Varaõ Encyclopedico, e insigne ornato da Republica Litteraria," several pages of the Bibliotheca Lusitana are occupied. He was born at Coimbra in 1596, and at the age of 11 years, so quick was his judg-

Francisco de Santo Agostinho Macedo.

ment and so excellent his memory, that he could write Latin verses with elegance, and could repeat the whole of the Æneid of Virgil.

His literary fame, which was now spread through Portugal, excited the attention of the Spanish court, and by command of Philip IV. he went to Madrid, where he filled a chair in the royal college.

During his residence in Portugal he had become a Jesuit; circumstances however occurred, which determined him to quit the order, and to enter into that of St Anthony. This was when he was 46. Soon after entering into this institution, he was appointed to read lectures on philosophy and theology at Coimbra, from which office he was removed by Joaõ IV. to accompany the ambassadors which that monarch sent to France, Rome, and England. In each of these countries his splendid abilities merited and obtained due admiration.

From Alexander VII. he received flattering proofs of that pontiff's estimation of his talents, in the appointments which are mentioned in

Francisco de Santo Agostinho Macedo.

the following monumental inscription, written by one who had been his scholar:—

P. M. S.
Viro omniscio
P. Fr. Francisco á Sancto Augustino Macedo,
Patria Lusitano, Veneto Civi,
Min. observ. Prov. Portugal. Lectori Jubilato
In Patavina Academia Ethicæ Professori,
Galliarum Reginæ Annæ Concionatori, & Consiliario
Regis Lusitaniæ Joannis IV. Chronologo Latino
S. officii Roman. Qualificatori
In Collegio de Prop. Fid. Controversiarum Lectori
In Romana Sapientia Hist. Eccles. Magistro
Poetæ extemporaneo celeberrimo
Pluribus in Catholicæ, ac Literariæ Reipublicæ
Obsequium laboribus claro
Encyclopedicis non paucis speciminibus,
Ac certaminibus illustri:
Adversæ fortunæ ictibus intrepido
Ingenio acri, memoria infallibili
LXX. voluminum Patri
Die, 1. Maii ann. MDCLXXXI. ætatis suæ
Ann. LXXXVIII.
Paduæ ad superos profecto

Francisco de Santo Agostinho Macedo.

Fr. Michael Angelus Farrolfus de Candia
Sacri Palatii Apostolici Prædicator
Cism. Fam. Min. Observ. & Reform. Discretus
perpetuus,
Et in Romana Curia Commissar. Generalis
Grati Discipulatûs causa M. P. C.
Anno Domini MDCXCI.

The affection of the Pontiff, which was apparent, and which, together with his uncommon abilities, had procured him the friendship of the Dukes of Savoy, Florence, and Mantua, was interrupted by the introduction of an expression by Macedo into an epitaph, which, by Alexander's desire, he had composed for one of his household, and which he refused to alter. On this event he set out for Venice, and in some discussions, so distinguished himself there, that he was rewarded by the republic, and appointed professor of moral philosophy at the university of Padua.

Macedo spoke the southern languages of Europe fluently, and wrote and preached in Italian and in Spanish as elegantly as if he

Francisco de Santo Agostinho Macedo.

had been born at Rome, and educated in Madrid. His particular attention had however been paid to the Latin, and in that language he excelled. By a decree dated 8th April, 1650, he was appointed by Joaõ IV. "Chronista da Monarchia" or Historiographer, whose duty was to detail in Latin the history of the times.

He died at the age of eighty-five years, in the "Convento de Padua," and was there buried by its inhabitants, who put up to his memory a bust, with the following inscription:—

D. O. M.
Patri Francisco Macedo Lusitano
Hujus Domùs Patres eximio centubernali suo
Istam
Ex Ære Imaginem
Pro aurea illâ quam in Patavino Gymnasio
Moralis Philosophiæ Doctor, & undique
Lingua, & calamo vir doctissimus protulit
Unanimiter decrevere.
Obiit anno domini 1681, die prima Maii
Ætat. 90.

Francisco de Santo Agostinho Macedo.

Machado* says an error occurs, in both these inscriptions, as to his age at his death, which was eighty-five, and not ninety years.

It would be swelling this article to much too great a length, to state the many encomiums which were written to his memory, and to detail the works, of which he was the author. Those, which have been printed, exceed one hundred; and there are several which remain unpublished.

Amongst the works left by Macedo in MS. was a translation of the Lusiad, in two vols. in 4to. consisting of nearly ten thousand lines, but which, though given line for line with the original, did not receive his final corrections. This work, which he undertook in Paris, at the request of the Marquez de Niza D. Vasco Luiz de Gama, ambassador to the French court, and a descendant from the hero of the poem, occupied his attention only nine months: it commences thus:—

* Bibliot. Lusitan. Tomo ii. p. 83.

Francisco de Santo Agostinho Macedo.

Arma cano, celebresque viros qui á littore ponti
Occidui Lysii surgunt ubi mœnia Regni
Per maria ante aliis nunquam tentata carinis
Ire vel extremos ultra potuère recessus
Taprobanes: bello egregii, fortesque periclis,
Plusquám humana ferat virtus, quam spondeat ausus,
Et nova regna inter gentes statuère remotas,
Quæ tantùm factis sublimia in astra tulere.

Machado, mentioning this translation, writes, that it is indebted to the diligence and abilities of Antonio dos Reys, the editor of the Corpus Poetarum, for the last finish it received; and that it would appear in that famous collection.* On referring, however, to the sixth volume of the work of Dos Reys, which is entirely filled with the compositions of Macedo, the editor states, that as it had not received the author's final corrections, and as there were sufficient testimonies of the poetical abilities of Macedo without it, he declined giving it.

* Machado Bibliot. Lusitan. Tom. 1. p. 370.

IN THE SPANISH LANGUAGE.

Three translations are mentioned by Faria e Sousa, in his Life of Camoens, as being published in the Spanish language. They are stated by this author to be "poco felices, como "seran siempre todas las que se hizieron de "Poesia;" meaning that their authors had experienced those difficulties in translating poetry, which, in his opinion, were never overcome.

In his "Advertencias" in the first volume of his Commentaries on the Lusiad, he passes a yet harsher sentence on these works: "Ellas "fueron tres de Luis de Tapia, de Benito "Caldera, i de Enrique Garces, tan malas "todas, que exceden la infelicidad de toda tra-"ducion, que se haze de escritura en verso." He also censures them for rejecting the Latin words and terminations which Camoens had introduced. Besides these, translations by Manoel Correa Montenegro, and by D. Francisco de Aguilar, are mentioned to have been seen by Faria e Sousa in MS., and, which not having been published, have probably perished.

In the Commentaries on the Lusiad, a prose translation of each stanza, is given by the commentator. Another version in the Spanish language has lately appeared from the pen of Don Lamberto Gil.

Benito Caldera.

Los Lusiadas de Luys de Camoes, Traduzidos en octava rima Castellana per Benito Caldera, residente en Corte. Dirigidos al. illustriss. Senor Hernando de Vega de Fonseca, Presidente del Consejo de la hazienda de su M. y de la Santa y general inquisicion.

Con privilegio.

Impresso en Alcala de Henares, per Jud Gracian. Ano de M.D.LXXX.

I have been able to obtain very little intelligence of the author of this translation. Nicolas Antonio merely mentions him, in his Bibliotheca Hispana Nova, as being a native of Portugal, and has given a wrong date to the publication.

Benito Caldera.

" Benedictus Caldera, Lusitanus, vertit in Cas-
" tellanam Linguam ex Lusitana: Las Lusiadas de
" Luis de Camoes: anno 1588. 4. compluti."

The account given by Machado does not afford much further information. He writes that he was skilled in polite literature, particularly in poetry; and that, quitting Portugal, he took the order of the Eremitas de Santo Agostinho, in the Royal Convent of St Philip of Madrid.*

This translation is in a small quarto volume, and has a wood cut in the title representing a soldier about to mount a horse. There are not any notes or paging, nor are the folios numbered.

Preceding the poem are—

A short letter to the reader from Pedro Laynez. Sonnets to the author by El Licenciado Garay,—by one of his friends,—by Luys de Montalvo,—by El Maestro Vergara,—by one of his friends,—and by the said Pedro Laynez.

* Bibliot. Lusitan. Tom. 1. p. 500.

Benito Caldera.

An argument is prefixed to each canto, and the volume ends:

En Alcala;
En Casa de Juan Gracian.
1580.

A copy of this scarce volume is in His Majesty's Library at Buckingham House.

There are the following notices of it in the bibliographical works:—

3547 Los Lusiadas de Luis de Camoens, principe das Poetas Portugueses, traduzidos en octava rima Castelana, por Benit Caldera.—En Alcala de Henares, por Juan Gracian, 1580, in 4to.

Edition peu commune d'un Poëme fort estimé, dont on recherche avec assez d' empressement les exemplaires.—*De Bure.*

Vend. 24 fr. m. r. Gaignat.—*Brunet, Man. p.* 207. *Tom.* 1.

Edition peu commune d'un Poëme fort estimé, vend 24 liv. en mar. r. chez M. de Gaignat.—*Dict. Bibliogr. par l'abbe Duclos. Tom.* 1. *p.* 231.

Benito Caldera.

Cette edition n'est pas commune, et est fort estimée, 20 liv.—*Osmont Dict. Typogr. Tom.* 1, *p.* 163.
Edition assez rare, 20 liv.—*Fournier Nouveau Dict. port. de Bibliogr.*
No. 4633. Bibl. Croftsiana—sold for nine shillings.
No. 689. Bibl. Pinelliana—sold for the same sum.

Passada esta tan prospera vitoria,
buelto Alfonso a la Lusitana tierra,
a gozar dela paz con tanta gloria
quanta gano en la fiera y duro guerra.
(O caso estrano, y digno de memoria
que del sepulchro a muertos desentierra)
a una mesquina succeder le acierta
que reyna fue despues de ser ya muerta.

Tu solo injusto amor, tu solo, cuya
fuerça a los coraçones tanto obliga,
dista causa a la cruda muerte suya
como si fuera perfida enemiga.
Si dizen fiero amor, que la sed tuya,
ni con lagrimas tristes se mitiga,
y porque quieres aspero y tyrano
di tus aras banar en sangre humano?

Benito Caldera.

Hermosa Ines estavas en sosiego,
y el fruto de tus anos ya cogias
del alma en un engano alegre y ciego
que la Fortuna acaba en pocos dias.
En los Campos regados del Mondego,
aquien aqua llorando dar solias
y a los montes y yervas ensenavas
el nombre caro del que tanto amavas.

De tu principe alli te respondian
las memorias que en el se aposentavan,
que siempre ante sus ojos te trayan
quando dessos hermosos se apartavan.
De noche en dulces suenos, que mentian,
De dia en pensamientos que bolavan,
y en fin quanto el pensava, y quanto via
era todo memorias de alegria.

De otras princesas, de otras gentilezas
los desseados talamos no accepta,
que a todo despreciar amor te avezas,
quanto un rostro suave te sujeta.
Vee las enamoradas estranezas
el viejo y cuerdo padre que respeta
del reyno el murmurar, y el desviarse
el hijo sin querer nunca casarse.

Benito Caldera.

A Ynes sacar del mundo determina
por libertar al hijo que ella prende,
piensa con sangre de la muerte indigna
aquel fuego amatarque amor enciende.
Que furor consintio que aquella fina
espada, aque el poder no se defiende,
ni el furor Moro, fuesse levantada
contra una flaca Dama delicada.

Ya los verdugos asperos y atroces
ante el Rey van, que esta a piedad movido,
mas el pueblo con falsas y ferozes
razones, le cerro el piadoso oydo.
Ella con tristes y piadosas vozes,
que de desseo y lastima han salido,
de su principe y hijos que dexava,
que esto en grado mayor la lastimava.

Al christalino cielo levantando
con lagrimas los ojos piadosos,
los ojos, que las manos le esta atando
uno delos ministros rigurosos.
Y despues a los ninos los baxando
tan regalados della y tan hermosos,
qual madre que su perdida temia,
al aguelo cruel ausi dezia.

Benito Caldera.

Si ya las brutas fieras, cuya mente
natura hizo cruel de nacimiento,
y las aves que han puesto solamente
en robar por el ayre ya su intento.
Con pequenas criaturas vio la gente
que tuvieron piadoso sentimiento,
qual de nino a la madre lo mostraron,
y a los moços que a Roma edificaron.

Tu que de humano tienes el aspecto
(si es de humano matar una donzella
flaca y sin fuerças, por tener sujeto
el coraçon de quien supo vencella.)
A estas criaturas ten respecto,
pues no lo tienes a la muerte della,
muevate la piedad, que nos disculpa,
pues no te mueve ver que estoy sin culpa.

Y si vences la mora resistencia,
muerte sabiendo dar confuego y hierro,
sabe tambien dar vida con clemencia
aquien para perdella no vees yerro.
Mas si assi lo merece esta innocencia,
pon-me en perpetuo y misero destierro
en Scytia fria, o ya en la Lybia ardiente
donde en lagrimas viva eternamente.

Benito Caldera.

Ponme do se usa toda la crueza
con Tigres y Leones, y ver quiero
si puedo hallar piedad en tal fiereza,
pues el humano pecho esta tan fiero
Con la misma de amor pura firmeza
alli criare, de aquel, por quien yo muero
estas reliquias suyas que aqui viste
que alivio sean a la madre triste.

Queria perdonarle el rey benigno,
que esta destas palabras lastimado,
mas el pertinaz pueblo y su destino
(que ausi lo quiso) no le han perdonado.
Las espadas de azero sacan fino
los que per bueno al hecho han pregonado,
contra una Dama, o pechos carniceros,
os mostrays fieros, bravos y guerreros.

Qual contra la hermosa Policena,
Consuelo estremo de la madre vieja
(que la sombra de Achiles la condena)
con hierro el duro Pirro se apareja.
Ella los ojos con que el dia serena
(bien como la paciente y mansa oveja)
en la madre poniendo, que enloquece
al duro sacrificio alli se offrece.

Benito Caldera.

Tal contra Ynes los brutos matadores
en aquel cuello puro que sostiene
las obras con que amor, matô de amores
al que despues a hazer la reyna viene.
Las espadas banando y blancas flores
que ellas regadas con sus ojos tiene,
Se encarnizavan, hierven alli ayrados
del futuro castigo descuydados.

De la vista de aquellos bien pudieras
Sol, tu luz apartar en aquel dia,
qual de las mesas de Thiestes fieras
y horrendas, que a los hijos se comia.
Vos que escuchastes valles y riberas
la voz estrema de la boca fria
el nombre de su Pedro que le oystes
por grande y largo espacio repetistes.

Bien como la flor tierna, que cortada
antes de tiempo fue, candida y bella
de las manos del nino mal tratada,
que en la guirnal de anduro antes con ella.
Pierde el olor, y que da marchitada,
tal la amarilla esta muerta donzella
secas las rosas de su rostro, y yda
la color pura con la dulce vida.

Luys Gomez de Tapia.

Las hijas de Mondego aquella escura
muerte per largo tiempo la lloraron,
y per memoria eterna en fuente pura
las lagrimas lloradas transformaron.
El nombre le pusieron, que aun le dura
de amores de su Ynes, que alli passaron,
mirad que fuente riega aquellas flores,
que son lagrimas aqua, el nombre amores.

Luys Gomez de Tapia.

La Lusiada de el Famoso Poeta Luys de Camoes. Traduzida en verso Castellano de Portugues, por el Maestro Luys Gomez de Tapia, Vezino de Sevilla. Dirigida al illustrissimo Senor Ascanio Colona, Abbad. de Sancta Sophia.

Con privilegio.

En Salamanca.

En Casa de Joan Perier, Impressor de Libros. ano de MDLXXX.

I cannot find any biographical notice of this translator, whose work, in small quarto, is comprised in 307 folios. It has prose arguments

Luys Gomez de Tapia.

at the commencement, and annotations at the end of each canto.

Following the title are—

A dedication,—" El Maestro Francisco Sanchez, Catedratico de prima de Rhetorica en la Universidad de Salamanca al Lector,"—Eighteen Latin verses " Illustrissimo Domino Ascanio Colona, Abbati Sanctæ Sophiæ," and a sonnet in Spanish by the translator,—Six Latin verses " Magister Franciscus Sanctius Brocensis de Magistro Luisio Gomez de Tapia Carmen,"—Twelve Latin verses " Alvarus Rodericus Zambanus de Magistro Luisio Gomez de Tapia,"—A sonnet in Italian by " El Doctor Diego de Vanegas" to the translator,—A cançon to him by Don Luys de Gongora and Pedro de Vega,—Sonnets in Spanish by Don Luys de Valencuela, and by Don Alonso de Peralta,—Catalago de los Reys, que en Portugal ha avido, desd'el primer conde Don Enrique hasta el ano de ochēta, en que la mayor parte de Portugal esta subjecta a la magestad del Rey Don Phelippe nuestro Senor.

Copies of this volume, which is equally rare with the preceding article, are in the Royal

Luys Gomez de Tapia.

Library at Buckingham House; and in the collection of Dom Joze Maria de Souza, at Paris.

A copy was in the library of Consul Smith, and stands in the Bibliotheca Smithiana, 4to. Venetiis 1755. p. 87.

Camoens Luis de—La Lusiada, traduzida de Portugues por Luis Gomez de Tapia—en Salamanca. por Joan Perier 1580. 8. enq. en Corio.

Passada esta tan prospera victoria,
se torna Alfonso a su querida tierra
a gozar de la paz con tanta gloria
quanta supo ganar con dura guerra.
Do el caso triste digno de memoria
qu' del sepulchro muertos desentierra
a la mezquina y misera ha acaecido
qu' despues d' ser muerta reyna ha sido.

Tu solo cruel amor con fuerça cruda
Que al coraçon humano tanto obliga
mataste à la de culpa y mal desnuda
Como si fuera perfida enemiga
El que en la sed de amor pusiere duda
Porquel con el llorar no se mitiga,

Lupς Gomez de Tapia.

Sepa que assi lo quiere este tyranno
Por cō sangre banar su altar prophano.

Estavas bella Ines puesta en sossiego
De tus anos cogien el dulce fructo
En un engano de alma alegre y ciego
Que à la fortuna pagado cruel tributo
En el florido Campo de Mondego
De tus hermosos ojos nunca enxuto
Ensenandole al monte, al rio, al prado
El nombre q en tu pecho esta estāpado.

De tu principe alli te respondian
Las memorias que en el se aposentavan
Que siempre ante sus ojos te trayan
Quando de tus hermosos se apartavan,
De noche en dulces suenos que mentian,
De dia en pensamientos que bolavan,
Y quanto en fin pensava y quanto via
Era tudo memorias de alegria.

De otras bellas senoras y princesas
Los desseados thalamos no accepta
(Que no curas amor de altas empresas
Quando un hermoso rostro te subjecta)

Luys Gomez de Tapia.

Viendo las condiciones tan aviessas
Del hijo el viejo padre que respecta
El murmurar del pueblo y fantasia
Del hijo que casarse no queria.

Quitar à Ines del mundo determina
Por librar con quitalla al hijo preso
Creyēdo con su sangre y muerte indina
Amatalle el amor y dalle seso
Que furor consintio la espada fina
Que pudo sustentar el grave peso
Del bellico furor, ser levantada
Contra una flaca dama delicada.

Antes el Rey los verdugos traē atroces
(Que estava de piedad ya commovido)
Mas con razones falsas y feroces
El pueblo, muera muera le ha pedido
Ella con tristes y piedosas vozes
Salidas del amor que le ha tenido
Al principe y los hijos que dexava
Que mas que no la muerte le aquexava.

Al cristalino cielo levantando
Con lagrimas los ojos piadosos

Luys Gomez de Tapia.

Los ojos (que las manos le esta atando
Uno de los ministros rigurosos)
Y despues sus hijuelos contemplando
Tan tiernos tan queridos y mimosos
Cuya orphandad qual madre temia tanto,
Al abuelo cruel hizo este llanto.

Si ya en las fieras brutas cuya suerte
Se conocio cruel del nacimiento
Si en las duras Harpias que en la muerte
En rapinas y robos traen su intento
Con ninos y con gente nada fuerte
Vemos todos un tierno sentimiento,
Qual de nino en la madre se mostrarõ
Y en los que la gran Roma edificaron.

Tu que de humano tienes gesto y pecho,
(Si de humano es Matar una donzella
Flaca y sin fuerça, porque dio de hecho
Su Coraçon à quien supo vencella,
Detengan estos nietos tu despecho
Pues no puede la muerte obscura d'ella
Moverte à compassion de ellos y mia
Viendo como de culpa estoy vazia.

Luys Gomez de Tapia.

Y si al vencer la dura resistencia
La muerte sabes dar con fuego y hierro
Sabe tambien dar vida con clemencia
Aquien para perdella no hizo yerro
Mas si ya la merece esta innocencia
Pon me en perpetuo y misero destierro
En Scythia fria, o en la Lybia ardiente
Donde en lagrimas viva eternamente.

Pon me donde el extremo de fiereza
Entre los Tigres pueda imaginarse
Vere si en ellos hallo mas terneza,
Que é los humanos pechos pudo hallar se,
Alli cō grande amor (aunq en tristeza)
De aquel à quien amè podran criarse
Estas reliquias suyas que aqui viste
Consolacion extrema de esta triste.

Queria perdonalle el Rey benigno
Oyendo las palabras que la abonan
Mas el pertinaz pueblo (y su destino
Que assi lo permitio) no la perdonan
Echan mano al azero puro y fino
Los que este hecho bueno ser pregonan
Contra una Dama, ò pechos carniceros
Ferozes os mostrays y cavalleros.

Lupe Gomez de Tapia.

Qual contra la hermosa Polycena
Consuelo solo de la madre vieja
Porque el alma de Achilles la condena
Con hierro el duro Pyrrho se apareja,
Yella con un mirar tierno sereno,
(Assi como paciente y mansa oveja)
Buelto el rostro à la madre q enloquece
Al duro sacrificio el cuello offrece.

Tales contra la Ines los matadores
En el hermoso cuello donde estava
La gracia con q amor mato de amores,
Al que despues por Reyna la jurava
Las espadas banando y blancas flores
Que ella con dulce lloro antes regava
Se encarniçavan fieros y enojados
Del castigo futuro descuydados.

Bien pudieras o sol la vista aviessa
De tal hecho llevar en aquel dia
Qual de Thiestes en la horrenda mesa
Quando sus hijos por atreo comia,
Vos o concavos valles donde impressa
Quedo la voz de aquella boca fria
El nombre de su Pedro que le oystes
Por espacio muy largo repetistes.

Henrique Garces.

Qual la rosa del campo que cortada
Antes de tiempo fue candida y bella
De las manos lascivas maltratada
Del nino que jugar huelga con ella
Tiene el olor perdido marchitada
Tal estava la palida Donzella
Sin las rosas del rostro, ya perdida
La color blanca con la dulce vida.

Las nymphas de Mondego aq sta obscura
Muerte por largo tiempo la lloraron
Y per memoria eterna en fuente pura
Las lagrimas lloradas transformaron
El nombre le pusieron, que aun le dura
Dos Amores de Ines, que alli passaron,
Mirad que fuente riega el prado y flores,
Do lagrimas sō aqua, el nombre Amores.

Henrique Garces.

Los Lusiadas de Luys de Camoes, Traduzidos de Portugues en Castellano por Henrique Garces. Dirigidos a Philippo monarcha primero de las Espanas, y de las Indias.

En Madrid. Impresso con licencia en Casa de Guillermo Drouy, empressor de libros. ano 1591.

Henrique Garces.

Of Henrique Garces, who was a native of Oporto, and who emigrated to the Spanish colonies, we have the following account given by Nicolas Antonio.*

" Henricus Garcez, Lusitanus, Portuensis, fixo " apud Americos in Regia Urbe Peruani regni " domicilio, vertendis in vernaculum Castellæ ser- " monem Francisci illius Petrarchæ, Italicorum va- " tum coriphæi, versibus non infeliciter incubuit; " longe tamen ab Hispania, vereque a patria casti- " gatioris stili ac linguæ positus, dictionis puritatem " peregrinis quibusdam e trivioque desumptis verbis " corrupit, quamquam vi insurgat frequenter poeti- " ca. Hæc libri inscriptio est:

" *Los Sonetos y Canciones del Poeta Francisco* " *Petrarcha. Matriti* 1591. *in* 4. ne Gallice tan- " tum, opera Philippi de Maldeghem Brugensis, " loqueretur. Vertit item e Lusitana lingua, contex- " ens sibi e summis Parnassi verticibus lauream:

" *Las Lusiadas de Camoens en otavas Castella-* " *nas.* Matriti in eodem anno in 4. Item vulgarem " fecit pedestri oratione Latinum Francisci Patritii " opus:

* Bibliotheca Hispana Nova. Tom. 1. p. 565.

Henrique Garces.

" *Del Reyno y de la Institucion del que ha de* " *reynar.*" Ibidem eodem anno in 4.

The title to this volume, which is printed in small 4to., is followed by a grant of the King, giving the exclusive right to Garces, therein mentioned as residing at Lima, in Peru, to publish his translation for ten years; he having in his petition prayed for such privilege for the term of twenty years. The grant is dated the 31st January, 1591. This grant, and the usual licences, are succeeded by—

Two Sonnets to Philip the Second—by a Sonnet in praise of Garces, by Diego de Aquilar, to which is added, a " Respuesta." The following Sonnet by the Translator, and a list of Errata.

De suyo aunque ser suelen estimados
los hazanosos hechos Lusitanos,
de oy mas mostraran brios mas ufanos
en verse de tal musa celebrados.
Mas porque no quedassen sepultados
hechos y versos tanto soberanos
en solo Portugal, mis toscas manos
los dan al nuevo mundo trasladados.

Henrique Garces.

Temor tengo diran ser osadia,
bolver de un grave cedro los Camones
en camas de liviano y floxo aliso,
Y mucho mas de una Enciclopedia
como esta, que de si Luys dar nos quiso
digan, quel zelo anulla essos Baldones.

The title, grant, licences, sonnets, &c. are contained in 8 unnumbered pages. The poem occupies 185 folios. On the last of which is

En Madrid
En Casa de Guillermo Druy (not Drouy)
Impressor de libros
ano 1591.

To this information, may be added, from Machado,* that the greater part of his life was spent in the service of Spain, that he held an office under the government at Peru, relating to the coinage of the silver money, and that after the death of his wife he became a Canon in the Cathedral of Mexico.

* Bibliot. Lusitan. Tom. ii. p. 448.

Henrique Garces.

The translation of Garces is thus mentioned by Antonio dos Reys:—

> Inferiora loco positos despectat olentis
> Arboris incinctus folio Garcesus Ibero
> Carmine Lusiadas reddebat numinis aure
> Auscultante sonos avidâ.
>
> Enthus. Poet. p. 150.

A copy of this rare volume is in the library of James Gooden, Esquire. On extracting from it the specimen for this work, it was discovered, that an entire stanza was wanting.

> Passada esta tan prospera victoria,
> y Alfonso el Portugues buelto a su tierra,
> para gozar la paz con tanta gloria
> quanta supo ganar siempre en la guerra:
> el caso infando e digno de memoria
> que del hoyo los muertos desentierra,
> acontescio en la triste y desdichada
> que muerta fue por Reyna coronada.

Henrique Garces.

Tu solo Amor con tu dorada puya,
que al coraçon humano ansi fatiga
diste causa a la triste muerte suya
como si fuera perfida enemiga:
Si dizen fiero Amor que la sed tuya
ni con lagrimas tristes se mitiga:
como quieres hartar la en sangre humana
no ves ques esso hazer tu sed tyranna?

Estauas linda Ines puesta en sossiego
de tus anos cogiendo dulces frutos,
con un engano de alma ledo y ciego,
que a la fortuna da tam bien tributos:
En los floridos campos de Mondego
de tus hermosos ojos nunca inxutos,
a las yeruas y flores refiriendo
el nombre del qu 'estanas atendiendo.

De tu Principe ally te respondian
las memorias que l'alma le arrancauan,
que siempre ante sus ojos te traian,
si a caso dessos tuyos se apartauan:
De noche en dulces suenos que mentian.
de dia en pensamientos que bolauan;
en fin quanto pensaua, y quanto via
memorias eran puras de alegria.

Henrique Garces.

De otras grandes senoras e princesas
los offrescidos talamos no acepta,
que antel amor si es puro no ay grandezas
si a rostro alguno blando se subjecta:
Mirando el padre en estas estranezas
como viejo, y tambien porque respecta
al murmurar del pueblo que dezia
qu'el principe jamas se casaria.

Sacar a Ines del mundo determina,
por libertar al hijo que ve preso,
creyendo que con esta muerte indigna
harà qu, el hijo quede menos leso:
Que gran furor, querer que aquella fina
espada que sostuuo el grave peso
del Mauritano horror sea empleada
en una flaca dama y delicada

Traian la las manos carniceras
al Rey que era a piedad ya commouido,
mas conrazones poco verdaderas
le han de su pio intento divertido:
Ella con baxas bozes lastimeras
causadas del dolor que le ha traido
ver los chiquitos hijos que dexaua,
y al principe no ver, que tanto amava.

Henrique Gartes.

Al soberano cielo levantando
con lagrimas los ojos (quan piadosos)
los ojos, que las manos le iua atando
uno de los ministros rigurosos,
y con ellos los hijos rodeando
tan regalados de antes e mimosos,
de cuyo desamparo ya temia
hazia el abuelo crudo ansi dezia.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

Tu que de humano tienes el aspecto
(si es humano, matar sin mas querella
a una flaca muger, por que subjecto
el pecho tiene a quien supo vencella:)
A estos chicos si quiera ten respecto
que quederan sin madre y sombra della:
a piedad te commueua suya y mia,
la falta de la culpa qu'en mi hauia.

Henrique Garces.

Si venciendo la Maura resistencia
la muerte sabes dar con fuego e hierro,
deprende a dar la vida con clemencia
a quien para morir no ha hecho yerro:
Y si bastante no es esta innocencia,
pon me en perpetuo e misero destierro,
alla en la Scythia elada, o Lybia ardiente
do viua lamentando eternamente.

Pon me en donde mas se use la fiereza,
entre ossos, y entre tygres, por ventura
en ellos hallare de la terneza
que no halla en ty mi suerte amarga y dura:
Ally con amor tierno, y con firmeza
en aquel por quien passo muerte escura
criarè sus reliquias que aqui viste,
consuelo desta madre sola y triste.

Ya se iua algo ablandando el Rey benigno,
Commouido de oyr lo que razona:
mas el pertinaz pueblo o su destino
(que esto deuio de ser) no le perdona:
y arrancan las espadas sin mas tino
(que ally por bueno el pecho se pregona)
contra una dama, o pechos carniceros,
diffraçados en son de caualleros?

Henrique Garres.

Qual quando el crudo Pyrrho se apareja
con hierro para contra Policena
(consuelo de la madre afflicta y vieja)
que la sombra de Achilles la condena:
Mas ella como humilde y mansa oueja
los ojos, con qu'el aire reasserena
clauados en la madre (que enloquesce
en verla tal) el cuello al hierro offresce.

Ansi de Ines los brutos matadores
en aquel cuello qu'en si sostenia
el rostro con que amor matò de amores
a quien despues corona le ponia:
Banando las espadas y las flores
que con sus ojos ya banado hauia,
s'encarniçauan feruidos y airados
del futuro castigo descuidados.

Bien pudieras ó Sol esos celestes
tus rayos apartar en aquel dia,
como heziste en la mesa de Thiestes
quando a sus proprios hijos se comia:
Mejor lo heziste tu o blando Argestes
que cogiendo de aquella boca fria
el nombre de su Pedro, que lo oyste
por un buen rato ally lo repetiste.

Don Lamberto Gil.

Como la fresca rosa que cortada
antes de tiempo fue para contento
de nina, y della siendo mal tratada
pierde el fresco color en un momento:
Tal se mostrava aquella desdichada
despues del golpe atroz sanguinolento,
del rostro la frescura despedida
y los vivos matizes con la vida.

Las hijas del Mondego aquesta escura
muerte, por mucho tiempo lamentaron,
y por memoria desta desuentura
las lagrimas en fuente transformaron:
y el nombre se le diò, que aun oy le dura
de los amores dulces que gozaron:
mirad quales seràn aqui las flores
pues lagrimas son l'aqua, el nombre amores.

Don Lamberto Gil.

Poesias de Luis de Camoens.

Los Lusiadas Poema Epico de Luis de Camoens que tradujo al Castellano Don Lamberto Gil, Penitenciario en el real Oratorio del Cabellero de Gracia de esta Corte. Madrid. 1818. *Imprenta de D. Miguel de Burgos.*

Don Lamberto Gil.

The foregoing is the title to the first volume, which was printed, and issued by itself, in 8vo. It contains a prologue—a life of Camoens—Juicio Critico—an account of the voyage by Gama—and the first five cantos of the Lusiad, with some notes.

The two other volumes were published in the same year. The second volume contains the remainder of the Lusiad; and in the third is a prologue, followed by "Poesias varias ó Rimas de Luis de Camoens" being a selection of the minor poems with notes.

Pasada esta tan próspera victoria,
tornando Alfonso à su querida tierra,
à gozar de la paz con tanta gloria
cuanta supo ganar con dura guerra;
el caso triste y digno de memoria,
que al vivo espanta y al difunto atierra,
á una infelice sucederle acierta,
que reina fué despues de ser ya muerta.

Don Lamberto Gil.

Tú solo, ¡ oh puro Amor! tú solo, cuya
fuerza á los corazones tanto obliga,
diste causa á la cruda muerte suya
como si fuera pérfida enemiga.
Si dicen, fiero Amor, que la sed tuya
ni con lágrimas tristes se mitiga,
es porque quieres ¡ oh deidad tirana!
tus altares banar con sangre humana.

Estabas, bella Ines, puesta en sosiego,
y el dulce fruto de tu edad cogias,
con un engāno de alma alegre y ciego
que habia de durar mui pocos dias.
En la florida vegá de Mondego,
que regar con tus lágrimas solias,
le hacias repetir al monte y prado
el nombre que en tu pecho está grabado.

De tu príncipe allí te respondian
las memorias que el alma le llenaban,
y presente á sus ojos te traian
Siempre que de los tuyos se apartaban:
de noche en dulces suénos que mentian,
de dia en pensamientos que volaban;
y en fin cuanto él pensaba y cuanto via,
era todo memorias de alegría.

Don Lamberto Gil.

De la dama mas bella y mas amable
el deseado tálamo no aceta:
pues amor todo lo hace despreciable
si á un bello rostro al hombre lo sujeta.
Considerando el padre inexorable
cuánto murmura el pueblo, á quien respeta;
y el obstinado empeno y fantasìa
del hijo, que casarse no queria:

Sacar á Ines del mundo determina
por libertar al hijo en su amor preso:
esperando con muerte tan indina
matar su firme amor, y darle seso.
Qué furia consintió, que espada fina,
capaz de sustentar el grave peso
del furor Moro, fuese levantada
contra una dama frágil, delicada?

Ya los verdugos ásperos y atroces
la presentan al Rey yà enternecido:
mas con razones falsas y feroces
el pueblo le cerró el piadoso vido.
Ella con tristes y piadosas voces
nacidas del amor que habia tenido
al principe y los hijos que dejaba,
que esto mas que la muerte la angustiaba

Don Lamberto Gil.

Al cielo cristalino levantando
con lágrimas los ojos amorosos,
los ojos, pues las manos le iba atando
uno de los ministros rigurosos;
y despues sus hijuelos contemplando
tan tiernos, tan queridos, tan hermosos,
cual madre que su pérdida sentìa,
al abuelo cruël asì decia:

" Si hasta las fieras brutas, cuya mente
hizo natura cruel de nacimiento,
y las aves, nacidas solamente
para buscar matando su alimento,
con ninos desvalidos, vió la gente
que han tenido piavoso sentimiento;
como con Semirámis lo mostráron,
y con los dos que á Roma edificáron;

Tú, que de humano tienes el aspeto
(si de humano es matar una doncella,
porque á su ardiente amor está sujeto
el pecho que logró rendirla á ella),
de estos ninōs siquiera ten respeto,
ya que no te hace mi desgracia mella:
muévate la piedad que nos disculpa,
pues no te mueve el ver que estoy sin culpa.

Don Lamberto Gil.

Y si á la infame mora resistencia
la muerte sabes dar con fuego y hierro;
Sabe tambien dar vida con clemencia
á quien para perderla no hizo yerro.
O, si te lo merece mi innocencia,
pónme en perpetuo y misero destierro,
allá en la Escitia fria, ó Libia ardiente,
donde en lágrimas viva eternamente.

Pónme do mayor sea la fiereza:
ó entre leones y tigres: pues yo espero,
que en ellos he de hallar ménos dureza,
que en este pueblo atroz y carnicero.
Alli, amando constante y con firmeza
al principe adorado por quien muero,
criaré estos sus hijos, que aquí viste,
consuelo extremo de una madre triste."

Quería perdonarla el Rey benino,
que está da estas palabras lastimado;
mas el pueblo enconado, ó su destino
que a sí lo quiso, no la ha perdonado.
Echan mano al acero puro y fino
los que por bueno dan este atentado:
¿ contra una dama, pechos carniceros,
quereis mostraros bravos y guerreros?

Don Lamberto Gil.

Como contra la hermosa Polixena
(porque el alma de Aquiles inhumana
á no debida muerte la condena)
Pirro alzó con furor la mano insana;
mientras ella de amor y candor llena,
abrazando á su triste madre anciana
que con el caso acerbo se enloquece,
al duro Sacrificio el cuello ofrece:

Así de Ines los brutos matadores
en el ebúrneo cuello (donde estaba
la gracia con que amor mató de amores
al que despues por reina la juraba)
Su acero banan y las blancas flores
que con su proprio llanto ella regaba:
y se encarnizan férvidos y airados,
del futuro castigo descuidados!

De escena tan atroz, Sol, bien pudieras
los ojos apartar en aquel dia,
cual de las mesas de tieste fieras,
cuando sus propios hijos se comia!
Vos; valles, que escachásteis las postreras
voces que articuló su boca fria,
el nombre de don Pedro, que le ósteis,
por espacio mui largo repetísteis.

Don Lamberto Gil.

Como rosa del campo, que cortada
ántes de tiempo fué, cándida y bella,
Siendo por la muchacha maltratada,
que la cabeza se adornó con ella,
pierde el olor y queda marchitada;
tal estaba la pálida doncella,
sin las rosas del rostro, y ya perdida
la blancura admirable con la vida.

Las hijas de Mondego, aquella oscura
muerte por mucho tiempo la lloráron;
y por memoria eterna, en fuente pura
las lágrimas lloradas transformáron;
y el nombre le puisiéron, que aun le dura,
de amores de su Ines que allí passáron
Mirad qué fuente riega aquellas flores,
pues es el agua llanto, el nombre amores!

IN THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE.

There had been, according to several authorities which have been stated, three translations in the Italian language, previous to the appearance of the version by Nervi. Two of these have been published; but with respect to the

Carlo Antonio Paggi.

third, which if it existed at all, was in MS. and has most probably perished, I have not been able to obtain any information. It is mentioned by Manoel Correa so early as the year 1613.

Carlo Antonio Paggi.

Lusiada Italiana di Carlo Antonio Paggi, nobile Genovese, Poema Heroico del Grande Luigi de Camoës Portoghese Prencipe de' Poeti delle Spagne. Alla Santita di nostro Signore Papa Alessandro Settimo. Lisbona, con tutte le licenze. Seconda impressione emendata dagl' errori trascorsi nella prima. Per Henrico Valente de Oliueira. 1659.

This volume, in 12mo, is the second edition of Paggi's translation, and has a frontispiece representing fame leading forth the poet, who is crowned with laurel, and holds a book in his hand. The remainder of the picture is intended to explain the fidelity with which the trans-

Carlo Antonio Paggi.

lation has been made. On a scroll at the top is LUSIADA ITALIANA DI CARLO ANT. PAGGI; and on two others beneath are NEC SINIT ACCEPTUM & NEC SINIT ESSE MEUM.

The first edition is said, by Nicolas Antonio, to have been printed in 1656. "*tum Carolus Paggius, Genuensis, Alexandro Papæ VII. nuncupatam, Henrici Valentis de Oliveira typis anno 1656. Olisipone edidit cum vitæ auctoris elegante compendio.*"* This date must be erroneous, as the dedication to Alexander is thus, "Lisbona il primo Aprile 1658." I am inclined to think that there is not any material difference in the two editions, except the date in the title page.

The dedication to Alexander VII. follows the title, and in it, amongst other complimentary expressions to that pontiff, the author writes, "That fortune, as unkind to Camoens when alive, as she was benignant to him after his death, could not display her favour more fully

* Bibl. Hisp. Nova, tom ii. p. 26.

Carlo Antonio Paggi.

than by Italy adopting his poem under the most felicitous auspices of his Holiness; nor could fame more opportunely awaken this new Virgil than to the notice of a new Augustus, at whose birth the Muses were re-born, by whose talents the academy was regenerated, and in whose mouth the Italian language might exult at being so beautiful."

In another dedication of his translation "All' Illustrissimo e Reverendissimo Signore mio Osservandissimo Monsignore Giacomo Fransone, Tesoreiro Generale di Santa Chiesa," Paggi gives a short sketch of the character and history of Camoens; and in a third, "All' Illustrissimo Sign. Gio. Georgio Guistiniano, he states his residence in Portugal; and the consideration that versions had appeared in Latin, Spanish, and French, was the chief cause of his undertaking. He then details at some length, the life of the poet, and laments his miserable end.

The dedications are followed by various sonnets, by eulogiums in Latin by Joaõ Soares de Brito and Francisco de Macedo, and by the usual Licences.

Carlo Antonio Paggi.

The character of this translation, or at least the estimation in which it was held in Lisbon at the time it appeared, will be best shewn by the Licence, granted by Doctor Antonio Barbosa Bacellar.

" Vi com toda a attençaõ a traducçaõ da Lusiada de Luis de Camões, composta em outaua rima Italiana por Carlo Antonio Paggi Genouès. A versaõ he fiel, & feliz, o estilo alto, claro, & terso, a locuçaõ casta & heroica; de sorte que se naõ acha diminuido o Poema de Luis de Camões, nem na elegancia, nem na magestade. Será conveniente, que se imprima naõ sò para honra do traductor, & gloria do traduzido, senaõ tambem para credito de Portugal, & inueja de Italia; logrem pois as academias daquelles Reynos, principados, & Respublicas em o proprio idioma o que por vezes teraõ admirado no nosso, no Latino, no Francès, & no Hespanhol; & seja o Poema de Luis de Camões tão gèral, & commun em todas as linguas, como ha de sar vnico, & singular em todas as idades. Lisboa 26 de Julho de 1658.

" Antonio Barbosa Bacellar."

Carlo Antonio Paggi.

Copies of the second edition of Paggi's translation are in the British Museum, in the library of Mr Heber, and in the collection of books relating to Camoens, made by the author of these memoirs.

At Mr Croft's sale, a copy of the second edition, No. 4,634, brought seven shillings.

Poi di questa si prospera vittoria
Tornato Alfonso á la paterna terra
De la pace á goder cotanta gloria,
Quanta acquistò ne la sì dura guerra,
Il caso tristo, e degno di memoria,
Ch'i sepolti rauiua, e disinterra
Succedeo de la misera, e meschina,
Che doppo morte diuentó Reina.

Tú solo Amor, tú, che con cruda forza
Tiranneggi il voler, violenti il core,
La cagiō sei, che quei bei lumi āmorza
Fero, inaudito, & infernal furore.
Se ne di calde lagrime si smorza,
Dicon, tua sete, ó dispietato Amore,
Ei solo auien perche tiranno vuoi
Sparsi di sangue human gl' altari tuoi.

Carlo Antonio Paggi.

Staui godendo Ines con dolce quiete
De'tuoi verdi anni il piú soaue frutto;
Dolci fascini d'alma, vltime mete
Del piacer, che di breue occupa il lutto.
Il campo sol le fiamme tue secrete,
Di Mōdego, hor per tè piú nūca asciutto,
Vedea, mētre spiegaui a l'herbe, e a'fiori
L'amato nome, i tuoi fedeli amori.

Iui ti rispondean del Prence amante
Le rimembranze, che trahea nel petto,
Per cui sēpre eri a gl'occhi suoi dināte,
Quando andar da tè lūge era costretto.
Di pensier tutto il dì la mente errante
Colmo, e la notte di dolci ōbre il letto;
Tutti in fin suoi pensieri, ogni suo bene
Eran memorie di letitia piene.

Prencipesse potenti, e per bellezza
Degne d'ogni alta stima egli rigetta;
Opra d'Amor, ch'ogni altro bē disprezza
L'alma che á ūdolce brioviue soggetta.
Il padre, a cui piú graue è la vecchiezza
Per gl'himenei, c'homai piú nō aspeta,
De l'ostinato amāte, e perche sente
Il popol suo, che mormora altamente.

Carlo Antonio Paggi.

Di dar morte ad Ines in fin destina,
Per Pietro liberar, ch'ella tien preso;
E col sangue di morte empia, e ferina
Crede smorzar cosí gran foco acceso.
Che furor consentio, che cosí fina
Spada, che sostenere il graue peso
Potè del furor Mauro, hora sia alzata
Contro vna debil Dama, e delicata?

Traheano Ines carnefici feroci
Diãzi al Ré, che giá mosso era à pietade;
Mẽtre il popol con detti e falsi, e atroci
Di nouo a morte cruda il persuade.
Ella con triste, e lagrimose voci,
Cui di lasciar ne l'infantile etade
I figli, e l'amoroso suo consorte
Pesa assai piú, che nõ la propria morte,

Inuerso'l cielo i suoi begli occhi alzãdo,
Quanto molli di pianto anco pietosi:
Gl'occhi, poiche le man venia legando
Vn de'duri ministri, e rigorosi;
Poscia i figlini teneri mirando,
Cari del seno suo parti amorosi,
Ch'in tanta orfanitá restar vedea,
Volta a l'auo crudel cosí dicea.

Carlo Antonio Paggi.

Se le fere seluagge, a la cui mente
Insegnò d'esser crude il nascimento;
E se gl'agresti augei, che solamente
Né l'aeree rapine hanno l'intento,
Co'teneri bambin furo souente
Viste mansuefare il sentimento,
Come giá in Semiramide mostraro,
E ne i fratel, che Roma edificaro.

O tú, che humano il sentimento, e'l petto
Hai, se humano è il ferire vna dõzella,
Debole, inerme, e sol perche ricetto
E del cor di colui, cui viue ancella,
A questi pargoletti habbi rispetto,
Poiche nõ l'hai de l'empia sorte d'ella;
Mouati la pietá di mè, di loro,
Poi nè d'essi, né mie le colpe foro.

E se in pugnar con tutta Africa vnita
Di dure morti insanguinar ti sai,
A chi colpa non há, per cui la vita
Perder deggia, donarla anco saprai.
Pur se dee mia innocẽza andar punita,
Pommi colá, doue per sempre i rai
Nega il Sole a lo Scita, ò ne l'ardente
Libia, oue in piãto io viua eternamẽte.

Carlo Antonio Paggi.

Pommi doue non há, che feritade
Di leoni, e di tigri, oue io vedró,
Se forse i sensi lor moua á pietade,
Che ne gl'huomini il cielo á mè negò.
Lá per amor di quei, che mia lealtade
Conosce, e per cui moro, educaró
Queste reliquie sue (misera vista)
Che refrigerio sian di madre trista.

Giá da tai detti intenerito il core
Del Rè benigno era al perdon piegato;
Má il popol pertinace, & il rigore
Non le perdona del suo acerbo fato.
Le spade giá color traggono fuore,
Ch'ũ tal fatto per buono hã cõmẽdato,
Contro vna Dama, ó petti carnicieri,
Vi mostrate feroci, e caualieri?

Qual contro de la vergin Polissena,
Vltimo alliuio de la madre cara,
Perche d'Achille á mitigar la pena
Scẽda giá Pirro il duro acciar prepara.
Má il dolce guardo ella, ch'il ciel serena
Volto a la madre, che di doglia amara
Impazza, e come agnella vsa á tacere
Al duro sacrificio il collo offere.

Carlo Antonio Paggi.

Tal contro Ines le scelerate spade
Nel collo alabastrin, ch'era sostegno
Di quell'opre, õde Amor fá ch'arde, e ca de
D'amor quel, che dipoi l'assũse al regno
Quei bianchi fior de l'humide rugiade
Di sue lagrime aspersi (ó caso indegno)
Fan del sangue di lei vermigli, e scuri,
Nè san, c'hará chi sue vendette curi.

Poteui bene, ò Sol, tue luci meste
Celare al mondo in quello díspietato
Come ne l'empia mensa di Thieste,
Dal crudo Atreo de'figli suoi cibato.
Voi, ò concaue valli, che poteste
Del freddo labro vdir l'vltimo fiato,
Chefú il suo caro Pietro, invostri spechi
Lunga stagione il ripeteste in Echi.

Qual fior succinto al mattutino albore
Da pura man di tenera donzella,
Se malmenato è poi perde l'odore,
E la forma di pria candida, e bella:
Cosí costei, ne le cui luci Amore
I suoi strali accẽdea, giá nõ par quella;
Dal bel viso, oue Amor le hauea cõpose,
Cadono i gelsomin, cadon le rose.

Anonymous.

Le Ninfe vn lungo andar la morte scura
In Mondego d'Ines rammemoraro
Col piãto, e per memoria in fonte pura
De le lagrime piante il rio formaro.
Dierõle nome, e anco hoggi il nome dura
De gl'amori d'Ines, ch'iui passaro:
Vedi che fresca fonte irriga i fiori,
Cui sõ lagrime l'acque, il nome Amori.

Anonymous.

La Lusiade o sia La Scoperta della Indie Orientali fatta da' Portoghesi de Luigi Camoens Chiamato per la sua excellenza Il Virgilio di Portogallo Scritta da esso celebre autore nella sua lingua naturale in ottava rima, ed ora nello stesso metro tradotta in Italiano da N. N. Piemontese, insieme con un ristretto della vita del medessimo autore, e con gli argomenti aggiunti al Poema da Gianfrancesco Barreto. Torino 1772. *Presso li Fratelli Reycends Libraj in Principio di contrada nuova.*

——— multosque per annos
Errabant acti fatis, Maria omnia circum.
ÆNEID LIB. I.

Anonymous.

This volume in 12mo. consists of 304 pages, and is dedicated "Al Nobilissimo ed ornatissimo Cavaliere il Marchese D. Salvatore Pez di Villamarina."

There are a few notes at the foot of some of the pages, and each canto is preceded by an argument in verse.

The dedication is followed by an advertisement from the translator to the reader.

"Amongst the various other celebrated works "of the Portuguese poet, Luis de Camoens, consisting of sonnets, canzonets, elegies, eclogues, "odes, comedies, &c. after the manner of his country, the most remarkable is certainly his Lusiad, "a poem, in fact, so well managed, that it not "only gained the praise of the renowned Torquato "Tasso, but having also excited the admiration of "the most enlightened countries; its author was, "by universal consent, distinguished by the proud "title of the 'Prince of Portuguese Poets,' and "by the still more honourable one of the 'Virgil "of Portugal.' Of this, his admirable heroic composition, which was first published towards the "close of the sixteenth century, many translations

Anonymous.

" were produced. In the following century, four " in the Castilian tongue, which are deemed by " the Portuguese as unsuccessful, one in French, " another in Latin heroic verse, and one in Italian, " in ' ottava rima' appeared, and lastly, in the year " 1735, a French prose translation issued from the " Parisian press, the work of M. du Perron de " Castera, embellished with eleven engravings.

" It was, at this time, that the translation which " I now present to the public, was commenced, " without any knowledge of another having been " so recently published, and so well executed; nor " had I any information, until my version was con- " siderably advanced, respecting those which had " preceded me in this undertaking.

" The Italian translation, published at Lisbon, in " 1658, by Signor Carl-Antonio Paggi, a noble " Genoese, had I been apprised of it, would most " certainly have prevented my adding so unneces- " sarily to the number. However, since my work " is done, I flatter myself that I shall not incur the " displeasure of our Italian Literati, if I place it in " competition with those which have preceded it, " and particularly with the Italian and modern " French translations. From this measure they

Anonymous.

" may examine the merits of the respective works,
" and form their judgment accordingly.

" The Italian translations are both written in
" *ottava rima*, which is the metre used by Camoens;
" and which of the two versions is rendered with
" most fidelity, must be decided by comparing them
" with the original.

" The success of M. du Perron Castera, who, in his
" preface informs us, that he was induced to write
" in prose, because the shackles of verse are inimical
" to liberty of expression, and that verse is a species
" of tyranny which usurping our thoughts, and fixing
" them upon the versification, makes us lose sight
" of the original, must also be compared and ascer-
" tained by those who are skilled in the three lan-
" guages. I do not, however, pretend that my trans-
" lation is scrupulously literal, because I certainly
" deem myself incompetent to such a performance,
" but I would wish the reader to be persuaded, that
" in it, my constant endeavour has been, not to de-
" part from the spirit of the Portuguese author.
" For this purpose, I have precisely followed him
" from '*ottava to ottava*,' although I confess, that
" in certain passages, without wandering far from
" him, I have permitted myself to change some ex-

Anonymous.

" pressions for others, which appeared to be better
" suited to the style of the Italian language. In
" fine, such as my work is, I offer it to the public,
" and shall proceed to transpose into our idiom, an
" abridgment of that life of its celebrated author,
" which is written in Portuguese in the volume
" from which my translation was made."

Notwithstanding what this author states, we are informed in the " Discurso preliminar" to the octavo edition of 1782, that in point of fidelity, the translation of Paggi is much preferable to that of the anonymous author, who is therein supposed to have been the Count Laurreanni, for some time a resident at Lisbon. The ill success of this writer is, however, partly accounted for, by his having made use of a faulty original.

In the short life which precedes the poem, it is stated, that Camoens was born in 1517.

A copy of this translation is in his Majesty's library at Buckingham House, to which I had access in 1817, and I was afterwards indebted to the kindness of a friend for that in my pos-

Anonymous.

session, which he took the trouble to purchase for me at Turin.

Ma torniamo ad Alfonso. Una vittoria
Sì grande poichè ottenne, alla sua terra
Si restituì ben carico di gloria
Per riposarvi dopo un' aspra guerra.
Ma un caso acerbo, e degno di memoria,
Di lei, che i morti scioglie di sotterra,
Accadde a una beltade peregrina,*
Che nella tomba fu fatta regina.

Tu solo amor crudel, che ognor l'impero
Eserciti sul cuore degli amanti
Anche innocenti, barbaro, e severo,
Tu fosti la cagion de' nostri pianti.
Implacabil tiranno acerbo, austero
Non sono no le lagrime bastanti
A saziarti. Su gli altari tuoi.
Olocausti di sangue anche tu vuoi.

Vezzosa Agnese, tu che il dolce frutto
Degli anni giovanili sul Mondego,

* Donna Agnese De Castro.

Anonymous.

Delle lagrime tue non anco asciutto
Godevi, fortunata (io non lo nego)
Vivesti un tempo; ma cangiossi in lutto
Ben presto il tuo piacer, quando, ah vi spiego,
Andavi replicando all' erbe, e ai fiori,
Qual sia l' oggetto de' miei casti amori!

Quando il tenero tuo sposo adorato,
Sebben da te lontano, ognor presente
T' avea nel cuor, e tanto era infiammato
Di te, che ognor si dipingeva in mente
La cara immago tua; onde al suo lato
O desto fosse, o pur soavemente
Chiudesse i lumi al sonno, lusinghieri
Ti figuravan sempre i suoi pensieri.

Di principesse illustri il nodo augusto
Costante ei ricusò sol per tuo amore;
Che quando è divenuto amor robusto,
A fronte del piacer non cura onore.
Ma il vecchio genitor rigido ingiusto
Sol per consiglio altrui, pien di furore
Sfogossi contro te, che ben sapea
De' rifiuti del prence esser la rea.

Anonymous.

Quindi con empio, e barbaro disegno
D' estinguere con te la fiamma accesa
Nel cuor del figlio, in faccia a tutto il regno
Qual delinquente, che non ha difesa,
Innanti a se con aspro modo indegno
Ti fè tradur. Che illustre, e chiara impresa!
Quella spada, che fè tremar la terra,
Ad una donna imbelle or far la guerra?

Qual femmina impudica a piè del trono
Tratta infatti è per man d' empi littori;
E al re parea ben degna di perdono
Tanta beltà, se incatenava i cuori.
Ma vari grandi mormorando in tuono
Di maligni, e perversi accusatori,
Il re cangiossi; ed ella a' suoi perigli
Non pensa no, bensì al consorte, e ai figli.

Ed or alzando al ciel le umide ciglia
(Non già la man, che avea di funi avvinta)
Or dal materno amor, che la consiglia,
I cari amati pegni, ond' era cinta,
Più cari ancor, perchè ciascun somiglia
In tutto al padre, a rimirar sospinta,
Chiede pietà del lor stato infelice
Al suocero crudel, e così dice.

Anonymous.

S' egli è ver, che ne' bruti per natura
Feroci, ed in augelli di rapina,
Come l' antica storia ci assicura,
Trattandosi di prole ancor bambina,
Tanta pietà annidò, ch' ebbero cura
Di salvarla da morte già vicina
Con porgerle alimento: il qual destino
Ebber Romolo, e Remo, e il finto Nino.

Tu, che sembianza hai d' uom; dì, qual furore
T' accende or tanto contro donna imbelle,
Ch' altra colpa non ha, non altro errore
Nè in faccia al Mondo, nè in faccia alle stelle,
Salvo quel d' aver dato il proprio cuore
A chi lo meritò? Deh se rubelle,
E rea mi credi, gli ultimi miei voti
Non isdegnar almen pe' tuoi nipoti!

E se già il tuo valore ai Saracini
Diè morte ne' conflitti, or tua clemenza
Sappia dar vita ai teneri bambini,
E in loro almen rispetti l' innocenza;
Che se meco ad usar tu non inclini
Quella, ch' io merto pur, piena indulgenza,
Confinami per starvi eternamente
O nella Scizia, o nella Libia ardente.

Anonymous.

Cacciami pur là, dove e tigri, e lioni
Fan pompa di fierezza; e in mezzo a loro
Vedrò se la pietà, che tu abbandoni,
Avrà ricetto; là per quel, che adoro
Dolce oggetto, cagion di mie afflizioni,
Convertirò la pena mia in ristoro
In coltivando questi, ch' hai presenti
Di legittimo amor frutti innocenti.

Commosso il re dal tenero discorso
Inclinava al perdono; ma i sicari,
Che di lor crudeltà non han rimorso,
Con maligni argomenti, e temerari
Rappresentando che il di lei trascorso
Troppo era enorme, destano contrari
In lui gli affetti, e a coronar poi l' opra
Di sua mano a ferirla ognun s' adopra.

E quale allor si vide orrida scena,
Quando Pirro a placar del genitore
L' ombra sdegnata uccise Polissena
Di propria man portando il colpo al cuore,
Ed ella a rivi il sangue dalla vena
Mentre versava a piè dell' uccisore,
Avea ognor fissi i moribondi lumi
Alla madre, i cui pianti erano a fiumi.

Anonymous.

Tal contro Aguese il barbaro disastro
Rinnovossi da quegli empi inumani,
Che nel bianco di lei come alabastro
Seno immergendo di furor insani
Ferro omicida, al ciel d' amor un astro,
Il più bel, che splendea su i Lusitani
Campi, tolsero senz' alcun riflesso
Ch' un dì sarìa punito un tanto eccesso.

E tu, Febo, che un tempo per l' orrore
Della nefanda mensa, allorchè Atreo
I propri figli a Tieste il genitore
Da osceno nati illecito imeneo
Porse in cibo, negasti il tuo splendore,
Ah in giorno perchè mai sì tetro, e reo
Non ti celasti ancor! o fosco, o mesto
Non ti mostrasti almen nel dì funesto!

Ma Agnese alfin morì del caro sposo
Col nome sulle labbra, e feano intanto
Eco le valli al pianto doloroso.
E come un fior, che sia reciso, o infranto
Perde il natio color vago, e odoroso,
Così di lei, che tra le belle il vanto
Avea, mutossi il natural candore
Tosto spirata in livido pallore.

Antonio Nervi.

E del Mondego allor le abitatrici
Ninfe vezzose la fatal sciagura
Con lagrime piangendo emulatrici,
Nuova fer zampillar, e chiara, e pura
Fonte in quelle campagne assai felici:
E il bel nome le dier, ch' oggi ancor dura,
Di fontana d' amor, perchè di amori
Là trattaro i due sposi in grembo a' fiori.

Antonio Nervi.

Lusiada di Camoens, Trasportata in Versi Italiani da Antonio Nervi. Genova, Stamperia della Marina e della Gazzetta, anno 1814. 8*vo.*

To this version, which is not accompanied by any notes, a short address is prefixed.

Già più fiero e magnanimo d' aspetto
Fatto alla Patria Alfonso avea ritorno,
Che d'arme e di nimici ombra e sospetto
Il bel trionfo avea sgombrato intorno,
Quando tanto svegliò pietoso affetto
Colei, che tolta innanzi tempo al giorno
Sovra il trono real solo s' assise
Poichè i begli anni suoi morte recise.

Antonio Nervi.

Tu che cangi ad altrui voglie e costumi
Solo tiranno in mezzo agli altri Dei,
E che dolce albergò ne' suoi bei lumi
Amor, tu le affrettasti i giorni rei
Ma non ti basta da nostri occhi fiumi
Trarre cotanti, se tiranno sei,
Che per trofeo di tua fierezza aneli
Vittime sanguinose, are crudeli!

Fra placidi ozii allegri di contavi
Bell' Ines giovinetta, ed il tuo cuore
Sotto la man di chi n' avea le chiavi
Lieti frutti cogliea d' un casto ardore,
Nè t' era noto ancor che ai dì soavi
Mesce il fato l' amaro, e il tuo Signore
Solo talor chiedevi, e al caro duolo
Rispondea di Mondego il verde suolo.

Ma i campi intorno, e le colline apriche
Pareanti dir ch' ei ti vivea costante,
Nè selvaggio sentier, nè rie fatiche
L' idea gli cancellar del tuo sembiante:
Te richiamava il dì, te l'ombre amiche
Riconduceano entro il pensiero amante,
E il volto ne vedea d' amor dipinto,
E i cari modi onde fu preso e vinto;

Antonio Nerli.

E fiorir d' altrui rosa, e d' altrui bruna
Pupilla il dolce saettar fu vano,
E alto splendore di regal fortuna
A lusingarlo gli s' offerse invano,
Ch' Ines vezzosa eri tu sol quell' una,
Cui dolce sospirava anco lontano,
E al vecchio padre rimanea già poco
Da sperar ch' arda il figlio ad altro foco.

Ei ne minaccia e irrita i furor sui
L' intollerante volgo, che ne freme,
E a sciorlo, o bella, da bei lacci tui
Dannarti a morte ingiusto Re non teme,
Spera che manchi l' alto incendio in lui
Col mancar de' begli occhi all' ore estreme,
E misera t' espone a quella spada,
Ond'è ragion che Affrica sola cada.

Al regio piè la timida donzella
Tragge barbaro stuol di lancie folto,
Ma sì dolente vien, ma così bella,
Che il Re n' infiamma per pietade il volto,
E mentre il volgo freme intorno ad ella,
Ella a pietose voci il labbro sciolto
Non de' begli anni suoi ridotti a morte,
Ma de' figlii si lagna e del consorte.

Antonio Nerli.

Levando al Ciel le vaghe luci e sole,
Le luci, che le mani avvinte avea,
Al dì sereno ed al sorgente sole
Mostra il bel pianto che sul sen cadea,
E rimirando poi l' amata prole
Che al ginocchio ed al piè le si stringea
Le pargolette destre alzando e i pianti
Cotal ragiona la crudel avo innanti.

Se silvestre cornacchia a cui rapire,
Mostrò natura che gran rostro dielle,
Anzi le belve che ferocia ed ire
Sortir nascendo alla pietà rubelle,
Ai teneri bambin far vezzi e offrire
Talor fur viste l'ispide mammelle,
E ben più d' un di sì pietosi esempi
Hanno le storie de' passati tempi.

Tu, che d' umane viscere fornìo,
Se pur me trarre a così gran periglio,
Sol perche vaga parvi al Signor mio
Nomarsi può d' umanità consiglio,
A questi parti che di me vestìo
Un' infelice amor, rivolgi il ciglio,
E se per me pietà non senti, almeno
Conserva lor questo materno seno.

Antonio Nerbi.

Tu, che pugnando, d' alte morti impresso
Il fianco lasci all' Affrica superba,
Ah non voler che avvolga il fato istesso
Una vita innocente e ancora acerba;
Che se sperar pietà non m'è concesso,
Pommi ove il sole uccide i fiori e l' erba
Sull' arsa Libia, o dove i giorni brevi
Induran sullo Scita eterne nevi;

Pommi degli orsi in fra gl' irsuti velli
In sen d' arena inospita e romita,
Che forse fia che impetrimi da quelli
Qualche pietosa a tanti mali aita:
Là questi amati, miseri fratelli
A colui nodrirò che lor diè vita,
E fra i piccioli scherzi e i cari accenti
Ne addolcirò l' esiglio e i dì dolenti.

Tal prega, e tal dolcezza intorno piove,
Che il Re piega al perdon l' altera mente,
Ma i nimici di lei pietà non move,
E vuon veder le belle luci spente.
Già fiammeggiar miri le spade: ah dove
Ti rapisce il furor barbara gente,
Forse mercar vorrai di valor grido
Contro un' inerme sen d' amor sol nido!

Antonio Nerli.

Qual Polissena della madre accanto,
Quasi rosa ancor chiusa entro il bel velo,
Crescea modesta e bella, e fea soltanto
Colle soavi luci invidia al Cielo,
E il fier Pirro afferrandola pel manto
Le immergeva nel seno il crudo telo,
Ed ella il dolce guardo al sen raccolto
Tingea d' un bel pallore il vaga volto.

Tal contro il bianco collo e i molli avori
Onde sì caro il bel volto sorgea,
Levan l' ignude spade, e i duri cuori
Quel dolce lagrimar più crudi fea:
Già tinge il puro sangue i bianchi fiori,
Che anzi il bel pianto inumiditi avea,
Nè sapean quai vendette acceso in breve
Avrebbe di quel sen la scura neve.

Potevi per pietà di quel sembiante
Nasconder pure, o sole, i raggi tui,
Ed i ministri e il barbaro Regnante
Far d' improvviso orror dolenti e bui.
Ines moriva, e ancor moriva amante,
Fur sospiri d' amore i sospir sui,
Ed il labbro morendo ancor parea
Esprimere il bel nome ond' ella ardea.

Antonio Nervi.

Così, come fioretto che succiso
Da rozzo piè d' incauta pastorella
Smarrisce il dolce odore e il fresco riso;
Nè par quel che vesti l' alba novella,
Mancando vien nel giovinetto viso
Il latte e l' ostro ond' era già si bella,
E più rosa non sembra a giglio mista:
Sol dolc' è morte in sì pietosa vista.

Ines quindi restò dolce disio
Di Mondego, e il bel suol ne pianse tanto,
Che in placid' onda di fuggevol rio
Transformaro le ninfe il caro pianto;
D' Ines e del suo fato acerbo e rio
Il ruscelletto mormoró frattanto,
Ed ei ritiene ancor fra l' erbe e i fiori
Il dolce nome de' suoi tristi amori.

IN THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

Anonymous.

Circa 1612.

The name of the author of this translation has not been ascertained: there are, however,

Anonymous.

sufficient authorities for its existence. It is referred to in the ancient epitaph which commences: " Naso Elegis, &c."

" Hunc Itali, *Galli*, Hispani vertere poetam;
" Quælibet hunc vellet terra vocare suum."

It is also mentioned by Nicolas Antonio; Domingos Fernandes, in his dedication of the Lusiad to the Archbishop D. Rodrigo da Cunha, published at Lisbon, 1609; Baillet, Mickle, and others. The fact is more decidedly stated in the life of Camoens, written by Pedro de Mariz, which accompanied the publication of part of the Rimas from Pedro Crasbeeck's press, at Lisbon, in 1616.

" Pois dos Estrangeiros foi tanto estimado, que " naõ se contentou cada huma dellas com menos, " que com o appropriarem a si no modo que podia " ser, traduzindo—o em suas linguas; con tanta " curiosidade, que em Castelhano se fizeraõ tres " traducções; em Italia huma (at that time the " translation of Paggi had not appeared) *em Franca* " *outra.*"

Duperron de Castera.

Ignacio Garcez Ferreira, following Baillet, attributes the version to a Mr Scharon.

Duperron de Castera. 1785.

La Lusiade du Camoens poeme Heroique, sur la Decouverte des Indes Orientales. Traduit du Portugais, par M. Duperron de Castera. 3 *Tomes.* 12*mo. Paris,* 1785.

This translation is embellished with a set of engravings, and has also a frontispiece, representing what is detailed in the six Latin verses which appear under the engraving.

Lysiadum decus, et generosæ gloria gentis
Ecce recens, natus tenerq Camoesius ore
Sugit Calliopes gremium: lætatur Apollo,
Datque Sacrum puero, resonantia munera, plectrum,
Fama triumphalem lauro viridante Coronam
Præparat: invidiæ distorquet pectora mœror.

The work is dedicated to His Serene Highness M. the Prince de Conty, in the following verses:—

Duperron de Castera.

Daignez souffrir, Seigneur, que les Muses du Tage
Vous offrent par ma main leur plus celebre ouvrage;
Vous y verrez briller le nom & les exploits
Des Héros, dont le Gange a respecté les loix;
Le public en lisant les fastes de leur gloire
Lira de vos vertus une fidelle histoire:
Comme eux dans les travaux du redoutable Mars
A l'ombre des lauriers vous bravez les hazards:
Comme eux, lorsque la paix sous l'olivier tranquille
Au repos, qui la suit, donne un riant asyle,
Vous sçavez, Prince aimable, avec des traits vainqueurs
Charmer tous les esprits, & gagner tous les cœurs.
Ah! Si malgré le frein d'une loi trop barbare
On pouvoit repasser les fleuves du Tenare;
Si du sombre sejour où descendent les morts,
L'illustre Camoëns revenoit sur nos bords,
Bien-tôt on l'entendroit d'un ton mâle & sublime
Vous faire de sa veine un tribut légitime,
Et surpasser pour vous les chants mélodieux,
Que l'Epoux d'Euridice a consacrés aux Dieux!
Moi, qui reçus du ciel une voix ordinaire,
J'admire, & je me tais, mon hommage est sincére,
Phœbus sur l'Helicon ne me l'a point dicté,
Et je n'ai pris conseil que de la vérité.

DUPERRON DE CASTERA.

Duperron de Castera.

The dedication is followed by a short preface, a life of the poet, and the licence of the King. Each canto is succeeded by notes, and at the end of each volume, is a "Table des "Matieres disposée par ordre alphabetique."

Mickle had a very contemptible idea of this translation. In his Dissertation on the Lusiad, he says, "M. Duperron de Castera, in 1735, "gave, in French prose, a loose unpoetical "paraphrase of the Lusiad," and in a note, he adds, "Castera was every way unequal to his "task. He did not perceive his author's beau-"ties. He either suppresses or lowers the most "poetical passages, and substitutes French tin-"sel and impertinence in their place."

This translation is thus noticed in the bibliographical works.

No. 3548 La Lusiade de Camoëns; Poeme Héroique sur la découverte des Indes orientales, trad. du Portugais en François, avec des remarques, par. M. du Perron de Castera. Paris, 1735. 3 vols. in 12mo.

Duperron de Castera.

Traduction assez estimèe; elle est jusqu'á présent la seule qui ait été publiée de ce fameux poëme.—*De Bure.*

La traduction de Du Perron de Castera. Paris, 1735, ou 1768. 3 tom. in 12mo. est moins estimée (than L'Harpe's).—*Brunet Man. du Libraire. p.* 207. *tom.* 1.

La traduction de ce Poëme en François, avec des Remarques par M. du Perron de Castina (Castera) Amsterdam, (Paris, 1735) ou Paris, Nyon, 1768. 3 vols. in 12mo. est assez estimée 7 a 9 liv.—*Dict. Bibliogr. par l'Abbe Duclos. Tom.* 1. *p.* 231.

Les exemplaires ne sont pas communs. 12. l.—*Osmont Dict. Typogr. Tom.* 1. *p.* 163. *Paris,* 1768.

—— Traduit du Portugais par M. du Perron de Castera, avec des Remarques—à Amst. chez François l'Honoré, 1735. 8. 3 vol. rel. en velin.

—— à Paris chez Huart, 1735. 12. vol. 3. rel. en velin.—*Bibliotheca Smithiana. 4to. Venetiis,* 1755. *p.* 87.

2678. Paris, 1735. 3 vols in 12mo.—*Cat. Lamoignon.*

Duperron de Castera.

Of this work there would appear to have been two editions, 1735 and 1768. Copies are not of rare occurrence. The edition of 1735 is in the author's collection.

Alonze de retour en Portugal s'apprêtoit à joüir tranquillement de ses lauriers & de sa gloire, lorsqu' une disgrace affreusse vint troubler le repos de ses jours. Etrange & funeste avanture qui fit voir aux tristes Lusitains une beauté charmante accablée sous le poids d'une indigne rigueur pendant sa vie, & declarée Reine après sa mort. C'est toi redoutable amour, c'est toi seul qui fut cause de son trépas, cruel tyran des humains, les larmes de tes sujets ne devoient-elles pas suffire pur éteindre ta soif, & faut-il que tes autels soient arrosés de leur sang?

Belle Ynès tu étois dans une solitude agréable sur la rive du Mondégo, ta bouche enseignoit aux échos des forêts & des montagnes le nom cheri que tu portois gravé dans ton cœur, le nom de ton Prince, dont la presence faisoit tes délices, & dont le moindre éloignement te coutoit tant de larmes! De son côté, lorsqu'il ne te voyoit pas, le souvenir flatteur des doux momens qu'il avoit passés auprès de toi, remplissoit son ame, & te répondoit de sa

Duperron de Castera.

tendresse: loin de tes beaux yeux tout ce qui s'offroit aux siens, lui retraçoit ton image; la nuit les impostures voluptueuses de mille songes charmans reveilloient son ardeur, & le jour ses soupirs s'envoloient vers tes appas avec toutes ses pensées.

Pour toi seule aimable Ynès, le fidelle Don Pedre refusoit constamment & le cœur & la main des Princesses les plus illustres & des beautés les plus dignes de plaire; le Roi met dans la balance cette passion si vive, & le murmure de ses sujets, qui veulent voir son fils engagé sous les loix de l'Hymen: bien-tôt sa severité décide contre une tendre foiblesse, qu'il regarde comme un crime; il condamne la malheureuse Ynès à perir pour rompre par sa mort l'esclavage où ses attraits retiennent Don Pedre. Quelle furie put lever le bras d'un si grand Monarque sur la tête d'une infortunée qui n'avoit que des pleurs pour se défendre, & comment cette épée si formidable aux Maurusiens n'eut-elle pas horreur de se tremper dans le sang d'une femme?

Les cruels ennemis d'Ynès la trainent devant le Roi, il ne peut voir sa jeunesse, ses charmes & son malheur sans en être touché: déja la douce compassion se glissoit dans son ame, mais less cris feroces & tumultueux de son Peuple raniment sa co-

Duperron de Castera.

lere. Ynès est moins épouvantée de sa mort que de la solitude & du déplorable état où elle va laisser son Prince & les fruits de son amour; elle levoit douloureusement vers le Ciel ses yeux baignés de larmes, elle n'y levoit que les yeux, ses belles mains étoient captives & ne pouvoient s'employer à ce triste usage; ensuite elle regarde ses enfans qui l'environnent; aussi tendre mere que vertueuse épouse, elle redouble ses pleurs à leur aspect, les disgraces dont ils sont menacés, la font frémir, son cœur s'enyvre d'amertume & d'affliction; enfin elle rompt le silence, & tient ce discours au Roi. S'il est vrai que l'univers ait vû des oiseaux sauvages & des bêtes, que leur nature portoit à la cruauté, s'attendrir pour de foibles enfans, tels que la mere de Nynias & les deux fondateurs de Rome: ô vous qui paroissez humain (si pourtant on peut le paroître en faisant perir une femme dont tout le crime est d'avoir soûmis son cœur à celui qui l'a sçu vaincre) jettez un œil de compassion sur ces malheureux orphelins, & que leur innocence vous desarme; je ne vous parle point de la mienne, vous voulez mon trèpas, il faut contenter vos desirs: cependant, si votre clemence égale votre valeur, si vous sçavez donner la vie à ceux qui ne meritent

Duperron de Castera.

pas de la perdre, comme vous sçavez donner la mort aux fiers Agareriens dans l'ardeur des combats: plûtôt que de verser mon sang, exilez-moi dans quelque miserable retraite ou dans la froide Scythie, ou dans les brûlans deserts de l'Afrique: confinez-moi dans le séjour des Tigres & des Lions, j'éprouverai si l'on ne trouve pas chez eux la pitiè que les hommes me refusent: la, au milieu des pleurs & des soupirs, & le cœur plein du cher objet pour qui l'on me traîne au supplice, j'éleverai mes enfans, leur vûë sera l'unique consolation d'une mere plus tendre encore qu'elle n'est malheureuse.

Alonze penetré d'une juste compassion vouloit traiter Ynès avec indulgence; mais enfin il cede à l'opiniâtretè du Peuple & à la rigueur du destin, qui poscrit cette victime innocente; les barbares qui ontconseillé au Roi ce meurtre abominable, tirent leurs cruelles epées pour l'exécuter eux-mêmes; l'aveugle fureur qui les transporte ne leur permet pas de prévoir le châtiment qui tombera tôt ou tard sur leur tête: l'un frappe ce coup d'albatre qui soutenoit le plus beau visage que l'amour ait jamais adorè; l'autre perce inhumainement ce sein si parfait & si capable d'attendrir les cœurs les plus feroces: troupe lâche & sanguinaire vous vous mon-

S. Gaubier de Barrault.

trez hardis contre une femme! Tel autrefois Pyrrhus porta le couteau dans le flanc de la charmante Polyxene; encore la dureté du Grec fut-elle moins odieuse, puisqu'il ne faisoit qu'obéir à l'ombre de son pere.

Brillant flambeau du jour, si l'horreur du festin de Thyeste te força jadis à voiler ta lumiere sous des nuages impenetrables, de quel œil voistu perir la vertueuse Ynès? le crime de ses assassins égale celui d'Atrée, retourne sur tes pas & couche-toi dans l'Orient! Ynès meurt, sa bouche froide & pâle prononce le nom de son cher Don Pedre en poussant le dernier soupir. De même que la fleur touchée sans aucun ménagement par une bergere folâtre perd son brillant coloris, ainsi l'éclat du teint de la belle Ynès s'efface aprés sa mort. Les filles du Mondégo la pleurerent long-temps, & pour éterniser le souvenir de sa vertu, de sa tendresse & de son malheur, elles changerent leurs larmes en une fontaine, qui s'appelle encore aujour-d'hui la Fontaine des Amours.

S. Gaubier de Barrault.

Next in succession is the work of Sulpicio Gaubier de Barrault, which was published with

S. Gaubier de Barrault.

a dedication to the King Joseph, and with the original Portuguese. " *Lisboa na Regia officina Typographica*, 1772." en 4to.

This publication contains translations of Canto III. s. 120. et seq. wherein Camoens relates the story and misfortunes of Donna Ignez de Castro, and of Canto V. s. 37 et seq. wherein the fable of Adamastor is given.

These translations are very highly praised by Aquino, who deems them worthy of particular attention for their fidelity. Notwithstanding they are given verse for verse, they are happily rendered, and shew the author's knowledge of the language.*

In his dedication, the translator says :—

" Camões, l'immortel Camões prenant sous ma
" plume un nouvel être, ira, sous les auspices de
" votre majesté, etendre dans tous l'univers sa re-
" nomme et celle de scs compatriotes, a l'aide d'une
" langue presqu' universellement consacrée aujourd
" 'hui a transmettre a la Posterité les chefs d'
" œuvres de Litterature en tout genre."

* Discurso Preliminar. Ed. 1782.

S. Gaubier de Barrault.

In another part of his dedication, he says:—

" Si cet Essai a le bonheur d'être vû par votre majesté d' un œil propice, un triomphe aussi flatteur pou moi suffira, Sire, pour faire disparoitre tout d'un coup a mes yeux tous les obstacles, et toutes les difficultez d'une Traduction complette du Poeme de la Lusiade: carriere aussi pénible qu' immense, et dont la seule idée, je l'avoue, effraie mon foible genie."

The praise bestowed on Gaubier de Barrault by Aquino is far beyond the merits of the performance. He, in several passages, descends from the height of the original, and loses the force and vivacity of the poet. Aquino furnishes us with a specimen of the translator's abilities, in stanza 56 of Canto V.* in which Ca-

* Ah! je ne puis conter sans honte, et sans regrets,
Que croiant embrasser la beauté que j 'aimois,
Ie me vis embrassant un mont dur, effroiable
Couvert d'une forêt epaise, impénétrable;
Et trouvant face a face un rocher dans mes bras,
Quand je croiois presser d'angéliques appas,
L'homme en moi disparut, muet, presque sans vie,
Je devins une roche a l'autre roche unie.

D'Hermilly and La Harpe.

moens imitates the celebrated passage of Ovid, in his epistle from Ariadne to Theseus :—

" Aut mare prospiciens in saxo frigida sedi :
" Quamque lapis sedes, tam lapis ipsa fui."

Copies of these translations are of the greatest rarity: the impression was so limited, that scarcely a copy remains in the libraries of curious collectors.

A correspondent in Lisbon, to whom application was made either to procure the volume, or have the passage which relates to D. Ignez de Castro extracted, writes, " This work was delivered privately by the author to his friends, and not published: it is extremely scarce, and I have not yet been able to get a sight of a copy to make the extracts."

D'Hermilly and La Harpe.

Following the translation by Barrault, the next that appeared in point of time, was the version of the Lusiad by D'Hermilly as it had been altered by La Harpe.

D'Hermilly and La Harpe.

La Lusiade de Louis de Camoëns; Poëme Héroïque, en dix chants, nouvellement traduit du Portugais, avec des notes & la vie de l'Auteur. Enrichi de Figures à chaque Chant. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1776.

These volumes are embellished with elegant engravings executed in the French style, of which there are explanations immediately after the title page.

At the commencement of each canto is an argument in prose, and preceding a short life of the poet, is this advertisement, which points out the ideas of the publisher respecting the work, and what it purports to communicate:—

" Cette nouvelle Traduction de Camoëns, dont on " peut en général garantir la fidélité, est l'ouvrage " d'un Ecrivain trésconnu: elle a été faite sur une " version littérale du texte Portugais; version com- " posée, avec tout le soin & toute l'exactitude pos- " sible, par un homme très-versé dans la langue de " Camoëns. Le nouveau Traducteur s'est proposé " d'animer du feu de la Poésie cette version scru- " puleusement fidelle. Il ne s'est permis d'autre

D'Hermilly and La Harpe.

" liberté que celle de resserrer quelques endroits
" un peu longs, mais rarement, & cette diminution
" du texte est très-peu de chose.

" Il y a joint des Notes historiques & critiques,
" nécessaires pour l'intelligence du Poëme, & nous
" a donné aussi le morceau suivant sur la vie & les
" ouvrages de Camoëns.

Great difference of opinion exists concerning this translation. Aquino states, that the author ought to have called it an epitome, or compendium of the Lusiad; and quotes a passage to shew how two of the best stanzas of the original are compressed into half a dozen lines of prose. Mickle thus characterises the work:—

" Soon after the first publication of the English
" Lusiad, a new French prose translation of Ca-
" moens was published by M. de La Harpe. He
" confesses that he received a literal translation of
" his author, from a person well acquainted with
" the original. His style, however, is much less
" poetical than even Castera's, whom he severely
" condemns. A literal prose translation of poetry
" is an attempt as absurd as to translate fire into

D'Hermilly and La Harpe.

" water. What a wretched figure do the most " elegant odes of Horace make in a literal prose " translation! and no literal translation for the use " of schools was ever more unlike the original, in " spirit, vigour, and elegance, than the sometimes " literal, and sometimes mangled version of M. de " La Harpe, which seems to be published as a " sacrifice to the wounded vanity of his admired " Voltaire.

" La Harpe stands forth, against Castera, as the " defender of Voltaire's criticism on the Lusiad. " Castera, indeed, has sometimes absurdly defended " his author; but a translator of the Lusiad, who " could not perceive the many gross misrepresenta- " tions of Voltaire, must have hurried over his " author with very little attention. He adopts the " spirit of all Voltaire's objections, and commends " only where he commends. Want of unity in the " epic conduct is Voltaire's very rash character of " Camoens. And La Harpe as rashly asserts, that " the poem ends in the seventh book, when Gama " arrives in India. But he might as well have as- " serted, that the Æneid ends with the landing of " Æneas, in Italy. Both heroes have much to ac- " complish after their arrival in the desired country.

D'Hermilly and La Harpe.

" And the return of Gama, after having subdued " every danger, is exactly parallel to the death of " Turnus. And this return, without which Gama's " enterprize is incomplete, is managed by Camoens, " at the close of his poem, in the concise and true " spirit of Virgil. A translator of the Lusiad, who " could not perceive this, is indeed most ingenious- " ly superficial. But La Harpe's sentence on the " Paradise Lost, which he calls ' *digne d'un siecle* " *de barbarie*—worthy of an age of barbarity,' will " give the English reader a just idea of his poetical " taste."

The following description of the translations of La Harpe and Castera, are extracted from the Bibliotheque d'un Homme de Gout, Vol. 1. p. 239, Paris, 8vo, 1808.

" La Traduction de Camoens, publiée en 1776. " 2 vols. in 8vo. Sous le nom de la Harpe, a été " faite sur une version littérale du texte Portugais, " par M. d'Hermilly, très-versé dans la langue de " l'auteur original. La Harpe s'est proposé d'ani- " mer du feu de la poésie, cette version scrupu- " leusement fidélle; il n'est permit d'autre liberté

D'Hermilly and La Harpe.

" que celle de resserrer quelques endroits en peu
" longs, mais rarement; et cette diminution du
" texte est peu de chose. Il y a joint des notes
" historiques et critiques, nécessaires pour l'intelli-
" gence du poëme, et nous a donné aussi un frag-
" ment sur la vie et les ouvrages de Camoens.

" Pour sentir tout le mérite de cette nouvelle
" traduction, on n'a qu'a la comparer a celle de
" Duperron de Castera, publié en 1735, 3 vols. in
" 12. qui n'est qu'une paraphrase froidement am-
" poulée et prolixement périodique. Tout l'es-
" prit poétique de Camoens y est absolument éva-
" poré. Duperron de Castera, rhéteur sans goût,
" dénature à tout moment son original, en se croy-
" ant fait pour l'embellir. La nouvelle version est
" infiniment plus rapprochée du texte, et plus ana-
" logue à la simplicité élégante et sagement ornée,
" que l'auteur de la Lusiade semble vouloir imiter
" des anciens; quoiqu 'il n'ait ni la richesse d'Ho-
" mére, ni les mouvements et pathetique de Virgile.
" Duperron a surchargé son ouvrage d'une foule
" de notes historiques, le plus souvent employées à
" développer de pré tendues allégories de la Lu-
" siade, qui ne sont que des rêveries du traducteur

D'Hermilly and La Harpe.

" exposées avec un ton de persausion quelquefois
" très-plaisant."

La Lusiade poëme trad. du Portugais (par D'Hermilly, et retouché par. J. Fr. de la Harpe). Paris, 1776. 2 vols. in 8vo. fig. 10 á 12 fr. (6533) em exempl. en pap. fin. m. r. dent 45 fr. Bozérian.—*Brunet Man. du Librarie. p.* 207. *tom.* 1.

——— Paris, 1772. 2 vols. in 8vo. fig. 9. l. pap. fin. 24. l.—*Fournier Nouv. Dict. Portatif de Bibliogr.*

A copy on fine paper is in the collection of books, relating to Camoens, in the possession of the author of these memoirs.

De retour dans ses Etats, l'heureux Alphonse ne pensait plus qu'à goûter les douceurs d'une paix embellie par la victoire. Mais sa tranquillité devait être troublée par un événement déplorable, qui ne mourra pas dans la mémoire des hommes. Ce désastre fut ton ouvrage, cruel Amour, toi, qui traite tes adorateurs comme on traite des ennemis. O tyran! les larmes que tu fais répandre ne sont pas un tribut qui te suffise. Tu veux que tes

D'Hermilly and La Harpe.

autels soient baignés de sang. La belle Inès goûtait tranquillement les doux fruits de ses naissantes années: elle passait ses jours dans ces délices d'une ame amoureuse, dans cette ivresse aveugle & charmante, dans cet état de bonheur dont la fortune ne nous laisse pas jouir long-tems. Elle habitait les campagnes salubres & riantes du Mondégo, dont les eaux pures se plaisaient à réfléchir les attraits de l'aimable Inès. C'est là qu' elle apprenait aux échos des montagnes le nom de Dom Pédre, ce nom que l'Amour avait gravé dans son cœur. Les tendres souvenirs qui remplissaient celui du Prince répondaient à la tendresse de son Amante. Sans cesse elle était présente à ses yeux. Eloigné de ceux d'Inès, il la retrouvait la nuit dans la douce illusion des songes. Le jour ses pensées ardentes volaient après elle. Tout ce qui s'offrait à lui, tout ce qu'il entendait, tous ses pas, tous ses plaisirs, s'il en est loin de ce qu'on aime, lui rappellaient Inès. Il rejettait toute alliance. Nulle Beauté, nulle Princesse ne pouvait toucher son cœur. Amour, ceux que tu possedes méprisent tout ce qui n'est pas toi! Son pére voit avec douleur une passion qui éloigne le Prince des nœuds de l'hyménée. L'obstination de son fils and les murmures du Peuple augmentent

D'Hermilly and La Harpe.

sa colère. L'arrêt est porté. Il jure de faire périr Inès. Il se flatte d'éteindre dans son sang l'amour qu'elle inspire à Dom Pédre. Comment le Ciel a-t-il permis que la même main qui avait triomphé des Maures, ait pu s'armer contre une faible & malheureuse amante! Les bourreaux la menent en présence du Roi. Il se sent ému de pitié. Mais les clameurs du Peuple & les conseils d'une politique cruelle le portent à la rigueur. La triste Inès jette des cris de douleur & d'effroi, non qu'elle craigne pour elle-même, mais elle tremble pour le Prince qu'elle adore, pour les enfans qu'elle lui laisse, gages précieux de leurs amours. Elle élève vers le Ciel ses yeux baignés de larmes, ses yeux!... Hélas! le poids des fers chargeait ses mains innocentes. Elle reporte ses regards sur ses enfans qu'elle va laisser orphelins, & addresse ces paroles à leur infléxible aïeul: " Si l'on a vu des bêtes " féroces accoutumées au carnage & des oiseaux " nourris de rapine se laisser toucher de compas- " sion pour de faibles créatures, les secourir, les " allaiter, comme on le raconte des deux frères qui " ont fondé Rome; ô vous, qui avez la figure & le " cœur d'un homme (si l'on est tel pourtant en " faisant mourir une femme qui n'a de d fense

D'Hermilly and La Harpe.

" que ses larmes & d'autre crime que d'avoir
" touché le cœur qu'avoit choisi le sien), ayez pitié
" de ces malheureux enfans. Soyez sensible à leur
" douleur, puisque vous ne l'êtes pas à la mienne.
" Vous avez triomphé des Barbares, vous avez su
" donner la mort à vos ennemis; sachez aussi ac-
" corder la vie à l'innocence. Je n'ai pas mérité la
" mort. Mais si vous avez résolu de me punir,
" reléguez-moi dans les déserts glacés de la Scythie,
" ou dans les sables brûlans de l'Afrique, au milieu
" des lions & des tigres. Je trouverai parmi ces
" monstres la pitié qu'on me refuse ici. J'y traîne-
" rai dans les pleurs ma vie languissante. Mon
" unique soin, ma seule consolation sera de veiller
" sur les jours de ces infortunés. Je nourrirai,
" j'éleverai leur enfance, le cœur tout plein de
" l'objet pour qui je souffre tant de maux; & j'aurai
" du moins pour dernier soutien la vue de mes
" enfans & le souvenir de leur pére."

A ce discours, à ces plaintes touchantes, la vieillesse sévère du Monarque se laissait émouvoir par la pitié. Mais le Peuple & les Destins également inexorables demandaient leur victime. Les barbares Conseillers d'Alphonse, les auteurs de l'arrêt porté contre Inès, voyant le Roi ébranlé, n'ont pas honte

D'Hermilly and La Harpe.

de tirer leurs épés contre une femme. Cruels! vous êtes des Chevaliers & vous devenez des bourreaux! Livrés à leur aveugle rage, sans remords de leur lâcheté, sans crainte du châtiment, ils plongent le fer dans ce col d'albâtre; ils dechirent ce sein inondé de larmes, chef-d'œuvre de la Nature & de l'Amour, idolâtré par le malheureux Dom Pédre. C'est ainsi qu'autrefois le féroce Pyrrhus leva le glaive sur la belle Polixéne. Elle était l'unique consolation d'une mére accablée d'années. Mais l'ombre d'Achilles la condamnait. Elle tourna ses yeux mourans vers sa mére évanouie de douleur, & semblable à la brebis timide qui tombe en sacrifice, elle reçut le coup mortel. Soleil, qui te détournas avec horreur de la table sacrilége où Thieste fut abreuvé du sang de ses enfans présenté par le barbare Atrée, Soleil peux-tu éclairer aujourd'hui un spectacle non moins horrible! Le meurtre de l'innocente Inès a souillé ta lumiére; & vous, témoins de sa mort, lieux funestes qui avez entendu sortir de sa bouche, avec un dernier gémissement, le nom de son fidéle Dom Pédre, répétez long-tems ce nom & les plaintes de la mourante Inès. Inès meurt, & comme on voit la fleur moissonnée avant le tems se sécher & se flétrir sous les mains qui l'ont abattue,

Anonymous.

ainsi la mort vient obscurcir les attraits de cette malheureuse amante. Les couleurs de la vie & de la beauté s'effacent sur son visage expirant, & ses roses disparoissent sous la pâleur du trépas. Les Nymphes du Mondégo la pleurérent long-tems. Les larmes qu'elles répandirent se changérent en une fontaine que l'on appelle encore aujourd'hui la fontaine des Amours, monument lugubre qui rappellera à la derniere postérite la mémoire d'Inès & de son Amant.

Anonymous.

The twenty-seventh volume of "Voyages "Imaginaires, Romanesques, merveilleux, al- "legoriques, &c. 8vo. Amsterdam, 1788," commences with "L'Isle enchantée, Episode de "la Lusiade, traduit du Camöens."

The translation of this episode occupies twenty-four 8vo. pages, and has attached to it a beautiful engraving of Venus addressing Cupid—

"O mon fils, mon cher fils."

Anonymous.

In the advertisement of the editor, he writes:

" Nous de donnons point ici em recueil ni un " choix de toutes les allégories ou Romans, Contes " et nouvelles allégoriques, mais de celles suele- " ment qui ayant pour objet la description d'un " peuple imaginaire, rentrent sous ce point de vue " dans notre plan: c'est ainsi que nous avons par- " couru dans le volume précédent le Royamne de " Romancie, et que nous avons fait voyager nos " lecteurs d'abord dans l'Isle d'Amour, ensuite " dans le Royamne de Coquetterie, et que de-là " nous les avons conduits dans la ville de Portraits, " où tous les habitans sont peintres.

" Nous allons les promener dans celui-ci; premi- " erément dans une Isle enchantée, sejour des " plaisirs et de la volupté, où Vénus arrête quelque " tems Gama et ses compagnons à leur retour de " la découverte et de la conquête des Indes."

M. de Florian.

The episode of Ignez de Castro has also engaged the attention of this writer, who has

M. de Florian.

translated this beautiful passage into French verse, following the original, stanza by stanza.

Vainqueur du Maure, au comble de la gloire,
L'heureux Alphonse, après tant de combats,
Croyait goûter au sein de ses Etats
La douce paix que donne la victoire.
O vain espoir! d'Inez le triste sort
D'un si beau règne a terni la mémoire;
En traits de sang on lit dans notre histoire
Qu'Inez obtint le trône après sa mort.

Cruel amour, toi seul commis le crime!
La tendre Inez ne vivait que pour toi:
Jamais un cœur ne suivit mieux ta loi,
Et tu la fis expirer ta victime!
Ainsi les pleurs des malheureux mortels
Pour toi, tyran, n'ont pas assez de charmes;
Tu veux encor, non content de leurs larmes,
Avec leur sang arroser tes autels.

Le front paré des roses du bel âge,
Charmante Inez, dans une douce erreur
Tu jouissais de ce calme trompeur,
Toujours, hélas! si voisin de l'orage.

M. de Florian.

Du Mondégo, témoin de ton ardeur,
Tu parcourais les campagnes fleuries,
En répétant aux nymphes attendries
Le nom qu'amour a gravé dans ton cœur.

Un doux lien à ton prince t'engage;
Le jeune Pèdre est digne de tes feux;
Un seul moment s'il est loin de tes yeux,
Tout vient aux siens présenter ton image;
Pendant la nuit en songe il est heureux,
Pendant le jour il cherche ta prèsence;
Ce qu'il entend, ce qu'il voit, ce qu'il pense,
Tout est Inez pour son cœur amoureux.

A ses sermens, Pèdre toujours fidèle,
A dèdaignè les filles de vingt rois.
O dieu d'amour! quand on vit sous tes lois,
Dans l'univers il n'est plus qu'une belle.
De ses refus, son vieux pére irritè,
Apprend bientôt que le peuple en murmure:
Dès ce moment les droits de la nature
Sont immolès à son autoritè.

Le cruel roi, pour vaincre la constance
D'un fils qui doit lui succèder un jour,

M. de Florian.

Veut dans le sang éteindre tant d'amour,
Et sur Inez fait tomber sa vengeance.
Le fer est prêt: ce fer, qui. dans sa main,
Du vaillant Maure abattit la puissance,
Menace alors la beauté sans défense,
Et le héros devient un assassin.

Par des soldats, indignement traînée,
Aux pieds d'Alphonse Inez attend son sort;
Le roi la plaint et différe sa mort:
Mais par le peuple elle était condamnée.
Les fils d'Inez, désolés et tremblans,
Sur son péril témoignaient leurs alarmes:
C'était pour eux qu'elle versait des larmes,
Non pour ses jours moins chers que ses enfans.

Leur désespoir, leurs prières plaintives
Ont des bourreaux suspendu les fureurs;
Inez au ciel lève ses yeux en pleurs,
Ses yeux.....les fers tenaient ses mains captives.
Elle regarde, en poussant des sanglots,
Ces orphelins dont le sort l'épouvante;
Et d'une voix affaiblie et tremblante,
A leur ayeul elle adresse ces mots:

M. de Florian.

" Si l'on a vu plus d'un monstre sauvage
Près d'un enfant oublier ses fureurs ;
Si l'on a vu ces oiseaux ravisseurs
Qui sont toujours altérés de carnage,
Aimer, nourrir la mère de Ninus,
Comme l'on dit qu'une louve attendrie
Avec son lait soutint la faible vie
Des deux jumeaux Romulus et Remus ;

Vous, qui d'un homme avez la ressemblance,
(Si l'on est tel quand on prive du jour,
Pour n'avoir pu résister à l'amour,
Un être faible et qu'on voit sans défense !)
Oserez-vous montrer tant de rigueur
A ces enfans qui demandent ma vie !
Regardez-moi ; je suis assez punie
D'avoir su plaire au maître de mon cœur.

Vous qui savez d'une main triomphante,
Avec ce glaive à qui tout est soumis,
Exterminer un peuple d'ennemis,
Sachez aussi sauver une innocente.
Si de don Pèdre il faut me separer,
Exilez-moi dans la froide Scythie,
Dans les déserts brûlans de la Lybie,
Par-tout, helas ! où je pourrai pleurer.

M. de Florian.

Dans les rochers, loin des lieux où nous sommes,
Chez les lions, capables d'amitié,
Je trouverai sans doute la pitié
Que je n'ai pu trouver parmi les hommes.
De mes amours ces fruits tristes et doux
Rempliront seuls mon ame désolée ;
Et de mes maux je serai consolée,
En leur voyant les traits de mon époux."

A ce discours de la tendre victime,
Alphonse ému sent palpiter son cœur ;
Mais les destins et le peuple en fureur
Ont résolu de consommer le crime.
Les grands, auteurs de ces affreux complots,
Le fer en main, volent sans plus attendre.....
Ciel ! arrêtez ! vous, nés pour la défendre,
Vous, chevaliers, vous êtes ses bourreaux !

Ainsi Pyrrhus, sur la rive troyenne,
Voulant ravir à la mère d'Hector
Le seul enfant qui lui restait encor,
Des bras d'Hécube arracha Polyxène.
Comme un agneau destiné pour l'autel,
Elle suivit le héros sanguinaire,
Et ne songeant qu'aux douleurs de sa mère,
Sans murmurer reçut le coup mortel.

M. de Florian.

Tel est Inez ; le glaive l'a frappée ;
Ce sein d'albâtre où le dieu de l'amour
Plaça son trône et fixa son séjour,
Est déchiré par la tranchante épée ;
Ces yeux si doux se ferment pour jamais.
Les assassins, consommant leur ouvrage,
Ne pensent pas, dans leur aveugle rage,
Que Pèdre un jour punira leurs forfaits.

Et toi, soleil, que le coupable Atrée
Fit reculer loin d'un affreux festin,
Au ! tu devais reprendre ce chemin
Le jour qu'Inez à la mort fut livrée.
Et vous, échos du paisible vallon,
A qui sa voix en mourant dit encore
Le nom chéri de l'amant qu'elle adore,
En longs accens répétez ce doux nom.

Comme la fleur qui, trop tôt moissonnée,
De la beauté pare un moment le sein,
Fraîche et brillante aux rayons du matin,
Et vers le soir languissante et fanée ;
De même Inez, à peine en ses beaux ans,
A descendu dans la nuit éternelle
Sur son visage une pâleur mortelle
A remplacé les roses du printems.

M. de Florian.

Le Mondégo, dans sa course lointaine,
N'entend par-tout que de tristes regrets;
Tout est en deuil; des nymphes des forêts
Les pleurs bientôt se changent en fontaine.
Ce monument dure jusqu'à ce jour;
Dans tous les tems mille fleurs l'environnent;
Et ce beau lieu que des myrtes couronnent,
S'appelle encor la Fontaine d'Amour.

F. A. Parseval Grandmaison.

Although the volume of this author "Les "Amours Epiques; Poëme Héroique en six "chants" of which a second and enlarged edition in 8vo. was published at Paris in 1811, is an original work, yet as the last canto is dedicated to the honour of the Portuguese bard, it is proper to take notice of it in this part of these memoirs, and especially as the story of Ignez de Castro is introduced therein.

The work is divided into six cantos, to which the poems of Homer, Tasso, Ariosto, Milton, Virgil, and Camoens, afford the subjects.

F. A. Parseval Grandmaison.

In his preliminary discourse the author states:

" Apres les grands poëtes épiques dont je viens
" de parler, le Camoëns mérite encore une mention
" honorable, quoiqu'il leur soit bien inférieur. Il
" ne possède ni le génie d'Homére et de Milton,
" ni l'art du Tasse, ni la sensibilité de Virgile, ni la
" riche variété de l'Arioste ; mais un style divin lui
" a valu l'immortalité ; mais l'île des Néréides est
" enchanteresse ; mais l'épisode d'Inès est une
" source de larmes, et la fiction du géant Adamas-
" tor est peut-être le chef-d'œuvre de l'épopée."

Near the end of this canto, the author compliments Camoens thus :—

" Enfin, le Camoëns en vers éblouissans,
" A peint l'ardent plaisir qui dévore les sens.
" Que dis-je? aux yeux mouillés par ses vers
" pleins de charmes,
" Apres Virgile même il fait verser des larmes."*

* M. Millevoye, in his " Invention Poétique," writes :—

" Peintre d'Adamastor! honneur sacré du Tage!
" Une riche palette est ton brillant partage :
" La noble invention vint broyer tes couleurs,
" Et pour ta tendre Inès y mêla quelques pleurs."

F. A. Parseval Grandmaison.

The story of Dona Ignez is thus given:

La nymphe célébrait ce roi rempli de gloire,
Alonze, que jamais n'a trahi la victoire,
Et disait quel malheur au sein de ses foyers
Vint troubler son triomphe et souiller ses lauriers.

Inès, jeune beauté dont l'innocente flamme
De l'héritier du trône avait captivé l'ame,
Fut l'objet que frappa son injuste courroux ;
La fortune contre elle épuisa tous ses coups,
Et s'adoucit trop tard pour cette infortunée ;
Vivante on l'opprima, morte on l'a couronnée.

C'est toi, cruel Amour, qui causas son trépas!
Quel crime avaient commis ses innocens appas ?
Avait-elle bravé ta suprême puissance ?
Hélas ! en te livrant son cœur, son innocence,
En goûtant de tes biens les trompeuses douceurs,
Devait-elle expirer sous tes coups oppresseurs ?
Tu vis de nos tourmens, tu ris de nos alarmes,
Tu te plais à tremper tes flèches dans nos larmes ;
Mais dans le meurtre aussi dois-tu tremper tes mains,
Et souiller tes autels par le sang des humains !

F. A. Parseval Grandmaison.

Tu vivais, belle Inès, heureuse et tendre amante,
Et goûtant dans le sein d'une ivresse charmante
Cet amour dont souvent le prestige trompeur
S'envole et se dissout en brillante vapeur;
Tu cueillais le doux fruit de tes jeunes années:
Quelles nuits remplaçaient tes charmantes journées!
Oh! que du Mondégo les bords délicieux
Virent de fois l'amour humecter tes beaux yeux!
Que de fois tu redis à son charmant bocage
Le nom du prince heureux qui pour jamais t'engage!
Mais lui, ... lui sans te voir s'il passait un seul jour,
Ses charmans souvenirs, ses doux pensers d'amour
En foule se pressaient dans son ame attendrie;
Par-tout il croyait voir son amante chérie,
Contempler de son teint l'éclat pur et vermeil.
Il lui parle, il l'écoute, et même en son sommeil,
Rêvant ses doux baisers sur un lit solitaire,
Il en savoure encor le charme imaginaire.
Le jour il est séduit par un charme nouveau;
Voit-il un pré, voit-il un beau lac, un ruisseau?
Il se croit dans les lieux si chers à sa tendresse;
A son cœur, à ses yeux tout montre sa maîtresse.
Gloire des conquérans, tu n'es plus qu'un vain bruit,
Qu'un prestige trompeur que l'amour a détruit;
Alors son cœur épris ne veut plus d'autres chaînes:

F. A. Parseval Grandmaison.

Qu'on ne lui parle plus de princesses, de reines,
Inès a réuni tous ses vœux les plus chers ;
Les bords du Mondégo, voilà son univers.

Mais qu'ils passent bientôt ces beaux jours de la vie!
De quels maux trop souvent leur douceur est suivie!
Et combien le plaisir quand son éclair a lui
Ajoute à la douleur qui se traîne après lui!

Don Pèdre, c'est le nom de cet amant fidèle,
En vain chèrit Inès ; il faut s'éloigner d'elle :
Alonze est roi, commande, et son fils doit soudain
Conduire ses guerriers vers le bord africain.
Pour partir avec lui déjà l'escorte est prête :
Le triste amant gémit, il se trouble, il s'arrête ;
Inès cache ses yeux dans les larmes noyés,
Il la regarde encore, il retombe à ses pieds ;
Il soupire, il frémit ; dans son trouble funeste
Il cherche à recueillir la force qui lui reste ;
Enfin des bras d'Inès il s'échappe, il a fui.
Elle veut l'arrêter, elle vole après lui ;
Mais le prince est déjà dans le char qui l'emporte,
Il part, environné de sa brillante escorte ;
Inès frappe les airs de cent cris superflus,
Le prince est déjà loin, déjà ne l'entend plus ;

F. A. Parseval Grandmaison.

Elle apperçoit du char la trace tournoyante,
Entend rouler sa roue en sa route bruyante,
Ses rapides coursiers légèrement courir,
Et son bruit par degrés s'éloigner et mourir:
Enfin perdant sa vue, elle reste immobile,
Elle sent un frisson glacer son cœur débile;
Elle tombe. En ses bras la femme qui la suit
La reçoit et la porte en son humble réduit.

Ce n'était pas en vain que de l'infortunée
L'ame avait pressenti sa noire destinée:
Alonze de son fils avait souffert l'amour,
Dans l'espoir que le tems pourrait l'éteindre un jour;
Mais voyant sa durée, il songe à la couronne
Qui hautement réclame un héritier du trône.
Cette faiblesse alors n'est plus qu'un attentat
Contraire à l'intérêt, au bonheur de l'état;
Il faut que de l'état Inès meure victime:
Et voilà donc ce roi si grand, si magnanime!
Voilà ce conquérant vainqueur de tant de rois,
Sous qui l'Afrique entière a tremblé tant de fois!

A peine pour voguer vers la terre africaine
Don Pèdre eut-il quitté la rive luzitaine,
Les ennemis d'Inès devinrent triomphans.

F. A. Parseval Grandmaison.

Déjà prise, enchaînée ainsi que ses enfans,
Poussant des cris perdus pour ces ames de bronze,
On la traine au palais, elle est aux pieds d'Alonze.

Mais à peine a-t-il vu ce teint, cette pâleur,
Et ces traits si frappans, ces grands traits du malheur,
Ces enfans, de son fils portraits remplis de charmes,
Embrassant ses genoux, les baignant de leurs larmes,
Il se trouble, il entend dans son cœur attendri
La nature jeter un lamentable cri;
Il l'étouffe, et le cri d'un peuple sanguinaire
Refoule dans son cœur les sentimens d'un père.
Mais Inès, ah! quel est son trouble en cet instant!
Elle ne frémit point du trépas qui l'attend;
Mais le cœur qui du sien fit sa douce habitude,
Quelle en sera bientôt l'horrible solitude?
Et ses tristes enfans que deviendra leur sort?
Touchés de ses douleurs, les ministres de mort
Eux-mêmes gémissaient, sanglottaient autour d'elle;
De ses fiers ennemis la fureur étincelle.
Inès levait au ciel et vers ces inhumains
Ses yeux ... hélas! des fers chargeaient ses faibles mains;
Et regardant après ses enfans, dont la vue
Plonge au fond de son cœur un poignard qui la tue,

F. A. Parseval Grandmaison.

Ses malheureux enfans sans secours, et sur eux
Tout prêts à voir tomber un sort si rigoureux,
Fait èclaiter ses cris et sa douleur profonde,
Les serre dans ses bras, de larmes les inonde;
Enfin à leur aïeul elle parle en ces mots:

" Puisqu'on a vu jadis de cruels animaux
Allaiter des enfans au fond de leur repaire;
Vous, si j'en crois mes yeux, homme et monarque
et père,
Serez-vous plus cruel, et repousserez-vous
De malheureux enfans embrassant vos genoux?
Ils ne sont plus à moi que la mort en sèpare,
Ils sont à votre fils .... ils sont à vous, barbare
A vous, qui leur devez votre cœur, vos secours.
Je ne vous parle point de conserver mes jours;
Baignez-vous, s'il le faut, dans le sang d'une femme
Que votre fils aima, qui partagea sa flamme.
Frappez .... mais ces enfans, quel crime ont-ils commis?
Si cependant, vainqueur de nos fiers ennemis,
Vous armez contre eux seuls votre juste vengeance,
Si la victoire en vous n'éteint pas la clémence,
J'ose espérer encor, non pour moi, mais pour vous
Qu'intéresse du moins le sort de mon époux,

F. A. Parseval Grandmaison.

Que d'un affreux trépas vous sauverez ma tête ;
Mon époux peut mourir des coups que l'on m'ap-
prête,
Ou bien il traînera ses jours, chargés d'ennui :
Souffrez que loin de vous, hélas ! et loin de lui,
Je coure ensevelir ma misère profounde
Dans les climats brûlans, aux bords glacés du monde,
Et que j'obtienne au moins des monstres des déserts
La pitié, qui n'est plus ailleurs dans l'univers.
Là, mes fils m'offriront ton image adorée,
Cher et funeste époux ; là, ta femme éplorée
Pour toi conservera ce précieux trésor,
Et pourra dans leurs traits te retrouver encor."

Contre Inès à ces mots Alonze n'a plus d'armes ;
Jusqu' au fond de son cœur il a senti ses larmes :
Il veut, il n'ose absoudre, il frémit d'immoler,
Le pardon de sa bouche est prêt à s'exhaler ;
Mais à cette pitié molle et pusillanime
Les hurlemens du peuple arrachent la victime.
Les grands même, les grands, ô monstres détestés !
Courant le fer en main... Barbares, arrêtez !
Tremblez... pour vous punir les tortures sont prêtes ;
Ce sang retombera sur vos coupables têtes ;
Mais il jaillit déjà, déjà sous les conteaux

F. A. Parseval Grandmaison.

Il coule à gros bouillons, il teint de ses ruisseaux
Ce cou dont les baisers d'une bouche idolâtre
Seuls jusqu'à ce moment avaient rougi l'albâtre;
Et ce sein ravissant par l'amour animé,
Ce sein, le plus farfait qu'il ait jamais formé.
Lâches! et voilà donc votre victoire infâme!
Un père, des enfans, un époux, une femme,
Vous les assassinez.... O vengeance! ô fureur!
Et toi, soleil, et toi qui reculas d'horreur
Quand tu vis le festin des affreux Pélopides,
Vois se débattre Inès en des bras homicides,
En embrassant les pieds d'un monarque bourreau;
Vois, frémis, et recule à ce forfait nouveau!
Elle meurt, et sa voix et ses lèvres encore
Murmurent le doux nom du prince qu'elle adore;
Elle meurt, et ces traits, ce teint décoloré,
Ces yeux, ce front.... la mort a donc tout dévoré!

Ainsi la fleur des champs qu'une vierge moissonne
Pour en parer son front, en former sa couronne,
En vain charmait les yeux à son brillant matin,
Elle se fane, un soir a fini son destin;
Ainsi par le trépas cette beauté flétrie
Perd l'éclat dont brillait le matin de sa vie,
Et se décolorant, exhale en un seul jour
Ses parfums, sa fraîcheur, sa vie et son amour.

F. A. Parseval Grandmaison.

Du triste Mondégo les nymphes désolées,
De leurs cris douloureux remplirent ses vallées,
Et pour éterniser leurs profondes douleurs,
En sources dans ces lieux convertirent leurs pleurs,
Y gravèrent d'Inès l'histoire déplorable;
Elle est de leurs regrets le monument durable,
Et chère à tous les cœurs des bergers d'alentour,
Elle s'appelle encor la fontaine d'Amour.

IN THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

We are informed that there are four translations of the Lusiad in the German language; but whether the specimen of a translation mentioned hereafter, and which contains only the first canto, be or be not comprised in that number, has not as yet been ascertained by the author of these memoirs, in whose collection the two versions, from which the following extracts are given, and the above specimen, are contained.

Friedrich Adolph Kuhn
AND
Carl Theodor Winkler.

Die Lusiade des Camoens. Aus dem Portugiesischen in Deutsche ottavereime übersetzt. Leipzig in der Weidmannischen Buckhandlung. 1807. 8*vo*.

In the title page of this volume, which is dedicated to Count Carl Bose, cabinet secretary of state, &c. to the King of Saxony, are the arms of Portugal; and from the signatures at the end of the dedication the work appears to be the joint production of Freidrich Adolph Kuhn and Carl Theodor Winkler.

The preface states the motives for the undertaking, by which it would appear that there existed no earlier translation of this poem in the German language, and that it was only after this had been put to press, that the beginning of another version had made its appearance.

Friedrich Adolph Kuhn
AND
Carl Theodor Winkler.

Some notices of the life of Camoens follow the preface, and at the end of the poem, which is in ottava-rima, are a few annotations.

Und, als Alphons zur Heimath sich gewendet,
Begleitet von des Sieges Heil und Segen,
Um, wie der harte Krieg ihm Ruhm gespendet,
Gleich ruhmvoll auch des Friedens Flor zu hegen;
Da ward die ewig grause That vollendet,
Die Todte möcht' in ihrer Gruft bewegen.
Der Liebe ward schmachvoller Tod zum Lohne,
Und in der Gruft trägt sie die Königskrone!

Du, Liebe! nur in jede Brust gegossen,
Die jedes Herz mit wilder Macht umwindet,
Hast ihren Blick dem Tageslicht verschlossen,
Als ob sie Dir sich treulos je verkündet;
Wenn alle Thränen, welche Dir geflossen,
Nur höher stets noch Deinen Durst entzündet;
So kann an Deinen fruchtbareren Altären
Nur Menschenblut Dir Opfer noch gewähren!

Von Ruhe, holde Ines! mild umfangen,
Brach Deine Hand der Jahre schöne Blüte

Friedrich Adolph Kuhn
AND
Carl Theodor Winkler.

Und frohe heitre Täuschungen umschlangen,
Bald dem Geschick zu weichen, das Gemüthe;
Den Bergen nur vertrauend das Verlangen
Nach ihm, dess Name Dir im Herzen gluhte,
In des Mondego blumenreichen Auen,
Wo noch die Augen nicht von Thränen thauen.

Dort suchen Dich die steten Phantasien,
Die mild um Deines Fürsten Seele schweben,
Dass deiner züge Schatten zu ihm fliehen,
Wenn fern er muss den schönen Augen leben,
Una Traüme Nachts ihm sanft vorüber ziehen,
Gedanken ihn am Tage froh umweben,
Denn, was er sinnt und seine Blicke schauen,
Wird ihm Erinnerung und ihm Vertrauen.

Er flieht den Fürstentöchter hohes Prangen
Und schöner Frauen vielbegehrte Hand,
Deun treue Liebe will ja nichts verlangen,
Wenn sie der Einen lieblich Antlitz fand.
Doch, zürnend solchem kühnen Unterfangen,
Bereitet schon der vater Widerstand,
Der klug und alt des Volkes Murren achtet,
Weil noch der Sohn nach keiner Gattin trachtet.

Friedrich Adolph Kuhn
AND
Carl Theodor Winkler.

Drum will er Ines nun der Erde rauben
Und ihr den Sohn, dem liebend sie verbunden,
Mit ihrem Blut, dess hat er festen Glauben,
Sey auch der Liebe Flamme bald verschwunden!
O! welche Wuth mag Männern es erlauben,
Das scharfe Schwert, das Mohren überwunden,
Nun gegen eines zarten Weibes Leben
Und gegen ihre Thränen aufzuheben!

Und als sie nun die rauhen Knechte bringen
Und schon der König fühlt des mitleids Regen,
Wird lauter auch des wilden Volkes Dringen,
Mit Gründen ihn zum Blutspruch zu bewegen;
Es will ihr Busen fast vor Weh zerspringen,
Doch ihre Brust weiss Schmerzen nur zu hegen
Um ihres Fürsten, ihrer Söhne willen;
Der eigne Tod kann nicht mit Graun sie füllen.

Dem reinen Himmel ist sie zugekehret,
Mit Thränen in den wehmuthsvollen Blicken,
Denn Fesseln haben ihre Hand beschweret,
In die sie rauh die wilden Knechte drücken;

Friedrich Adolph Kuhn
AND
Carl Theodor Winkler.

Und, da sie zu den Kleinen sich gekehret,
Die Lieblichen noch einmal angublicken,—
Ach! bald als arme Waisen zu beklagen,
Muss sie dem harten Ahnherrn dieses sagen;

Wenn wilde Thiere selbst, von der Natur
Zum rohen Trieb der Grausamkeit geboren,
Wenn Vögel hoher Lüfte, grimmig nur
In ihrer Beute matten Raub verloren,
Mitleidig folgend zarter Liebe Spur,
Sich Säuglinge zur Pflegung auserkoren,
Wie man von Ninus Mutter hat verkündet
Und von den Brüdern, welche Rom gegründet.

So nimm Du! dem ein menschlich Herz gegeben,
Wenn menschlich heisst, die Schwache zu verderben,
Weil ihr in Liebe sich ein Herz ergeben,
Das liebend wusste Herrschaft zu erwerben;
So nimm in Schutz die zarten jungen Reben,
Da sonder Mitleid' ich bestimmt zu sterben!
Erbarme dich, um ihrer—meiner willen,
Kann Deinen Zorn auch nicht die Unschuld stillen!

Friedrich Adolph Kuhn
AND
Carl Theodor Winkler.

Und, wenn Dein Wort, die Mohren zu bezwingen,
Mit Schwert und Flammen bittern Tod verbreitet,
So mag es der auch gnädig Leben bringen,
Die nie zu Schand' und Frevel ausgegleitet;
Und, soll der Unschuld Alles nicht gelingen,
So sey mir der Verbannung Qual bereitet,
Ob Scythiens Eis, ob Lybien mich umfange,
In Thränen nur zu leben, trüb und bange!

Verbanne mich weit in die öden Gründe
Der Leu'n und Tiger, und ich werde sehen,
Ob ich bei ihnen irgend Mitleid finde,
Das Menschen mir nicht wollten zugestehen;
Dass dort ich meiner Liebe Glut verkünde,
Für die ich soll zu herbem Tode gehen,
Und, mir zum Trost auf meinem rauhen Wege,
Als Mutter seine Sprossen liebend pflege.

Es will den König schon die That gereuen,
Gerührt von ihren Worten, ihrem Bange
Und dennoch soll sie Rettung nicht erfreuen,
Da Volk und Schicksal ihren Tod verlangen.

Friedrich Adolph Kuhn
AND.
Carl Theodor Winkler.

Die Schwerter blitzen, wild sie zu bedraüen,
Als wären sie in guter That befangen,
Ihr wollt ein Weib, ihr Henkerseelen quälen
Und Ritterhände gegen Frauen stählen?

Wie gegen Polyxena's schöne Blüte,
Die einzig noch der Mutter Trost gewährte,
Mit scharfem Schwerte Pyrrhus Wuth entglühte,
Weil sie Achill im Schattenreich begehrte,
Und sie zum Himmel sah mit sanfter Güte,
Ein duldend Lamm der zahmen schwachen Heerde,
Und noch einmal ins Mutterantlitz blickte
Und dann sich an zum Opfertode schickte;

So gegen Ines auch der Mörder Bande,
Die frech und grimmig schon die Schwerter schwangen,
Und, achtlos aller Strafen solcher Schande,
Den Marmorhals mit kaltem Stahl durchdrangen,
Die weisse Blüte welket hin zum Sande,
An welcher noch der Augen Thränen hangen,
Die Blüte, die den Königssohn bezwungen,
Und noch im Tod das Diadem errungen!

Friedrich Adolph Kuhn
AND
Carl Theodor Winkler.

Wohl mochtest Du mit Deiner Augen Strahle
O Sonne! Dich, von solchem Anblick wenden,
Wie von der Söhne blutbeflecktem Mahle,
Thyesten einst gereicht von Bruderhänden.
Ihr höret noch, o schattenreiche Thale!
Das letzte Wort die kalten Lippen spenden,
Den Namen ihres Pedro hört ihr wallen,
Dass lang ihn noch die Felsen wiederhallen.

Wie eine zarte Blum' in frohen Lenzen,
Die holde Farben rein und köstlich schmücken,
Mit solchem Schmelz die Haare zu bekränzen,
Vor ihrer Zeit des Mädchens Hände pflücken,
Verschwunden ist der Farben prangend Glänzen,
So ist die bleiche Todte zu erblicken,
Es sind die Lilien der zarten Wangen,
Die Rosen mit des Odems Hauch vergangen!

Noch lange werden, trüb'in bangem Sehnen,
Mondegos Töchter Ines Tod beklagen,
Es muss ein Quell, zum Zeugniss ihrer Thränen,
Von Ines Liebe seinen Namen tragen,

Friedrich Adolph Kuhn
AND
Carl Theodor Winkler.

Von ihrem Glück und ihrem frohen Wähnen,
Das er vernommen, Kunde stets zu sagen,
Und frische Blumen werden ringsum schwellen,
Sein Nam' ist Lieb' und Thränen sind die Wellen.

Dr C. C. Heise.

Die Lusiade, Heldengedicht von Camoens, aus dem Portugiesischen übersetzt von Dr C. C. Heise. Hamburg und Altona bei Gottfried Vollmer. 2 vols. 12mo.

In the title page is the line:—

" Halb Romer, stammt er dennoch von Germanen."

And an address to the poet, in ten stanzas, is preceded by:

" Wie Göttern, biet'ich dir die eignen Gaben."

The translation is rendered in eight line stanzas. An argument is given before each

canto, and at the end of the volumes are some notes, various readings, &c.

Vollendet hat das Glück des Krieges Leiden,
Alfonso kehrt ins heitre Vaterland;
Der Segen lacht, die Ruhe stiller Freuden,
Als eine That das Licht der Sonne fand;
Im Grausen von der Gruft den Tod zu scheiden,
Und leben von der Brust, die sie empfand,
Im Sarge ruht die schönste Schläferinn,
Bekleidet mit dem Schmuck der Königinn.

O Liebe! hold, wie lichte Maiensonnen,
Du zwingst das Herz in uns mit wilder Macht,
Als hätte sie den Kampf mit dir begonnen,
Trieb deine Fackel sie zu Pein und Nacht;
Des Leidens Thräne hat dich nie gewonnen,
Nur mehr des Durstes Qualen angefacht,
Der Opfer Blut, nach deinem strengen Willen,
Netzt den Altar, dein Sehnen dir zu stillen.

Noch hatte Ruhe segnend dich erkohren,
O Ines! und der Blüten milde Zeit,
Noch weilst du im beglückten Traum verloren,
Den flüchtig nur der Jugend Loos verleiht;

Dr C. C. Heise.

Mondegos Flur, noch nicht dem schmerz geboren,
Hat zur Vertrauten sich dein Blick geweiht,
Sie horcht dem Namen, der zum Echo schwebt,
Und selig dir im treuen Busen lebt.

Und deines Fürsten liebevolle Klagen
Entgleiten sehnend durch den Wiederhall,
Ob fern von dir ihn Pflicht und Schicksal tragen,
Dich sieht sein Auge nah im Weltenall!
Der Tag beginnt und flieht, von dir zu sagen,
Durch Nächte klingt der süssen Worte Schall,
Dein Bild, in hoher Anmuth Sonnenlicht,
Regt Qualen, doch er lässt es ewig nicht.

Und keine Fürstinn lockt mit eitlem Prangen,
Und er verschmäht zu folgen einem Thron;
Oh wahre Liebe! wen dein Arm umfangen,
Verachtet jeder fremden Herrin Lohn.
Der Vater zürnt, mit glühendem Verlangen,
Auf seinen Erben, den verführten Sohn,
Es murrt das Volk, und strebt im wilden Wehe
Nach des Infanten würdevoller Ehe.

Zu rauben ihr das milde schöne Leben,
Entschliesst er sich, die ihm den Sohn geraubt,

Dr C. C. Heise.

Dem Liebenden des Opfers Blut zu geben,
So löschen seine Flammen, wie er glaubt;
O Höllengeister müssen dich umweben!
Auf einer Schönen waffenloses Haupt
Den reinen Stahl zu zücken, dessen Macht
Die Flucht gebot in edler Mohrenschlacht.

Schon schleppen sie der Wuth gedungne Knechte
Zum König in den Kreis der Strengen fort,
Er wird gerührt, doch seiner Milde Rechte
Zerstört das Volk, gebietet laut den Mord.
In Thränen zum verblendeten Geschlechte
Fliesst unerweichend ihrer Hulde Wort,
Um des Geliebten Leid in ferner Flur,
Um ihre Kinder bangt die Mutter nur.

Sie schlägt die Augen zu des Himmels Bläue,
Zu dem Erbarmer auf, ach! nur den Blick,
Unwürdig hält der Fesseln harte Reihe
Die zarte Hand, der Liebe Preis, zurück;
Die Mutter wankt, in ihrer letzten Treue,
Zu ihrem kleinen Paar, des lebens Glück,
Verlassen soll sie es, und zitternd, leise,
Beginnt zum strengen Ahn des Flehens Weise.

Dr C. C. Heise.

Wenn Thiere, die den grausen Wald bewohnen,
Und wilder Vögel schreckliche Natur,
Die des beseelten Maien Regionen
Mit Morde trüben, and der Lüfte Flur,
Erbarmen hegen, das Vertrauen lohnen,
Wie Ninus hohe Mutter einst erfuhr,
Und jene Brüder in der Wölfinn Klauen,
Durch die sich Romas Pracht und Ruhm erbauen.

So höre du das Herz, mit sanftern Schlägen!
Erbarmen komme menschlich mir durch dich,
Du trägst des Himmels wonnevollen Segen,
Der Menschen Antlitz; Tödten willst du mich?
Die Liebe durch die Liebe zu erregen,
Ruft diese Schuld den Dolch der Strenge sich?
Der Enkel Unschuld gehe dir zu Herzen,
Hegst du die Gnade nicht für meine Schmerzen.

Du konntest ja die Mohren überwinden,
Und senden bittern Tod, der Hölle Qual,
So 'sieg' auch nun! lass mich Erbarmen finden,
Mit meinen Söhnen im verborgnen Thal;
Dort will ich büssen, und in dunklen Gründen,
Mein Haupt verbergen vor der Sonne Strahl,

Dr C. C. Heise.

Am Schneededeckten Pol, im heissen Süden,
Und weinen ohne Schuld, verbannt, gemieden.

Da werd' ich sanftes Mitgefühl entdecken,
Wie es der Menschen Seele nie bewegt:
Die Löwen brüllen, grause Tiger schrecken,
Vielleicht dass mir ein Herz entgegenschlägt;
Dort das Gemüth der Tugend zu erwecken,
In dessen Kindern, den mein Busen hegt,
Für den ich willig selbst den Tod erleide,
Sey der Verlassnen Mutter ganze Freude.

Der König lauscht gerührt den bangen Tönen,
Und Gnade kündet schon sein Angesicht,
Ihr Schicksal, Keinem Flehen zu versöhnen,
Und stolze Ritter hören diese nicht,
Das Eisen ist gezückt zum Tod des Schönen,
Und wilde Stimmen rufen es als Pflicht;
Wie? gegen Frauen wollt ihr tapfer seyn,
Durch Meuchelmord der Ahnen Blut entweihn?

Wie Pyrrhus einst, gerufen von den Shatten,
Den Dolch erhob auf Polixenas Brust,
Das Todesopfer weihend für den Gatten,
Des Mutterherzens einzig linde Lust;

Dr C. C. Heise.

Geduldig, wie ein Lamm auf grünen Matten,
Kehrt sie, des Lohns der Götter sich bewusst,
Das Auge noch zu ihrer Mutter Thränen,
Und neigt sich dann dem Stahl mit heitrem Sehnen.

So rüsten sich die Frevler mit Verderben,
Nun trifft ihr Schwerdt die Brust der holden Frau,
Und weisser Blumen Pracht und Wonne sterben,
Sie welken, feucht noch von der Zähren Thau;
Der Königssohn, um ihre Huld zu werben,
Entfloh dem Schloss, erkohr die Hirtenau,
Und schmückte, zu der Liebe hochstem Lohne,
Den bleichen Tod mit seiner Väter Krone.

Oh Sonne! fliehst du nicht an diesem Tage?
Wie von Thyest am schaudervollen Mahl,
Als dem Gefühl der väterlichen Klage
Sich zürnend barg der Milde reiner Strahl.
Den süssen Hauch, der Wehmuth letzte Sage,
Empfängt dein Schattenwald, vertrautes Thal!
Und Pedros Namen horst du leise wallen,
Noch lange rufen ihn der Echo Hallen.

Wie des erwachten Maien liebste Pflanze,
Durch loser Mädchen Hand, vor ihrer Zeit,

Dr C. C. Heise.

Der Flur entwendet, in erblichnen Glanze
Die Blätter senkt, kaum mehr den Duft verstreut,
So ruht die Huldinn aus Mondegos Kranze,
Erloschen in der Jugend Lieblichkeit;
Die Lippe schweigt, der Augen süsses Licht,
Und keine Rose blüht dem Angesicht.

Der Schwestern fromme Herzen weinten lange
Um die Gespielinn, ihrer Lust verliehn;
Es wallt ein Bach mit traurig holdem Klange
Von ihren Thränen durch Mondegos Grün,
Er kundet uns, in ewigen Gesange,
Mit Ines Glück, das Leid, das ihm erschien,
Die Blumen wachsen fröhlich seiner Hut,
Und Liebe heisst, aus Thränen rinnt die Fluth.

Anonymous.

Primeiro Canto das Lusiadas de Camões Com nova Versaõ Allemã de R. Hamburgo na Livraria de Frederico Perthes. (1808.)

This is the title of a little publication of 74 pages, wherein the Portuguese is given oppo-

Anonymous.

site the translation. On the outside is "*Probe einer neuen uebersetzung der Lusiade des Camões. Hamburg bey Friedrich Perthes.*" Whether the author of this specimen proceeded or not with his undertaking has not been ascertained by the writer of these memoirs.

Besides the three publications before described, Meinhard is stated to have beautifully translated some passages of the story of Ines de Castro in Den Gil. Beytr. zu den Braimschwig Antreigen. 1762. St. 25. p. 193; also of the apparition of the Cape. St. 26. p. 210.

IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

In the English language are the following translations:—

Sir Richard Fanshaw.

The Lusiad, or Portugal's Historicall Poem: written in the Portingall language by Luis de

Sir Richard Fanshaw.

Camoens, and now newly put into English by Richard Fanshaw, Esq.

Dignum Laude virum Musa vetat mori;
Carmen amat quisquis, Carmine digna facit.
HORAT.

London: printed for Humphrey Moseley, at the Prince's Arms, in St Paul's Church Yard. M.DC.LV. Folio.

Sir Richard Fanshaw was the youngest son of Sir Henry Fanshaw, of Ware Park, in Hertfordshire; and was created a baronet by King Charles the first, at the siege of Oxford.

Having finished his studies at Cambridge, and travelled on the continent, he was appointed secretary to the Prince of Wales. On the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, he was nominated Master of Requests, and held some other situations at home. His residence, however, in foreign courts, as well during his travels as during the late king's exile, having greatly qualified him for diplomacy, he was

Sir Richard Fanshaw.

sent as Envoy Extraordinary to the court of Portugal; and shortly afterwards appointed ambassador. It was during his embassy to Lisbon, that the contract for the marriage between his Sovereign and the Princess of Portugal was entered into.

On his return, in 1663, he was made one of the privy council; and appointed a second time ambassador to Spain, having been resident there during the late King's reign. Here he died of a fever in 1666, and in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

His wife,* an excellent woman, who had accompanied him to the court of Spain, had his body brought to England, and interred in the parish church of Ware.

Sir Richard was eminently skilled in modern languages, and translated "The Pastor Fido "of Guarini," a dramatic poem, from the Spa-

* The reader is referred for some account of this exemplary lady to Seward's Anecdotes, in almost every volume of which work, honourable records exist of her amiable disposition and virtues.

nish, "Querer por solo Querer," "To love "only to love," and many other pieces in prose and verse; amongst which was the poem of Camoens. Several of his pieces were published without having received the last revision of Sir Richard, and without his consent, having, from the unsettled state of the country at that unfortunate period, and during the vicissitudes which marked the King's reign, fallen into the hands of persons incapable to judge of the propriety of giving them to the world without such revision.

The translation is dedicated to the Earl of Strafford. Preceding the poem, which is embellished with whole-length portraits of Prince Henry of Portugal, and of Vasco de Gama, is an extract from the Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter, accompanied by Fanshaw's translation; and at page 47, the sonnet, which Tasso wrote in praise of the Portuguese bard, is given with an English version.

The portrait of Camoens, with the unpardonable mistake respecting his eye, mentioned in the preface to these memoirs, appears oppo-

Sir Richard Fanshaw.

site the title. Beneath it are the following lines:—

SPAINE *gaue me* noble *Birth:* Coimbra, *Arts:*
LISBON, *a* high-plac't loue, *and* Courtly *parts:*
AFFRICK, *a Refuge when the* Court *did frowne:*
WARRE, *at an* Eye's *expence, a faire renowne:*
TRAVAYLE, *experience, with noe* short *sight*
Of India, *and the* World; *both which I write*
INDIA *a* life, *which I gaue* there for *Lost*
On Mecons waues *(a wreck and Exile) tost*
To boot, this POEM, *held up in* one hand
Whilst with the other *I swam safe to land.*
TASSO, *a* sonet; *and (what's greater yét)*
The honour to giue Hints *to such a* witt.
PHILIP a Cordiall, *(the ill* Fortune *see!)*
To cure *my Wants when those had new* kill'd *mee*
My Country (Nothing—yes) Immortall Prayse
(so did I, Her) Beasts cannot browze on Bayes.

Mickle classes Sir Richard Fanshaw's translation with that of Mr Duperron de Castera, which he denominates a loose unpoetical paraphrase. "Though, in the English translation, "stanza be rendered for stanza, though at

Sir Richard Fanshaw.

" first view it has the appearance of being ex-
" ceedingly literal, this version is nevertheless
" exceedingly unfaithful. Uncountenanced by
" his original, Fanshaw—*teems with many a*
" *dead-born jest;* nor had he the least idea of
" the dignity of the epic style, or of the true
" spirit of poetical translation."

Mickle adds in a note, " He had a taste for
" literature, and translated from the Italian se-
" veral pieces, which were of service in the re-
" finement of our poetry. Though his Lusiad,
" by the dedication of it to *William*, Earl of
" *Strafford*, dated May 1, 1655, seems as pub-
" lished by himself, we are told by the editor
" of his letters, that ' during the unsettled
" ' times of our *anarchy*, some of his MSS.
" ' falling by misfortune into unskilful hands,
" ' were printed and published without his
" ' consent or knowledge, and before he could
" ' give them his last finishing strokes: such
" ' was his translation of the Lusiads.'

" The great respect due to the memory of
" a gentleman, who, in the unpropitious age
" of a Cromwell, endeavoured to cultivate the

Sir Richard Fanshaw.

" English muses, and the acknowledgment of
" his friend, that his Lusiad received not his
" finishing strokes, may seem to demand that a
" veil should be thrown over its faults. And
" not a blemish should have been pointed out
" by the present translator, if the reputation of
" Camoens were unconcerned, and if it were
" not a duty he owed his reader, to give a
" specimen of the former translation. We have
" proved that Voltaire read and drew his opi-
" nion of the Lusiad from Fanshaw; and Rapin
" most probably drew his from the same source.
" Perspicuity is the character of Camoens; yet
" Rapin says, his verses are so obscure they ap-
" pear like mysteries. Fanshaw is indeed, so
" obscure, that the present translator, in dip-
" ping into him in parts which he had even
" then translated, has often been obliged to
" have recourse to the Portuguese, to discover
" his meaning. Sancho Panza was not fond-
" er of proverbs. He has thrust many into
" his version. He can never have enough
" of conceits, low allusions and expressions.
" When gathering of flowers, ' *as boninas*

Sir Richard Fanshaw.

" '*apanhando*' is simply mentioned (c. 9. st.
" 24.) he gives it '*gather'd flowers by pecks*,'
" and the Indian Regent is avaricious (c. 8.
" st. 95.)

" Meaning a better penny thence to get."*

After this great and prosperous event
(ALFONSO come to PORTUGALL again,
There to injoy in *peace* and sweet content
The spreading Glories he in *War* did gain)
A black and lamentable accident
(Worthy in FAME's *Memorials* to remain)
Was on a miserable *Lady* seen,
Who, after she was dead, was made a *Queen*.

Thou, onely *Thou* (pure LOVE) with bended bow,
Against whose Force no brest whate're can hold,
As if thy *perjur'd Subject*, or *sworn Foe*,
Did'st cause her death whom all the World condol'd.
If *Tears* (which from a troubled Fountain flow)
Quench not thy Thirst, as hath been said of old;
It is, that such is thy *tyrannick* mood,
Thou lov'st thy *Altars* should be bath'd in *blood*.

* Mickle's Dissertation on the Lusiad, p. ccxxiii.

Sir Richard Fanshaw.

Thou wer't (fair YNES) in Repose, of LOVE's
Reflected Fires fost'ring the sweet heat, young;
In that sweet *Error*, that worse *Fates* removes,
Which *Fortune* never suffers to last long:
In sweet MONDEGO's solitary *Groves*,
Whose streams no day but thou did'st weep among:
Teaching the lofty *Trees*, and humble *Grass*,
That *Name* which printed in thy bosom was.

Thy pensive *Prince*, with *thine* did sympathize
Remembrances, which in his Soul did swim,
Bringing thee always fresh before his Eyes,
When, from thy fair ones, bus'ness banisht *Him*:
By night, in *dreams*; that cheat him with sweet lyes:
By day, in thoughts; that pencil *thy* each *lim*:
And *all* he mus'd, and *all* he saw in fine,
Were dear IDEA's of thy *Form* divine.

Of other *Ladies* fair, and *Princesses*
The tend'red Matches he did vilifie;
For, of a *Heart*, 'tis hard to dispossess
True *Love*, that hath had time to fortifie.
Upon these highly am'rous passages
The *Father* looking with an old man's Eye
(Enrag'd with what the common-people sed
And his *Son's* resolution not to wed)

Sir Richard Fanshaw.

YNES determines from the *World* to take,
His *Son* from *Her* to take, and to remove:
Believing, with her *blood's* ill let-out Lake,
To quench the kindled flames of constant love.
O! that sure *Sword* (which had the pow'r to make
The *Moorish* Rage strike saile) what Rage could move
Thee, from the honor'd *Sheaths*, where thou did'st rest,
To be new sheath'd in *Lady's* gentle Brest?

The horrid *blood-hounds* dragg'd her to the *King*:
Whose bowels *now* to mercy stood inclin'd.
But *ill-Advisers* with false reasoning
To her destruction re-inflam'd his mind.
Shee (with Heart-breaking language which did spring
Onely from sense of *Those* she left behind
In solitude, her Prince, and children deare,
Whose *Griefe* she more, then her own *death* did feare:)

Lifting unto the azure *Firmament*
Her *Eyes*, which in a Sea of Tears were drown'd;
Her *Eyes*, for one of those malevolent
And bloody *Instruments* her *hands* had bound;

Sir Richard Fanshaw.

And then, the same on her dear *Infants* bent,
Who *Them* with smiling innocence surround
By whom poor *Orphans* they will streight be made
Unto their cruel *Grand-Father* thus said.

If *Beasts* themselves *(wild Beasts)* whose use, and way
By *Nature's* dire instinct, is not to spare;
And vagrant *Birds*, whose bus'ness 'tis, to prey,
And chace their *Quarrey* through the yielding Ayre;
The world hath seen take *Babes* expos'd, and play
The tender *Nurses* to them with their care,
As NINUS's mother once it did befall,
And the *Twinn-Founders* of the *Roman* Wall:

O *Thou*, whose *Superscription* speaks thee, *Man*
(That the *Contents* were suited to the Cover!
A feeble Maid thou wouldst not murther then
Onely for loving *Him*, who first did love her)
Pitty these *Babes (the babes about him ran)*
In thy hard doom since *I* am spot all over.
Spare, for *their* sakes, *their* lives, and *mine:* And see
Whiteness in *Them*, though thou wilt not in *Me.*

Sir Richard Fanshaw.

And if (subduing the presumptuous More,
How to give *death* with fire and sword thou know'st,
Know, to give *life* too, to a *damsel* poore,
Who hath done nothing why it should be lost.
Let my hid *Innocence* thus much procure:
Exile me to some sad *intemperate Coast*,
Cold Scythia, or burn't Lybia, to remain
A weeping Tomb, and never more see Spain.

Plant me where nothing grows but *Cruelty*,
'Mongst *Lyons*, *Bears*, and other *Savage* Beasts:
To see, if *They* that mercy will deny
Which I in vain implore from *humane* Breasts.
There, in firm love to *Him* for whom I dye,
I'l breed his *Pieces*, thou here seest, *their guests*
And *my Companions*; to slide off with *Those*
Part of the burthen of their *mother's* woes.

Fain would have pardon'd her the gracious *King*,
Mov'd with these words, which made his Bowels yearn:
But *Fate*, and *whisp'rers* (That fresh Fewel bring)
They would not pardon. 'Tis those mens concern
(Having begun) to perpetrate the Thing.
They strip their steel out of the Scabbard (stern).

Sir Richard Fanshaw.

Out Villains! Butchers! What? imploy your spights,
Your swords, against a *Lady*, and call'd *Knights*?

As at the breast of fair POLIXENA
Condemn'd to death by dire ACHILLES's shade
(The last dear stake of Aged HECUBA)
Revengeful PYRRHUS bent his cruel *Blade*;
But with a *look* that drives ill Ayrs away
(Patient, as any *Lamb*) The *Royal Maid*,
On her mad *Mother* casting up her Eys,
Presents her self a *Sacrifice*, and dyes:

So gentle YNES's bruitish Murtherers,
Ev'n in that *Neck* (white ATLAS of that *Head*
Whose stars, thought set, had influence o're the powr's
Of *Him*, That crown'd her after she was dead)
Bathing their thirsty *Swords*, and all the *flow'rs*
Which her fair Eyes had newly watered
(Mindless of the insuing Vengeance) stood
Like crimson'd *Hunters* reeking with her blood.

Well mightst Thou PHEBUS from an Act so dire
(PYROUS starting) have reverst thy look;

Sir Richard Fanshaw.

As from THYESTES's Table, when the *Sire*
Din'd on the *Son*, the *Uncle* being the Cook.
You, hollow Vales (which, when she did expire,
From her cold lips the dying accents took)
Hearing her PEDRO nam'd with her last breath,
Form'd PEDRO, PEDRO, after YNES's death.

Like a svveet *Rose* (vvith party-colours fair)
By *Virgin's* hand beheaded in the Bud
To play vvithal, or prick into her Hair,
When (sever'd from the stalk on vvhich it stood)
Both *Scent* and *beauty* vanish into Ayre:
So lies the *Damzel* vvithout *breath* or *Blood*,
Her *Cheeks* fresh *Roses* ravisht from the Root
Both red and white, and the svveet life to boot.

This Act of horrour, and black night obscure,
MONDEGO's daughters long resented deep;
And, for a lasting Tomb, into a pure
Fountain, transformd the *Teares* which they did weep.
The name they gave it (which doth still indure)
Was YNES's loves, whom PEDRO there did keep
No wonder, such sweet *Streams* water those *Flowers*:
TEARES, are the substance; and the *Name*, A-MOURS.

William Julius Mickle.

The Lusiad; or the Discovery of India. An Epic Poem. Translated from the original Portuguese of Luis de Camöens. By William Julius Mickle.

" *Nec verbum verbo, curabis reddere, fidus*
" *Interpres.*"

Hor. Ars. Poet.

London, } *M.DCC.LXXVI.*
Oxford, }

The life of Mickle has been detailed so minutely by several biographers, as to render it unnecessary here to enter further into his history, than to give an account of his translation of the Lusiad, and of those circumstances of his life therewith connected.

We are informed by his latest biographer, the Rev. John Sim, that " Having at the " early age of seventeen, read Castera's French " translation of the Lusiad of Camoens, he had " long conceived the design of giving it an " English dress. Various avocations had, how- " ever, prevented him from executing this in-

William Julius Mickle.

" tention, though he had never lost sight of
" his plan. But at last having acquired a suf-
" ficient knowledge of the original Portuguese,
" and his poetical powers being now appreci-
" ated, he published in the Gentleman's Maga-
" zine for March, 1771, a translation of that
" part of the fifth book of the Lusiad, which
" contains the description of the apparition
" at the Cape of Tempests, and in the sum-
" mer following, the first book, as a further
" specimen, with proposals for printing the
" whole by subscription. Both these speci-
" mens being highly approved of, he relin-
" quished his situation at the Clarendon print-
" ing house, in the spring of 1772, and retired
" to an old mansion-house occupied by a farm-
" er at Forest Hill, a village about five miles
" from Oxford, where he prosecuted his plan
" with such unremitting attention, that in the
" end of the year 1775, this celebrated per-
" formance was published in 4to. at Oxford,
" accompanied by a very numerous and re-
" spectable list of subscribers. When Mr
" Mickle undertook this arduous work, he la-

William Julius Mickle.

" boured under many unfavourable circum-
" stances; Sir Richard Fanshaw had published
" a translation of it in 1655, which gave but a
" faint idea of the beauties of the original. The
" language in which it was composed had been
" but little cultivated by the muses; the au-
" thor's fame was not established in this coun-
" try, and our translator had no other means
" of subsistence than the casual sums he re-
" ceived by subscription. Disadvantages such
" as these might have discouraged weaker
" minds: but looking forward with the enthu-
" siasm of genius, he did not suffer such diffi-
" culties to obstruct his progress, or damp his
" ardour. The praises bestowed by his literary
" friends upon the translation, as it came from
" the press in detached portions, and the con-
" sequent fame which he expected upon its
" publication, banished that melancholy with
" which he had formerly been oppressed, and
" animated him with an unusual degree of
" cheerfulness and vivacity."*

* Life of Mickle, prefixed to Edition of his Poetical Works, p. xxxviii, &c.

William Julius Mickle.

Mr Sim proceeds to detail the disappointment as to patronage which Mickle experienced in the dedication of his work. The profits arising from the first edition, and by the sale of the copy-right for fourteen years, are stated to have amounted to nearly one thousand pounds. Of the first edition, one thousand copies were printed, and had a rapid sale. A second edition, with improvements, was published in 1778. It appears from Mr Sim, that the Rev. Dr Crowe, of Oxford, assisted Mickle in compiling the notes to the Lusiad.*

The neglect he experienced from the nobleman to whom he had dedicated his Lusiad, and other circumstances, preying upon his mind, had reduced him to nearly a state of despondency; when fortunately for Mr Mickle, he received from his patron, Governor Johnson, who was named, in the spring of 1779, commodore of a squadron, the appointment of his secretary, and sailed to the coast of Portugal.

* Life of Mickle, prefixed to Edition of his Poetical Works, p. xlix.

William Julius Mickle.

During this cruise, the squadron went to Lisbon, and his reception there is thus given by his biographer.

" On his landing at Lisbon in November " following, he was received with the utmost " politeness and respect by Prince Don John " of Braganza, Duke of Lafoens, and uncle " to Maria I. then Queen of Portugal, (to " whom he had sent a copy of the Lusiad on " its first publication) who, actuated by feel- " ings very dissimilar to the cold apathy of his " Scotch patron, had been for sometime wait- " ing upon the quay, anxious to be the first to " welcome the translator of the Lusiad to the " native city of his favourite Camoens. By " this distinguished personage, he was intro- " duced to the principal nobility, clergy, and " literati of Portugal, who vied with each " other in shewing him every mark of atten- " tion and respect, during a residence of more " than six months. ' I have made the best " ' use of my time,' he says, ' in seeing every " ' thing in my power, and I have had every " ' assistance from the Portuguese noblesse

" ' and literati; many of whom understand " ' English, and are well acquainted with our " ' literature, and who seem much pleased " ' that a translation of their favourite poem " ' has been well received in England.' "*

On the opening of the Royal Academy of Lisbon, in May, 1780, he was admitted a member, when the Duke of Lafoens, the president, presented his portrait to Mr Mickle, as a mark of his respect.

It was during his residence in Lisbon, that his Almada Hill was principally composed. This poem, which is a supplement to the Lusiad of Camoens, was published in 1781.

Preceding the Lusiad, in Mr Mickle's volume, are—An Introduction; the History of the Discovery of India; the History of the Rise and Fall of the Portuguese Empire in the East; the Life of Luis de Camoens; and a Dissertation on the Lusiad, and Observations upon Epic Poetry. The contents of these divisions

* Sim's Life of Mickle, p. 4.

of Mr Mickle's work are generally known; and for the industry and research which have been bestowed upon them, he is entitled to the most unqualified praise.

With respect to the translation of the poem, Mr Mickle apprises his readers, at the end of his dissertation on the Lusiad, that he had not in some instances strictly followed Camoens. "Your literal translation," he remarks, "can "have no claim to the original felicities of ex- "pression, the energy, elegance, and fire of the "original poetry." And he afterwards writes, that more extensive liberties than what the above sentence implies, had been, on certain occasions, deemed by him advantageous. Mr Mickle stated in another edition, that these alterations had met with the approbation of some of the most eminent Portuguese literati. That this assertion is correct we must grant: but, we must observe, on the other hand, that the Portuguese, although they are disposed to shew every mark of respect to this translation, and admit the honour conferred on the memory of their poet by it, do not feel satisfied at the unfaithful

representation, in many places, of the original; and they appeal to the translations of Homer and Virgil, in the polished languages of Europe, in support of their allegation, that the spirit of the original should be preserved entire, with out compression or extension.*

The liberties taken by Mickle with the Lusiad of Camoens, are of so extensive a nature, as to have rendered his version, in the opinion of an author eminently skilled in the original language, and capable of forming a judgment of it, rather a recomposition than a translation. When it is stated, that in Canto IX. three hundred lines are introduced, which have not any corresponding passage in the Portuguese; and that numerous other material alterations could be pointed out, particularly one in the story of the Genius of the Cape; the reader will judge, how far the author above alluded to is correct in his ideas on the subject. Such liberties, the Portuguese say, are calculated to mislead: and they suppose a case of a future

* Aquino ao Leitor, Obras de Camoens, 12mo, 1782, Tomo 1.

William Julius Mickle.

Voltaire; who, ignorant of the Portuguese language, should form an idea of the poem of Camoens through the medium of the translation of Mickle; and, reading the description of the tempest at the Cape, or the battle in Canto IX. would naturally attribute to Camoens the interpolations of his translator. That the Lusiad, as a poem, has received advantages, and derived beauties from the genius of Mickle, cannot be denied: he has comprest many passages which were weak, and by his excellence in description, added particularly to those parts in which descriptive poetry was either used by Camoens, or could embellish.

In addition to the objections which the Portuguese urge against the freedom of Mr Mickle's translation, they charged him with incivility towards them in some of his remarks.

There have been numerous editions of Mr Mickle's translation, which of late years has been more generally read than at the period of its publication. An elegant edition, in 3 vols. 8vo. was published in London, in 1807, with

engravings, several of which are copied in a small edition of the Lusiad, printed by Didot, Paris, 1815.

While glory thus Alonzo's name adorn'd,
To Lisboa's shores the happy chief return'd,
In glorious peace and well-deserved repose,
His course of fame, and honoured age to close.
When now, O king, a damsel's fate severe,
A fate which ever claims the woeful tear,
Disgraced his honours—On the nymph's lorn head
Relentless rage its bitterest rancour shed:
Yet such the zeal her princely lover bore,
Her breathless corse the crown of Lisboa wore.
'Twas thou, O love, whose dreaded shafts controul
The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul;
Thou ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloyed,
'Twas thou thy lovely votary destroyed.
Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;
The breast that feels thy purest flames divine,
With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.
Such thy dire triumphs!—Thou, O nymph, the while,
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,

William Julius Mickle.

In tender scenes by love-sick fancy wrought,
By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought,
In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,
Languish'd away the slow and lonely hours:
While now, as terror waked thy boding fears,
The conscious stream received thy pearly tears;
And now, as hope revived the brighter flame,
Each echo sigh'd thy princely lover's name.
Nor less could absence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his distant love:
Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow:
By night his slumbers bring thee to his arms,
By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms:
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.
Though fairest princely dames invok'd his love,
No princely dame his constant faith could move:
For thee alone his constant passion burn'd,
For thee the proffer'd royal maids he scorn'd.
Ah, hope of bliss too high—the princely dames
Refused, dread rage the father's breast inflames;
He, with an old man's wintery eye, surveys
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs
The peoples' murmurs of his son's delay
To bless the nation with his nuptial day.

William Julius Mickle.

(Alas, the nuptial day was past unknown,
Which but when crown'd the prince could dare to own.)
And with the fair one's blood the vengeful sire
Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.
Oh, thou dread sword, oft stain'd with heroes' gore,
Thou awful terror of the prostrate Moor,
What rage could aim thee at a female breast,
Unarm'd, by softness and by love possest!

Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian hands,
Before the frowning king fair Inez stands;
Her tears of artless innocence, her air
So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,
Moved the stern monarch; when with eager zeal
Her fierce destroyers urged the public weal;
Dread rage again the tyrant's soul possest,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confest:
O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread,
Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled,
Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes,
And all the mother in her bosom rose.
Her beauteous eyes in trembling tear-drops drown'd,
To heaven she lifted, but her hands were bound;

William Julius Mickle.

Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe; the babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unawed, unconscious of their grandsire's rage;
To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,
The native heart-sprung eloquence of woe,
The lovely captive thus:—O monarch, hear,
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,
If prowling tygers, or the wolf's wild brood,
Inspired by nature with the lust of blood,
Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare,
Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were given;
Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of heaven,
The human form divine, shalt thou deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply!
Oh, that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mould, superfluous were my prayer;
Thou could'st not then a helpless damsel slay,
Whose sole offence in fond affection lay,
In faith to him who first his love confest,
Who first to love allured her virgin breast.
In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,
And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me?
Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,
Oh, let these infants prove thy pious care!

William Julius Mickle.

Yet pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breast where genuine valour glows;
That thou art brave, let vanquish'd Afric tell,
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell;
Ah, let my woes, unconscious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to some barbarous clime:
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Lybia's desarts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore;
There let me, hopeless of return, deplore.
Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale,
The lions roaring, and the tygers yell,
There with mine infant race, consign'd to dwell,
There let me try that piety to find,
In vain by me implored from human kind:
There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,
For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,
The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow:
All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear
These infant pledges of a love so dear,
Amidst my griefs a soothing, glad employ,
Amidst my fears a woeful, hopeless joy.

William Julius Mickle.

In tears she utter'd—as the frozen snow
Touch'd by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,
So just began to melt his stubborn soul
As mild-ray'd pity o'er the tyrant stole;
But destiny forbade: with eager zeal,
Again pretended for the public weal,
Her fierce accusers urged her speedy doom;
Again dark rage diffused its horrid gloom
O'er stern Alonzo's brow: swift at the sign,
Their swords unsheathed around her brandish'd shine.
O foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,
By men of arms, an helpless lady slain!

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious sire;
Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,
He rush'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
And dash'd the daughter on the sacred floor;
While mildly she her raving mother eyed,
Resign'd her bosom to the sword, and died.
Thus Inez, while her eyes to heaven appeal,
Resigns her bosom to the murdering steel:
That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustain'd
The loveliest face where all the graces reign'd,

William Julius Mickle.

Whose charms so long the gallant prince inflamed,
That her pale corse was Lisboa's queen proclaimed;
That snowy neck was stained with spouting gore,
Another sword, her lovely bosom tore.
The flowers that glisten'd with her tears bedew'd,
Now shrunk and languish'd with her blood imbrew'd.
As when a rose, erewhile of bloom so gay,
Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
The snowy white, and all its fragrance fled;
So from her cheeks the roses dy'd away,
And pale in death the beauteous Inez lay:
With dreadful smiles, and crimson'd with her blood,
Round the wan victim the stern murderers stood,
Unmindful of the sure, though future hour,
Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.

O Sun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkness, as of old
A sudden night unwonted horror cast
O'er that dire banquet, where the sire's repast
The son's torn limbs supplied!—Yet you, ye vales!
Ye distant forests, and ye flowery dales!
When pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,
You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call;

William Julius Mickle.

Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,
And Pedro! Pedro! mournful, sigh'd around.
Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
Bewail'd the memory of her hapless loves:
Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill
Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs still.
To give immortal pity to her woe
They taught the riv'let through her bowers to flow,
And still through violet beds the fountain pours
Its plaintive wailing and is named Amours.

Lord Viscount Strangford.

Amongst the names of the translators of the Lusiad in the English language, appears that of Lord Viscount Strangford, who in his volume of "*Poems from the Portuguese of Luis de Ca-*" *moens,*" has presented us with a translation of the Night Scene in the sixth Canto, stanza xxxviii—xliii. His lordship has given the stanzas in "ottava rima," and the original in pages opposite the translation.

SOME ACCOUNT

Concerning the Editions

OF THE

WORKS

Of Camoens.

SOME

ACCOUNT OF THE EDITIONS

OF THE

Works of Camoens.

It would be bold to assert, that the following pages take notice of every edition, which has been published, of the works of Camoens; especially when the state of the literary intercourse which has existed between England and Portugal is considered. As however, a diligent research by the author of these memoirs has been aided by the prompt and obliging exertions of several of his friends, who are admirers of the Portuguese Bard, it is hoped, in the first instance, that few defects will be dis-

covered; and subsequently, that such defects as may be discovered, will be found to have reference to the more recent, rather than to Editions of an earlier date. With respect to any Portuguese editions, which may have appeared since the emigration of the royal family from Lisbon to Brazil, no information has been obtained.

The editor of the edition of the works of Camoens, which appeared in 1779-80, states, "Since the year 1572, in which the poem of "Camoens first issued from the press, the edi- "tions have so greatly multiplied, that Pedro "de Mariz, in the Life of the Poet, which he "wrote and published with some of his Rimas "in 1601, affirms, that up to that time, twelve "thousand copies of the poem alone, had al- "ready been distributed.* Manoel de Faria "e Sousa, the celebrated and unwearied inves- "tigator of the works and actions of Camoens, "makes another calculation; and asserts, that "of the editions sent forth from the first ap-

* Pedro de Mariz must probably have written under a mistake; as only five editions appear to have been published during the interval he mentions.

" pearance of the Lusiad, in 1572, up to the " period when he printed his Commentaries " in 1639, one edition had issued every three " years: this calculation would make the num- " ber twenty-two. The labours of the press " continued, and from 1639 until his time, " the editions came out so repeatedly, that it " would not be easy to enumerate them.*"

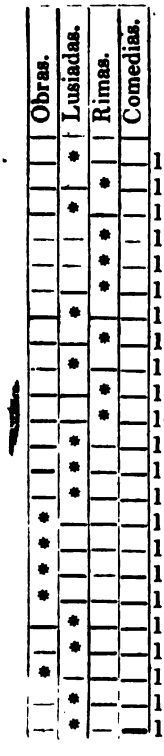
In the calculation by Faria e Sousa, it is conceived, all the works of Camoens were intended to be included; and if this idea be correct, it will be seen by the following list of editions, how nearly his account was accurate, and that the number of editions of the Lusiad, the Rimas, and Plays, did issue from the press within the time he states them to have been published.

* Discurso Preliminar, &c. vol. i. p. 4.

List of Editions.

Obras.	Lusiadas.	Rimas.	Comedias.	
	*			1572
	*			1572
	*			1584
			*	1587
	*			1591
		*		1595
	*			1597
		*		1598
		*		1601
	*			1607
		*		1607
	*			1609
	*			1613
		*		1614
			*	1615
		*		1616
	*			1620
		*		1621
		*		1623
	*			1626
		*		1629
	*			1631
	*			1633
	*			1639
	*			1644
		*		1645

List of Editions.



Os Lusiadas de Luis de Camoēs. Com privilegio Real—Impressos em Lisboa, com licença da Sancta Inquisiçaō, & do Ordinario: em casa de Antonio Gōçaluez Impressor 1572. *4to.*

This title is within a border cut in wood, and formed by two pillars resting upon a base, and having at the top a pelican in the centre feeding its young, with a dolphin on each side of it. The licence of the king, Dom Sebastian, bearing date Lisbon, 24th September, 1571, occupies a page; and states that he was pleased to give his licence to Luis de Camoēs to print, in the city of Lisbon, a work in octava rima, named Os Lusiadas, containing ten entire cantos, and in which are related the principal deeds of the Portuguese in India since the voyage for its discovery, undertaken by order of his grand-father, King Dom Manoel. The grant of copyright for ten years is then given, restraining any persons, except such as to whom licence might be conceded from Camoens, from printing or selling in his European or foreign dominions, or in India, any copy of the work, under a penalty of fifty cruzados, and forfeiture of the copy. This grant of copyright is extended, by a clause in the

ordinance, to any further cantos of the Lusiad, which Camoens might print.

The next page contains the approbation of the holy office, signed "Frey Bertholameu Ferreira," wherein, after explaining that the heathen deities were employed by the poet merely to render his style poetical, and to shew, with greater effect, the difficulties experienced in the discovery of India; it is added, that the author displays much genius and erudition.

The poem follows on 186 numbered leaves, three stanzas on each page, except on the first and last pages, on each of which there are only two. The first line of stanza I. is in Roman character; the rest of the poem is in Italic; and along the top is the title in Roman letter. The stanzas are not numbered. The volume, which is neatly printed, has catch-words, and is in what is denominated inlaid quarto.*

* The Editor of the dictionary of the Academy, in his Catalogue of authors, states, that he always consulted this edition when he entertained any doubt as to the true reading of a word; but that, as the stanzas were not numbered, the authorities have reference to the edition of 1613, to which is added the commentary of Correa.

It is a curious, but authentic fact, that another edition was called for in the same year. This circumstance, so important in the history of Camoens, was, as appears from their silence on the subject, unknown to his earliest biographers, and to the editors of his poem: nor does any mention of it occur until the second life, written by Faria e Sousa, appeared on the publication of the Commentary on the Rimas. His account of it is thus related:—"The poet, "having arrived at Lisbon in 1569, published "his Lusiad, having had the royal privilege "granted to him, dated 4th (24th) September, "1571." He continues, "The demand for "this impression was so extensive that another "appeared in the same year, a circumstance "accounted rare in the world, and which had "never before happened in Portugal.* And "because this may appear strange and incredi- "ble, I assert, that I ascertained the fact in "two editions, which I have, by the variations "in the characters and orthography; from er- "rors contained in the first, and corrected in

* Cosa que aconteció rara vez en el mundo, y en Portugal ninguna màs de esta.—Vid. de Cam. No. 27.

" the second; and from words with which the " text was amended."

No information is handed down to us as to the number of copies which were printed of each edition; or as to whether Camoens, having obtained the licence in his favour, sold the MS. to the bookseller or not; or whether either or both editions were or were not printed at his expence. It is most probable, from the known poverty of his finances at the time, that he had contracted for the sale of his poem; and in either case it will be fair to infer, that he gave his assistance to bring out the work. They were the only editions which appeared during the life of Camoens.

The principal difference in the two editions occurs in the mode of contracting the terminations of some of the words in the one, whilst they appear at length in the other.

Thus, in the curious copy which has been mentioned, in the collection of Lord Holland, and which Dom Joze Maria de Sousa considers the first edition, the two last lines of Canto I. Stanza I. are thus:—

E entre gente remota edificaram
Nouo Reino, que tanto sublimaram.

And in the second edition, a copy of which is in the British Museum, the same lines appear :—

E entre gente remota edificarão
Nouo Reino, que tanto sublimarão.

Other variations also occur. In Lord Holland's copy, the head of the pelican looks to the right, in the other copy to the left.

After the discovery that there were two editions printed in 1572, it was doubted by many whether the difference in the orthography might not have arisen from the types having been replaced with a different set, when they were broken or worn out; an inspection of the two volumes however completely negatives such a conclusion; as a frequency of the variations, and a totally different system of spelling are pursued.

Dom Joze Maria de Souza has been sometime engaged collating copies of these two editions, and intends to print all the variations. In the opinion of this gentleman, the text of

these editions is much to be preferred to that of all those, by which they have been followed.

Copies of either of these editions are of very great rarity.

Besides those mentioned to be in the British Museum, and in Lord Holland's library; a copy of the first edition is in the collection of Dom Joze Maria de Souza, and a copy of the second edition was lately in the Royal Library at Lisbon.

Os Lusiadas de Luis de Camoēs. Agora de nouo impresso, com algūas annotaçoēs, de diuersos autores. Com licença do supremo Conselhō da Sancta & geeral Inquisiçaō, por Manoel de Lyra. Em Lisboa. Anno de 1584.

In the title page to this exceedingly rare volume, is a handsome printer's device, placed between the title and the account of the licences, &c. at the bottom, representing Apollo playing upon a violin, by the music of which he appears to charm a lion and a stag, the heads of which are given, one on each side of his feet, looking up as if listening to

the sound. The motto NON VI SED INGENIO ET ARTE is round the upper part of the device.

On the second leaf is the license, signed by Fr. Bertolameu Ferreira, stating, that by command of the Archbishop of Lisbon, Inquisitor General, he had inspected the "Lusiadas de Luis de Camoēs, "com algūas glosas," that as the book was thus improved, there was not any thing in it against the faith and good customs, and that it might therefore be printed. He adds, as in the former volume, that the author displayed in the work, great genius and erudition.

In the same page, dated "Em Lisboa. 15 de "Maio de 84," and signed Manoel de Coadros, Paulo Afonso, and Jorge Sarraō, is another licence.

On the back of this leaf, an alphabetical table, occupying 19 unnumbered pages, commences:—

"Segue-se a Tavoada pella ordem A, b. c. de "todas as cousas que a autor tocou neste livro sobre "que se fez annotaçao."

A new device of the printer follows, much richer than the former one. The same figure appears, but it is placed within a rich border, in which is a recumbent figure of Diana, and a stag on the top. The poem then begins in Roman letter, and, with the notes in Italic character, occupies 280 numbered leaves. The notes, which are few, are not, as is

usual, confined to the bottom of the page, but are given after the stanzas to which they refer. The stanzas are numbered at the side of each. There are catch-words and signatures. The poem begins with A. A 2. A 3. A 4. A 5. and 6 pages. B. B 2. &c. in the same way, making the volume an 8vo. whilst its size would lead to a supposition that it was in 12mo. Each canto is preceded by a prose argument in Italic letter. In the two last lines of Canto I. Stanza I. the second edition is followed, and on the second page of folio 280 appears, " Im-
" presso com licença do supremo conselho da San-
" cta & gêral Inquisiçaõ. Por Manoel de Lyra.
" Anno de 1584."

This is the description of a volume preserved in the British Museum. It is stated in the commencement of the account that this edition is exceedingly rare; and as a proof of the assertion, Dom Jozè Maria de Sousa had not seen it, but mentions its being noticed by Aquino as the first which was printed after those of 1572; and also says, that no account of it is to be found in Machado. There is not any Alvara for securing the copyright.

The fact of annotations accompanying this edition is at variance with the assertions of the various biographers of Camoens, that Manoel Correa was the first commentator who published his remarks on the Lusiad.

Auto dos Amphitrioens.
Auto de Filodemo.

Hum e outro sahiraõ impressos na 1. *Parte dos Autos, e Comedias Portug. Lisboa por André Lobato,* 1587. 4*to. o* 1 *a fol.* 86.—*e o* 2 *a fol.* 14.

The above notice of this early publication of two of the plays written by Camoens is extracted from Machado,* who writes, that each of these articles was printed in the first part of the Collection of Portuguese Autos and Comedies, published at Lisbon in 1587, by André Lobato, in 4to.; and that the first one commences at the eighty-sixth, and the other at the fourteenth† numbered leaf of that collection.

* Bibliot. Lusitan. Tom. iii, p. 76.

† An Error by Machado for the 144th leaf.

The title to Lobato's work is " Primeira " parte dos Auttos e Comedias Portuguezas, " Lisboa, por André Lobato. 1587. 4to."*

The editors of the Dictionary of the Academy give an account of its contents, in which they state, at folio 86, is the " Auto dos Enfatrioēs, " feito por Luis Camoēs," and at folio 144 " Auto de Filodemo, feito por Luis de Ca- " moēs."

All the Autos in this volume, except those of Camoens, are quoted under the title Prestes.

Antonio Prestes, a native of Santarem, was, according to the opinion of D. Francisco Manoel,† one of the renowned Portuguese comic writers; and he held Prestes in such high estimation, that he found it difficult to say whether Prestes or Gil Vicente were the best.

Affonso Lopes, Moço da Capella Real, published this volume with the above title, &c. with a licence granted in his favour in Lisbon, 21st March, 1587. It contains 12 Autos.

* Dict. of Acad. Cat. of Authors, p. 171.

† Apol. Dial. p. 328.

Os Lusiadas de Luis de Camoẽs. Agora de novo impressos com algũas anotaçoẽs de diversos autores.—Por Manoel de Lyra. Em Lisboa. Anno 1591.

Dom Jozé Maria de Sousa states, that a friend, on whom he could rely, had sent him notice of the above edition, which had the stanzas numbered, and was in such small 8vo. as to appear 16mo.

This description conveys the idea of a volume very similar, except as to the date, to that of Manoel de Lyra, printed in 1584.

Rhythmas de Lvis de Camoes, Diuididas em cinco partes. Dirigidas ao muito Illustre Senhor D. Gonçalo Coutinho. Impressas com licença do supremo Conselho da geral Inquisiçaõ & Ordinario. Em Lisboa, por Manoel de Lyra, anno de M.D.LXXXXV. a custa de Esteuao Lopez Mercador de libros.

Between the end of the title, at the word Coutinho, and the imprint, is a wood-cut; within which

is a tree, and the words MIHI TAXVS. The tree and this inscription are within a half circle, and at each side is a female figure; the one putting out a torch, which by her bearing a branch of a tree, may be supposed to represent peace; whilst the other, holding a glass, into which she is looking, indicates the figure of truth.

This volume, which is the Editio Princeps* of the Rimas, is of the same dimensions as the Editio Princeps of the Lusiadas, and is in small 4to. On the back of the title page is printed a licence, signed "F. Manoel Coelho," followed by a confirmation, dated "Em Lisboa a 17 de Nouembro de 94," signed "O bispo Deluas (D'Elvas). Diogo de Sousa. "Marcos Teixeira." And a further confirmation, dated "a 3 de Dezembro de 94," signed "Ioão "de Lucena Homem."

On the next page is contained the ordinance of the King, Phillip II. of Spain, to the following effect. It is dated 30th December, 1595; and commences by stating, that Esteuaõ Lopez, bookseller, dwelling in Lisbon, had petitioned for licence to publish

* The Licentiate Fernando Rodrigues Lobo Zurupita (Letrado ingenioso, i gran Poeta, i Cortesano) collected what could then be obtained of the Rimas Varias of Camoens, and printed them in the year 1595. Faria e Sousa.

" varias Rimas poeticas de Luis de Camões," which had not then been printed; and also " O livro dos " seus Lusiadas," which had been already published; alleging that he had experienced great trouble to collect the said works, and had expended much money in printing them.

In consequence of this petition the King grants the usual privilege for ten years, imposing the penalty of twenty cruzados on the infringer thereof.

On three pages, follows the address of the editor, Estevaõ Lopez to D. Gonçalo Coutinho, dated " Lisboa 27 de Feuereiro de 95."

He writes, " Two reasons, much illustrious Sen- " hor, determined me to bring to light this part " of the works of the admirable Luis de Camoës, " the Prince of Poets. The first is, because the " productions are such, as to authorize the appella- " tion given to their composer; and the second, " that I might have you for my patron, and avail " myself of your protection, in the risk of appear- " ing before the public. Both of these reasons " point out that I should offer it to you, and re- " quest from you the shelter of your name; for if " the choice of the subject may obtain me praise, I " am also ambitious of having credit in the election " of the patron, under whose protection I rest its " defence. I may be excused from enlarging on

" its merits, however excellent the work may be; " because I give it to the world in the most pure " and improved impression it can have. In this " work is traced that wonderful genius, which I " affirm, if the work live, will render the Por- " tuguese name immortal, &c." He proceeds in a similar strain, to praise the various minor productions which compose the volume, and the richness and elegance of the language used by Camoens; by which, he says, it appears to him, that " on the one " part, he destroys the hope of all others of becom- " ing poets; whilst on the other, he deprives those " of their excuse, who go begging for strange lan- " guages to compose in them, and call their own " steril—less its blame, than their defect."

The remainder of the dedication is principally taken up with complimenting his patron, as was usual at that time; tracing his descent from the infancy of the kingdom of Portugal, and enumerating the virtues of himself, his ancestors, and relatives. The adoption of the olive tree – the tree of Pallas, into the arms of the Coutinhos is then dwelt upon with praise, and its being placed in the title of this volume is alluded to, as also the motto Mihi Taxvs (subservient to me). At the close Lopez writes, " But how can I omit lauding to the skies, the

" magnificent and most heroic act, which you per-
" formed, in giving an honourable burial to the
" bones of this great man, which lay humbly in the
" monastery of Santa Anna. By this act, you not
" only appropriated to yourself the obligation, not
" of this kingdom alone, but of all Spain; but also
" you reaped for yourself, all the glory which it
" would have ensured to the country at large, had
" it united to perform a work so justly due. This
" alone is a sufficient reason that the poems of Ca-
" moens should be dedicated to you, and own no
" other protector but your name!" &c.

On the next two pages are " Epigramma" of Manoel Sousa Coutinho, commencing

" Quod Maro sublimi, &c."

And

Ad Dominum Gondisaluum Coutignum.

Nominibus gentis, donis, Coutigne, Mineruæ,
Nobilitatis honos, Pieridûmque decus.
Victa situ in tenebris Camonij Musa jacebat,
Quo nihil in toto grandius orbe sonat.
Per te squalentem cultum deponit, et audet
Obsita Lysiacæ plectra ferire Lyræ.

Ac velut Orpheo revocasti numere amicum,
Orpheus existet nominis ille tui.
Sic vos alterno viuetis munere, et Orpheus
Alter erit Musæ, nominis alter erit.

On another page,

DE LVIS FRANCO,

SONETO.

Sopra la polue, & l'ossa regnar morte
Potra, & ne i mortali hauer l'impero,
Et sepellir il nome al nuouo Homero,
Et negarli il sepolchro l'empia sorte.
Però la fama del morir piu forte
Lo rese chiaro al vno, e altro Hemisphero,
V'regna Phebo, e oue il popol piu fiero
Habita Hircania, Scythia, & Caspie porte.
Di Gonzallo mercê gentil Coutigno,
Per Muse illustre, & arme, & aui Illustri.
Ch' al Camões nella morte fu Mecena.
Per cui Phenice egli rinasce, e vn cingo,
Per cui viurà nel mondo mille lustri
La sua dolce, & altissona camena.

On two other pages are Bernardes' sonnet in praise of Camoens, and one by Diego Taborda Leitaõ, commencing

" Spirito, que ao Empyreo cèo voaste," &c.

The address or " Prologo aos Leytores," written by Surrupita,* and which is reprinted in the editions of the works of Camoens, published in 1779 and 1782, succeeds on five pages.

The title, &c. occupy sixteen unnumbered pages, and are followed by " Rithmas de Luis de Camões, repartidas em cinco partes. Parte primeira dos Sonetos." occupying from folio one, to and with folio twenty-one, the leaves being now numbered. This first part contains sixty-six sonnets, one of which numbered fifty-eight, is not the production of Camoens, but inserted because the Portuguese poet replied to it. Numbers 1, 2, 3, 30, 31, 36, (37 called 39), 42, 43, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, occupy a page each, and are in Italic letter: the rest are in Roman letter, and two are contained in a page. There is not any number fifty-two.

* Machado writes, " they were published by the industry of Fernando Rodrigues Lobo Surrupita, a great lawyer and a good poet."

At folio 22, commences, " Segunda parte, das " Cançōes," wherein are comprised the Cançōes, Sextinas, and Odes, in Italic and Roman letter.

At folio 51, " Terceira parte. Das Elegias & " algūas Oitauas." The elegies are given alternately in Italic and Roman letter, the oitavas in Italic.

At folio 71, " Quarta parte, das Ecglogas;" all in Italic letter. At folio 135, " Quinta parte, Das " redondilhas, motes, esparsas, & grosas," all in Italic letter to folio 168, called 166. After this is the " Taboado" on six unnumbered pages.

Immediately preceding the " Taboada" are the following verses, which do not occur in the third or more modern editions, although the first line is included in the index to the third edition. The poem is probably not the production of Camoens.

SEMTENÇAS DO AUTOR POR FIM DO LIURO.

Vay o bem fugindo
crese o mal cos annos
vanse descubrindo
ao tempo os enganos.

Amor & alegria
menos tempo dura
triste de quem fia
nos bens da ventura.

bem sem fundamento
tem certa mudança
certo sentimento
na dor la lembrança.

Quem viue contente
viua receoso
mal que se não sente
he mais piriguoso.

Quem males sintio
saiba ja temer
& pello que vio
julge o que a de ser.

Alegre viuia
triste viuo agora
chora a alma de dia
& de noite chora.

Confesso os enganos
de meu pensamento
bem de tantos annos
foise num momento.

Meus olhos que vistes
pois vos atreuestes
choray olhos tristes
o bem que perdestes.

Aluz do sol pura
so a vos se nega
seja anoite escura
nunca a menhã chege.

O campo floreça
mormurem as agoas
tudo me entristeça
creção minhas magoas.

Quisera mostrar
o mal que padeço
nam lhe da lugar
quem lhe deu comeso.

Em tristes cudados
passo a triste vida
cudados cansados
vida aborreçida.

Nunca pude crer
o que agora creo
segoume o prazer
do mal que me veo.

Ah ventura minha
como me negaste
hum so o bem que tinha
porque mo roubaste?

Triste fantesia
quanta cousa guarda
quem ja visse odia
que tanto lhe tarda.

Nesta ida de sega
nada permaneçe
o que inda não chega
ja desapareçe.

Qual quer esperança
foge como o vento
tudo fas mudansa
saluo meu tromento.

Amor sego & triste
quem o tem padeçe
mal quem lhe resiste
mal quem lhe obedese.

No meu mal esquiuo
sey como amor trata
& pois nelle viuo
neuhũ amor mata.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF POETRY CONTAINED IN THE FIRST EDITION OF THE RIMAS,

With References to the Order in which they stand.

SONETOS.

No.
13. A. Alma minha gentil que te partiste.
18. Aquella triste & leda madrugada.
35. Alegres campos, verdes aruoredos.
45. Amor com esperança ja perdida.
46. Apollo, & as noue Musas discantando.
48. Apartauase Nise de Montano.
9. B. Busca amor nouas artes, nouo engenho.
17. C. Clara minha enemiga em cuja mão.
57. Como fezeste doce a tal ferida.

No.

12. D. Doces lembranças da passada gloria.
16. De vos me aparto ò Nymphas em tal mudança.
50. Depois de tantos dias mal gastados.
59. De tão diuino assento, & voz humana.
60. Debaixo desta pedra está metido.
66. Daime huma lei Senhora de querervos.
1. E. Em quanto quis fortuna que tiuesse.
2. Eu cantarei de amor tão docemente.
6. Em flor vos arrancou de então crescida.
19. Espanta crecer tanto o Crocodilo.
21. Em fermosa Lathea se confia.
23. Estase a Primauera trasladādo.
25. Está o lasciuo & doce passarinho.
62. Eu me aparto de vos Nymphas do Tejo.
33. F. Fermosos olhos que na idade nossâ
64. Fermosura do ceo a nos decida.
41. G. Gran tempo ha que soube da ventura.
30. H. Hum mouer d'olhos brādo & piadoso.
37. L. Lindo & subtil trançado que ficaste.
47. Lembranças saudosas se cudaes.
22. M. Males que contra mī vos conjurastes.
53. Mudase o tempo mudanse as vontades.
7. N. Num iardim adornado de verdura.
14. Num bosque que das nimphas se abitaua.
32. Não passes caminhante, quem me chama.
51. Nayadas que os rios abitaes.
15. O. Os Reinos, & os Imperios poderosos.
34. O fogo que na branda cera ardia.
38. O Cisne quando sente ser cheguada.
43. O como seme alongua de anno em anno.

No.

5. P. Passo por meus trabalhos tam isento.
26. Pedeme o desejo dama que vos veja.
27. Porque quereis senhora que o fereça.
39. Pellos estremos raros que mostrou.
65. Pois meus olhos não cansaõ de chorar.
10. Q. Que ve senhora claro, & manifesto.
11. Quando da bella vista & doce riso.
29. Quando o Sol emcuberto vay mostrando.
36. Quantas veses do fusa se esquecia.
49. Quando vejo que meu destino ordena.
55. Quem jaz no grão Sepulchro que descreue.
56. Quem pode liure ser gintil senhora.
58. Quem he este que na arpa Lusitana.
61. Que vençais no Oriente tantos Reys.
20. S. Se quando vos perdi minha esperança.
24. Sete annos de pastor Iacob seruia.
28. Se tanta pena tenho merecida.
42. Se algũa hora em vos a piedade.
54. Se as penas com que amor tam mal me trata.
3. T. Tanto de meu estado me acho incerto.
4. Trasformase o amador na cousa amada.
8. Todo animal da calma repousaua.
31. Tomoume vossa vista soberana.
40. Tomaua Deliana por vinguança.
44. Tempo he ja que minha confiança.
63. V. Vossos olhos senhora que competem.

CANÇÕES.

2. A. A instabilidade da fortuna.
6. C. Com força desusada.

No.

1. F. Fermosa & gentil dama quando vejo.
3. I. Ia a Roxa menha clara.
9. Iunto de hum seco fero, & esteril monte.
7. M. Mandame amor que cante docemente.
5. S. Se este meu pensamento.
8 T. Tomey a triste pena.
4. V. Vaõ as serenas agoas.
10. Vinde quâ meu tam serto secretario.

SEXTINA.

F. Fogeme a pouco a pouco a curta vida.

ODES.

1. D. Detem hum pouco Musa o largo pranto.
4. F. Fermosa fera humana.
5. N. Nunca manhã suaue.
3. S. Se de meu pensamento.
2. T. Tam suaue, tam fresca, & tam fermosa.

ELEGIAS.

2. A. Aquella de amor descomedido.
1. O. O poeta Simonides falando.
3. O Sulmonense Ouuidio desterrado.

CAPITULO.

A. Aquelle mouer de olhos excellente.

OITAVA RIMA.

No.
2. C. Como nos vossos hombros tam constantes.
3. M. Muy alto Rey aquem os ceos en sorte.
1. Q. Quem pode ser no mundo tam quieto.

EGLOGAS.

2. A. Ao longo do sereno.
5. A quem darei queixumes namorados.
6. A rustica contenda desusadas.
7. As doçes cantilenas que cantauão.
8. Arde por gualathea branca, & loura.
4. C. Cantando por hum valle docemente.
3. P. Passado ja algum tempo que os amores.
1. Q. Que grande variedade vão fazendo.

REDONDILHAS, MOTES, SPARSAS, & GLOSAS.

16. A. A morte pois que sou vosso.
29. Amor que todos offende.
37. A dor que minha alma sente.
39. Amores de hũa casada.
43. Aquell catiua.
50. Apartaraose os meus olhos.
57. Amor loco, amor loco.
11. C. Conde cuyo elustre peito.
12. Campos bemauenturados.
33. Caterina bem promete.

No.

34. C. Corre sem vela, & sem leme.
69. Com vosos olhos gonçalues.
3. D. Dama de estranho primor.
25. Da doença en que ardeis.
26. Deu senhora por sentença.
28. De atormentado & perdido.
36. Descalça vay pola neue.
38. Dalma, & de quanto tiuer.
49. De piquena tomey amor.
55. De vuestros ojos centellas.
56. De dentro tengo mi mal.
70. De que me serue fogir.
40. E. Enforquey minha esperança.
61. Eses alfinetes vão.
71. Este mundo es el camino.
51. F. Falso caualeiro ingrato.
75. H. Ha hum bem que chega and foge.
15. I. Ia naõ posso ser contente.
22. Iusta fue mi perdicion.
58. Irme quiero madre.
9. M. Mas porem aque cudados.
10. Muito sois meu enemiguo.
20. Minha alma lembraiuos della.
24. Menina fermosa & crua.
46. Menina dos olhos verdes.
68. Menina naõ sey dizer.
30. N. Naõ estejaes agrauada.
67. Naõ sey se me engana Elena.
27. O. Olhay que dura sentença.

No.
76. O. Olhos naõ vos mereci.*
6. P. Peçouos que mediguaes.
41. Pus o coraçaõ nos olhos.
42. Pus meus olhos nũa funda.
54. Para que me daõ tormentos.
64. Pois he mais vosse que meu.
66. Pois me faz dano olharuos.
74. Por cousa taõ pouca.
2. Q. Querendo escreuer hum dia.
31. Quem no mundo quizer fer.
35. Qual tera culpa de nos.
44. Quem hora soubese.
72. Quando me quer enganar.
1. S. Sobre os rios que vaõ.
4. Sospeitas que me quereis.
5. Se deriuaes de verdade.
7. Se naõ quereis padecer.
8. Se vossa dama vos da.
18. Sem vos, & com meu cudado.
19. Sem ventura he por demais.
23. Senhora se eu alcançasse.
32. Senhora pois me chamais.
45. Se me leuaõ aguas.
52. Se de meu mal me contento.
59. Saudade miuha.
65. Senhora pois minha vida.
13. T. Trabalhos descansarião.
14. Trista vida se me ordena.

* In the text, but not in the index.

No.
21. T. Tudo pode hũa afeição.
47. Trocay o cudado.
62. Todo es poco lo posible.
17. V. Vejo nalma pintada.
48. Ver, & mais guardar.
53. Vos senhora tudo tendes.
60. Vida da minha alma.
63. Vede bem senos meus dias.
73. Vos teneis mi coraçon.
77. Vay o bem fugindo.

A copy of this rare volume is in the collection of Mr Heber.

Os Lusiadas de Luis de Camões. Polo original antigo agora novamente impressos. Em Lisboa, com licença do Sancto Offisio & Priuilegio Real. Por Manoel de Lyra, 1597. *A custa de Esteuão Lopez Mercador de liuros.* 4*to.*

The title is within a large wood-cut, which has nothing peculiar about it, by which it can be described. On the reverse of the title, and occupying great part of the next page, is the certificate of Frey Manoel Coelho, of his having examined " Es- " tas Obras de Luis de Camões, as quaes foraõ ja

" muitas vezes impressas & emendadas." in which, after explaining the use made by Camoens of the heathen Gods, and citing the Holy Scriptures as an authority for such licence, he declares, that he does not find any thing in the work contrary to the holy faith and good customs; but that it abounds with much poetry, and is worthy of being printed and read.

This certificate precedes the licence dated " Em " Lisboa 15 de Nouembro de mil e quinhentos & " nouenta & quartro" (1594) signed " O Bispo " deluas, Dioguo de Sousa, Marcos Teixeira."

On the fourth page is the Alvara of the King, granting the privilege to Lopez, dated 30th December, 1595, as given in the account of the Editio Princeps of the Rimas.

The poem commences nearly the same as the Editio Princeps of the Lusiad, and occupies, like it, 186 numbered leaves. The last two lines in Canto I. Stanza I. are the same as in Lord Holland's copy. Although Dom Jozé Maria de Sousa feels inclined to praise the editor and printer of this edition, for nearly fulfilling their promise of making it correspond with the first edition of the Lusiad; yet he points out some passages where they have injudiciously taken upon them to alter the text.

A copy of this edition is in the library of Mr Heber.

Rimas—1598—*4to.*

This edition, a copy of which is in Mr Heber's possession, is not mentioned by Machado.

Rimas—1601.

The only mention that I find of this publication, is in the Discurso Preliminar, which appeared with the works of Camoens, published in 1779—80. "Afirma Pedro de Mariz, na "vida que escreveo, e imprimio com algumas "Rhythmas do Poeta em 1601." Of what these "Rythmas" consisted I have not been able to discover, or whether a wrong date may not have been given. We have already seen an account of two editions of the Rimas, and the next one is entitled the third impression.

Os Lusiadas—1607.

An edition of the Lusiad of this date is thus noticed by Machado, "Ibi por Pedro Cras-

" beck, 1607, dedicado á Universidade de Co-
" imbra" without stating any particulars as to its size. Dom Jozé Maria de Sousa mentions the above notice of it by Machado, and states that he had not seen it. May not Machado have quoted it amongst the editions of the Lusiad instead of the Rimas?

Rimas de Lvis de Camões. Acrescentadas nesta Terceyra impressaõ. Dirigidas à inclyta Uniuersidade de Coimbra. Impressas com licença da Sancta Inquisição. Em Lisboa. Por Pedro Crasbeeck. Anno 1607. *A custa de Domingos Fernandez Mercador de libros. Com Priuilegio. Inlaid* 4to.

In the title page is a square wood-cut, in which is a globe with the words " IN DEO" upon it.

The various licences, which occupy the first page of the second leaf, bear date some in June, and others in July of the preceding year. On the other side of this leaf is the King's Alvara in favour of Vicencia Lopez, the widow of Estevaõ Lopez; setting forth the grant to her husband to print the Lusiad and the Rimas of Camoens for ten years, and

that as her husband had died, leaving her with five children, and in indigent circumstances, he was graciously pleased to extend the grant to twenty years.

On the next leaf is the sonnet in praise of Camoens,

" Qnem he este que na harpa Lusitana, &c."

followed by " Prologo ao Leitor," by Domingos Fernandez, which occupies two pages. In this he states, that the two former impressions having been sold, and determining to print a third, he had taken care to have the errors of the former ones corrected; so that this edition might be every way worthy the great genius of its author. He adds, that the love he bears his country will be his sole reward for the great trouble the editing this edition will cost him; and that his correction of the errors of the former editions was not the only benefit the works of Camoens had derived from him, for he had rescued many of the poems from the oblivion in which they were hid; having increased the second impression with nearly double the number of sonnets which the first contained, five odes, some tercetos, and three letters in prose. He contemplates the publishing a second part of the Rimas, having by his diligence ascertained many of

the works of Camoens; he therefore does not add them to this edition, but retains them for the second part, which he was preparing, and which would appear in a short time. The vacant page is taken up with Bernardes's sonnet in praise of Camoens. The Rimas then begin, and are contained in 202 numbered leaves, besides which, are five more occupied by the Taboada.

In this edition are added to the first impression, the following

SONNETS—

A. Amor que o gesto humano n'alma escreve.
Amor he hum fogo que arde sem se ver.
Aquella fera humana que enriquece.
A perfeiçaõ, a graça, o doce geito.
Aquella que de pura castidade.
B. Bem sey amor que he cesto o que receo.
C. Com grandes esperanças ja cantei.
Como quando do mar tempestuoso.
Conversaçaõ domestica affeiçoa.
D. Despois que quis amor que eu sò passasse.
Ditoso seja aquelle que sòmente.
Dos illustres antigos que deixaraõ.
E. Em prisoẽs baixas foi hum tempo atado.
Esforço grande igual ao pensamento.
F. Ferido sem ter cura parecia.
Fiouse o coraçaõ de muito isento.

F. Foi ja num tempo doce causa amar.
I. Ia a saudosa aurora destoucava.
L. Leda serenidade deleitosa.
N. Na metade do ceo subido ardia.
No tempo que de amor viver soya.
No mundo quis hum tempo que se achasse.
No mundo poucos annos, & cansados.
O. O culto divinal se celebrava.
Ondados fios de ouro relusente.
Os vestidos Elisa revolvia.
O quão caro me custa o entenderte.
O rayo cristalino se estendia.
P. Pensamentos que agora novamente.
Q. Quando de minhas magoas a comprida.
Quem fosse acompanhado juntamente.
Que levas cruel morte? hum claro dia.
Que poderei do mundo ja querer.
Que me quereis perpetuas saudades.
Quem quiçer ver de amor hũa excellencia.
R. Rezaõ he ja que minha confiança.
S. Sospiros inflamados que cantais.
Se pena por amarvos se merece.
Se tomar minha pena em penitencia.
Se despois de esperança taõ perdida.
V. Verdade, amor, razaõ, merecimento
Vos que de olhos suaves, & serenos.
Vos Nymphas da Gangetica espessura.

ODES—

A quem daraõ de pindo os moradores.

Aquelle unico exemplo.
Aquelle moço fero.
Fogem as neves frias.
Pode hum desejo immenso.
Se de meu pensamento.

TERCETO—

Despois que Magalhães teve tecida.

REDONDILHAS, MOTES, &c.—

Amor cuja providencia.
Esconjurote Domingas.
Menina formosa.
Os bõs vi sempre passar.
Possible es a mi cuidado.
Perguntaisme quem me mata.
Pequenos contentamentos.
Perdigaõ perdeo a pena.
Pois a tantas perdições.
Se n'alma, & no pensamento.
Sem ventura he por demais.
Se alma verse naõ pode.
Se me desta terra for.
Se Helena apartar.
Tendeme maõ nelle.
Venceome amor naõ no nego.
Vosso bem querer senhora.
Verdes saõ os campos.
Verdes saõ as hortas.

The following pieces, which were in the first edition, are not found in this.

SONNETS—

Espanta crecer tanto o Crocodilo.
Eu me aparto de vos Nymphas do Tejo.

REDONDILHAS, &c.—

Caterina bem promete.

The two letters from India are also additions by Fernandez to the Rimas. The third letter mentioned in the "prologo" is in the body of the work; and conveyed the "mote," &c. which commences "Mas porem a que cuidados" to Dona Francisca d'Aragaõ, who had requested him to write a little poem, to which the above line should give the subject.

The preliminary papers and all the sonnets, except the first, are in Roman letter: the remainder of the volume, with very trifling exceptions, is in Italic character.

Copies of this rare edition are in the Public Library at Brussels, and in the author's collection of books relating to Camoens.

Os Lvsiadas de Lvis de Camoẽs Principe da Poesia Heroica. Dedicados ao D. Dom. Rodrigo da Cunha, Deputado do S. Officio. Impressos com licença da Sancta Inquisiçaõ, & Ordinario. Em Lisboa, Por Pedro Crasbeeck: anno 1609. *Com Privilegio, à custo de Domingos Fernandez liureyro. Inlaid* 4*to.*

On the back of the title page begins the dedication (" A Dom Rodrigo da Cunha—Doctor en Canones, & deputado do Santo Officio. D. F. D. F.") printed in Roman letter, and ending in the following page. It bears date " Mayo 22 de 609," and is signed " Domingos Fernandez." On the back of this second leaf, are four licences, dated Lisbon, in June or July, 1606.

The poem, contained in 186 numbered leaves, follows. The first Stanza of each Canto is in Italic type. The last two lines of Canto I. Stanza I. end with the contractions *edificaraõ* and *sublimaraõ*.

The above particulars of this edition, which does not appear to have been seen by Dom Jozé Maria de Souza, were communicated to the author of these memoirs by Mr Heber, who

obligingly made the extracts for this work from a copy in the Public Library at Brussels.

Machado mentions the edition "pelo dito "Impressor (Pedro Crasbeeck) 1609, dedica- "do a D. Rodrigo da Cunha deputado do "Santo Officio que depois subio as mitras de "Portalegre, Porto, Braga, e Lisboa."*

Os Lusiadas Do Grande Luis de Camoens Principe da Poesia Heroica. Commentadas pelo Licenciado Manoel Correa Examinador Synodal do Arcebispado de Lisboa, & Cura da Igreja de S. Sebastiaõ da Mouraria, natural da cidade de Elvas, dedicadas ao Doctor D. Rodrigo d'Acunha, Inquisidor Apostolico do Sancto Officio de Lisboa. Por Domingos Fernandez, sen Liureyro. Com licença do S. Officio Ordinario, y paço. Em Lisboa, por Pedro Crasbeeck, anno 1613. *Esta taxado este livro em* 820 *Reis em papel.*

This volume is apparently in 4to. and is described as such by Machado. The poem and commentaries occupy 308 numbered leaves. Besides these, the

* Bibliot. Lusitan. Tom. iii. p. 74.

licences, which all bear date in the early part of the year 1611, take up a page; on the reverse of which the dedication to D'Acunha commences, bearing date the 12th February, 1613, and filling up two sides. At the head of this dedication is a rude wood-cut of arms. Following the dedication is a short address from the commentator to the reader, which occupies a page; and wherein he states, "I made these annotations many years be- "fore, at the request of a friend, and without any "intention of publishing them; because, if I had "entertained such intention, I would have publish- "ed them in the life-time of Camoens, who repeat- "edly requested me to do so."

He proceeds: "I now give them to the world "solely for the honour of Luis de Camoēs, because "his work not being understood by all, is calumni- "ated by many, and denounced by others. Some "without the light of literature, comment upon "him in such a manner, as rather to render him "obscure, and to dishonour him; their annotations "being opposite to the feeling of the poet, and the "truth of history and his poems. I beseech of the "reader, therefore, that he will accept this work "in the spirit in which I offer it to him."

Another address to the studious in poetical read- ing precedes the poem. In this are recounted

several anecdotes respecting Camoens, which have been introduced into the life.

Machado writes, "This poem (the Lusiad) "was illustrated with learned notes by diffe- "rent authors, Manoel Correa, Licenciate in "the sacred Canons, &c. a great friend of "Camoens, being the first; whose work Pe- "dro de Mariz published in Lisbon, from the "press of Pedro Crasbeeck, 1613, 4to. and "added to it some notes, as he says, in the "Prologue."

In this Prologue Pedro de Mariz mentions that his additions were made with the privity and leave of the commentator. The fact of notes being given in the Edition of 1584, is rather at variance with this assertion by Machado of Manoel Correa's being the first commentator.

Pedro de Mariz published this commentary after the death of Correa; and Ignacio Garcez Ferreira states, that the commentary is unsatisfactory, inasmuch as attention has been paid to explain historical, fabulous, and geographical expressions; whilst obscure passages are left without any exposition. Domingos Fernandez,

or Pedro de Mariz, has incurred the displeasure of Dom Jozé Maria de Sousa, for having deviated sometimes from the text of Camoens, without giving any reason for such a liberty. Correa was dead when his commentary was published, therefore not accountable for the faults of his editors.

The illustrations by Correa were re-printed in the edition of 1720, mentioned hereafter.

Copies of this work are in the libraries of Dom Jozé Maria de Souza, and Mr Heber.

Rimas—1614.

Respecting an edition of this date Machado* has the following remark:—" Four editions were sold in less than twenty years; since, in 1614, Domingos Fernandes published the fifth, stating in his prologue, " *In this fifth* " *edition I do not add the many works, which* " *my diligence has discovered in certain originals* " *never before printed; because in the second* " *part of these Rimas, which I am printing, they*

* Bibliot. Lusitan. iii. p. 75. 76.

"*will shortly appear.*" This promise, Machado continues, he fulfilled in the year 1616.

Comedia Dos Enfatriões. Composta Por Luis De Camões. Em a qual entraõ as figuras seguintes, &c. &c. Em Lisboa. Impressa com todas as licenças necessarias. Por Vicente Aluarez. 1615. *4to.*

Comedia De Filodemo. Composta Por Luis De Camões. Em a qual entrão as figuras seguintes, &c. &c. Em Lisboa. Impressa com todas as licenças necessarias. Por Vicente Aluarez. 1615. *4to.*

These plays are printed in double columns. See the next article.

Rimas de Luis De Camões, Segvnda Parte, agora nouamente impressas com Duas Comedias do Autor. Com duos Epitafios feitos a sua sepultura, que mandaraõ fazer Dom Gonçalo Coutinho, & Martim Gonçalves da Camara. E hum

Prologo em que conta a vida do Author. Dedicado ao Illustrissimo, & Reuerendissimo Senhor D. Rodrigo d'Acunha Bispo de Portalegre, & do Conselho de sua Mageslade. Com todas as licenças necessarias. Em Lisboa. Na officina de Pedro Crasbeeck, 1616. *A custa de Domingos Fernandez Mercador de liuros. Esta taixado a tostaõ em papel. Com Privilegio Real.* 4*to.*

For the following particulars concerning this very curious edition, which is preserved in the Public Library at Brussels, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr Heber, who obligingly examined the volume for me.

On the reverse of the title are six licences of various dates—that to the two Comedies is dated July 11, 1605. Lisboa—that to the "Creaçao," September 4, 1608. Eleven leaves of preliminary matter follow; after which commence the Rimas Segunda parte, principally in Italic type, and occupying forty numbered leaves. This part of the Rimas is succeeded by the Poem on the Creaçaõ, &c. with a separate title-page, thus: "Obra do "Grande Lvis De Camões, Principe Da Poesia "Heroyca. Da Creaçaõ, & Composiçaõ do Ho-

" mem. Com as licençaa necessarias. Em Lisboa " Por Pedro CrasbeecK. Anno 1615." This poem occupies thirty-five numbered leaves, and is printed in Italic. The signatures in eights run from A. 1. to E. 4. The running head-title is " Rimas de L. de Camões. 2 parte." The first canto contains sixty stanzas, the second seventy-two stanzas, and the third seventy stanzas.

The two Comedies are printed in Roman letter, and have separate title-pages to each, besides which they occupy forty leaves, numbered regularly on through both. The Dos Enfatrioẽs ends on the 17th recto; and the Filodemo begins on the 18th and ends on the 40th recto. Signatures A a 1. to E e. 2. For the titles see the last article.

It is in this volume that the poem, which has been attributed by some people to Camoens, first made its appearance. In the dedication to the volume, however, the editor, Domingos Fernandes, gives almost a decided negative to its being the composition of the Portuguese bard; and the idea is now quite exploded. Fernandes writes, that the Rhythmas which he had collected, were certified to be by Camoens; but he adds, " various persons have given me

"others, and in the hands of many illustrious "Senhors, I found three cantos on the Crea- "tion of Man, in ottava rima, which are pla- "ced at the end of this book, but which you "assure me are not his." The editor of the works of Camoens published in 1779—80 quotes, in his preface, the above extract, and states, the testimony of the Archbishop was sufficient to satisfy the world, that Camoens was not the author of the work. He, however, pursues his refutation, and gives the remark of Faria e Sousa, in his Commentary on Vol. IV. of the Rimas, page 158, col. 1. wherein, after denying the fact, he gives it as his opinion, that it was the performance of some physician or surgeon, who had versified the second part of a work on anatomy, printed by Bernardino de Montana, in 1551: this second part is intitu- "led Sueno da Marquez de Mondejar D. Luis "Hurtado de Mendoça." The fiction is, that this chevalier had, in a dream, seen this fabric of the composition of man in the shape of a palace.

Besides this peculiarity, the Comedies, print- ed in the preceding year, and probably pub-

lished for separate sale, render this volume an object of curiosity.

The editors of the Dictionary of the Academy* state, that they decline to quote the poem under the name of Camoens, because of the uncertainty which there was as to its being his composition.

Lusiad—1620.

Lusiada de Luiz de Camoens agora novamente reduzida por Manoel Correa Montenegro.

Machado gives the above as the title to this edition, which, he writes, was dedicated to the Duke of Braganza, D. Theodosio.† The dedication is dated Salamanca, 15th August, 1620. In it the editor states, "that he met with the "work some years past, and determined to re-"store it, and correct its many errors, &c." That he took very extensive liberties may be inferred from the prologue, wherein he pro-

* Catalogue of Authors, p. 171.

† Machado iii. p. 333.

ceeds to say, "Luis de Camoens began to il-
"lustrate the Portuguese language, reforming
"many ancient and obsolete words, and intro-
"ducing others from the Latin, &c. which
"remedied the poverty of our language. And
"in order that such illustrious works should
"not sink into oblivion, or be undervalued,
"we found out one of the most ancient co-
"pies as the poet wrote, and, entering on the
"work, we changed all the esdruxulos* and
"sharp verses, because they are by no means
"proper in heroic verse, at least at this day.
"We have also substituted words for others,
"where they appeared to sound better, &c."

Rimas de Luis de Camões, novamente acrescentadas, & emendadas nesta Impressaõ. Dirigidas a D. Gonçalo Coutinho, com dous Epithafios à sua sepultura que està en Santa Anna que mandaram fazer Dom Gonçalo Coutinho & Martin Gonçalvez da Camara. Anno 1621. *Em Lisboa, com todas as licenças necessarias Por Antonio Aluares. A Custa de Domingos Fernan-*

* A sort of short verse which ends in Dactyles, from the Italian esdrucciolo.—Vieyra.

dez Mercador de Livros. Com privilegio Real. Tayxadas a 160 *Reis em papel.*

A rude wood-cut of small size is in the title-page, with the words "MIHI TAXUS."

This volume is remarkable for one of the licences in it, signed Frey Antonio Freyre, and bearing date "Em Nosso Senhora Da Graça de Lisboa" 11th July, 1614; wherein it is stated, that the examiner had perused the Rimas as published in 1598; and as they are corrected in this edition, in four or five places, which he judged indecent, he sees no objection to their appearance. The expressions which may have offended the fastidious delicacy of this monk can only be ascertained by a minute examination of the two editions.

The dedication, in four pages, dated 16th December, 1621, follows the licences, and is succeeded by a number of sonnets and epigrams, (amongst the former is the sonnet of Tasso,) chiefly in praise of Camoens, and by the two epitaphs.

The "Prologo" of Domingos Fernandez immediately precedes the poems; wherein he writes that this is the fifth edition of the Rimas, and that all endeavours had been used to render it correct, and better than the others. He repeats nearly what he said in the "Prologo" to the third edition, as to

his having rescued many of the compositions from the obscurity in which they were buried.

The titles, &c. occupy sixteen pages, which are not numbered; and the rest of the volume, commencing with sonnets, is composed of 202 folios, or numbered leaves; the Letters being placed at the last as in the third edition. A "Taboada" of eleven unnumbered pages, closes the volume. The Italic printing, so general in the third edition, is only partially introduced in this volume amongst the odes, eclogues, outavas, and redondilhas. There are in the work,—105 Sonnets; 10 Cançoēs; 10 Odes; Sextinas; 3 Elegies; A Dom Lionis Pereira, &c.; Capitulo "Aquelle mover," &c.; Outavas A Dom Antonio de Noronha & á Dom Constantino; Outava á setta que o papa mandou a el Rey Dom Sebastiaō; 8 Eclogues; Redondilhas; Cartas.

This edition would appear to be a re-print of that published in 1614, because Domingos Fernandez states in his prologue, as he did in that edition, that he had not added his new discoveries, but kept them for the second part of the Rimas, which he intended to publish. This is very extraordinary, because this second part appeared in 1616, as we have shewn.

A copy of this edition is in the library of Mr Gooden.

Rimas—1623. 24*mo.* 2 *Tom. Por Lourenço Crasbeeck.*

Machado is the authority for this edition.

Os Lvsiadas de Lvys de Camoẽs. Cõ todas as licẽças necessarias. Em Lisboa. Por Pedro Crasbeeck Impressor del Rey. An. 1626. 32*mo.*

After the licences, bearing date in 1625 and 1626, is a dedication to Dom Joam d'Almeida do Concelho del Rey nosso Senhor, signed Lourenço Crasbeeck, and dated 15th April, 1626.

In the first volume of these memoirs, I have particularly mentioned this dedication. The author of it states, that his inducement for printing the poem in so small a volume, was the consideration that "the curious might not "content themselves with reading it only, but "also carry it constantly with them."

After the dedication are the sonnet of Tasso, and a sonnet addressed to Joam d'Almeida. The

poem then succeeds, and occupies 141 numbered leaves. In Canto I. St. I.; lines 7 and 8, end with the contractions "edificaraõ" and "sublimaraõ."

A copy of this little edition is in the library of Mr Heber, and another is mentioned in Bridge's catalogue, 1725.

It would appear, from an address to the reader, in the edition of 1631, that the type was brought from abroad in order to print this very small volume.

Rimas de Luis de Camões. Emendadas nesta duodecima impressaõ de muitos erros das passadas. Offrecidas ao Excellentiss. S. Dõ Manoel de Moura Corterreal Marques de Castel Rodrigo, &c. 1629. *Em Lisboa, cõ todas as licenças necessarias. Por Pedro Craesbeeck impressor del Rey.* 32*mo.*

The licences, some of which are dated in 1626, occupy a page, and are followed by the sonnets of Bernardes, and Leitaõ, and of a friend of Camoens, commencing "Quem he este que na harpa Lusi-" tana;" and also by "á sepultura de Luis de Ca-" mões Soneto, tirado de versos destes suas rimas,"

por Joaõ Gomez do Pego. A short dedication, by Pedro Craesbeeck, precedes the Rimas, dated Lisbon, 3rd July, 629. The poems occupy 174 numbered leaves, and are the same as in the edition of 1621.

A copy of this edition is in the library of Mr Heber; who also possesses a duplicate, at the end of which, without any title-page, but the same in size, are given, "*Rimas de Lvis de* "*Camões, Segunda parte,*" on 58 folios, or numbered leaves.

These contain thirty-five Sonnets; Elegy on the passion of our Saviour; Elegy to the "Dr Mestre "Belchior em louuor de sua filha Dona Maria de "Figueiroa, na India em Damaõ;" Ode do Camões, que nunca foy impressa, commencing "Naquelle "tempo brando;" Outra ode, do mesmo nunca impressa "Ja a calma nos deixou;" Cançam, "Nem "roxa flor de Abril;" Sextina; Cançaó "Manda "me amor, &c;" Petiçaõ "Sprito valeroso cujo "estado, &c.;" Redondillas; Epistola "Duvidosa "esperança, &c." and the poem on the "Creaçam "e Composiçaõ do homem." The volume closes with the Epitaphs of Coutinho and Gonçalvez da Camara.

Os Lvsiadas de Lvys de Camões, cõ todas as liceças necessarias. Em Lisboa Por Lourenço Crasbeeck Impressor del Rey. An. 1631. *32mo.*

In the title-page are a sword and a pen, with a crown of laurel round them, and the words SIMUL IN UNUM. The licences are dated in 1630 and 1631, and take up two pages. A short dedication from Paulo Crasbeeck, " ao Senhor Dom Duarte filho 11. do Senhor Dom Theodosio Duque de Bargança 11. deste nome," follows, and is succeeded by an address to the reader from Joam Franco Barreto.

In the address, this edition is named the second printed with these small characters, which with reason may be called the poet's own, having been sent for from abroad on purpose to print his works with. Barreto says, that, prompted by the curiosity and affection which he always felt for the compositions of Camoens, he undertook to amend the text, which had been suffered to be printed corrupt and vitiated. Preceding the poem are the sonnets of Tasso, and to Dom Joam d'Almeida. The poem occupies 140 numbered leaves. The contractions " edificaraõ" and " sublimaraõ" occur as in the last edition.

Copies of this edition are in the collections of Dom Jozé Maria de Souza and Mr Heber.

Os Lvsiadas de Lvis de Camõens, cõ todas as licẽças necessaria. Em Lisboa por Lourenço Crasbeeck Impressor del Rey. An. 1633. 32*mo.*

Following the licences, which occupy two pages, and are dated in 1632 and 33, is a dedication by Lourenço Crasbeeck, dated 4th July, 1632, "ao "Illustrissimo & Reverendissimo Senhor Dõ Ioaõ da "Sylua Capellaõ môr de sua Magestade, Ordinario "da Capella, Casa Real, & toda a Corte, &c." In this dedication, the volume is called the third edition in these very small characters. The sonnets of Tasso and to Almeida precede the poem as in the last edition, of which, excepting as above, this appears to be a re-print.

An edition of the Lusiad is mentioned by Clark, in his work on Maritime Discovery, with the date 1623, which I am inclined to think is an error, and intended for 1633.

A copy of this edition is also in the library of Mr Heber.

MANOEL DE FARIA E SOUSA

Published June 1. 1818. by Longman Hurst, Rees, Orme & Co. London.

Lusiadas de Luis de Camoens, Principe de los Poetas de Espana. Al Rey N. Senor Felipe Quarto el Grande. Commentadas por Manuel de Faria i Sousa, Cavallero de la Orden de Christo, i de la Casa Real. Contienen lo mas de lo Principal de la Historia, i geografia del Mundo; i singularmente de Espana: mucha politica excelente, i catolica: varia moralidad, i doctrina; aguda, y entretenida Satira en comun a los vicios: i de profession los lances de la Poesia verdadera i grave: I su mas alto, i solido pensar. Todo sin salir de la idea del Poeta.

Primero i segundo Tomo.

Ano THE ROYAL ARMS. 1639.

Exivit sonus Eorum.
In omnem Terram.

Com privilegio. En Madrid, por Juan Sanchez, A costa de Pedro Coello, Mercador de libros.

These two volumes, which are in folio, are usually bound in one; as are the third and fourth, which conclude the work, and were printed in the same year.

At the beginning of this laborious work, which occupied its author twenty-five years, is a short notice to printers, dated " En Madrid a viente de " Março de 1639;" directing them how to arrange it, in case it should ever be re-printed.

The licences " por el Ordinario" and " por los " Senores de Real Consejo" follow. From the dates it will be seen, that they were applied for nearly two years before the work appeared.

" Vio este libro Don Tomas Tamayo de Vargas, " Coronista mayor de su magestad en Castilla, i en " las Indias, i ministro en el Consejo de Ordenes, i " en el de la Santa Inquisicion." He says, " that " this poem, being equal to the best of the ancients, " and superior to all the moderns, wants illustration " to make it understood; as was the case with Ho- " mer and Virgil, whose works have exercised the " genius of all ages." He proceeds by stating, " that the spirit of the great Luis de Camoens is " superior to the matter of which he writes;" and after paying considerable compliments to Vasco de

Gama, he writes, " both of them, however, owe the " renovation of their glory to the genius, erudition, " and diligence of Manuel de Faria i Sousa; who, " with incredible trouble and fatigue, had drawn " forth from the obscurity in which they were en- " veloped, the sublime genius of the poet; the fame " of his hero; and the glory of the kings and che- " valiers of his nation." He proceeds further, " *Salga, Salga a luz*, appear, appear, a work on so " many accounts important to the honour of Portu- " gal and Castile; instruction for all the nation, " and the admiration of strangers and ourselves." After stating, that Spain may be proud of possessing this extraordinary ornament, he exultingly grants the requested licence, " En Madrid a 18 de Julio, " de 1637. Don Tomas Tamayo de Vargas."

The licence of the Ordinary bears date, 20th of April, 1637; and is followed by another from the king, of the 13th of September, 1637; granting to the editor, the privilege of copyright for ten years.

The dedication to the king is now proceeded with:—" The most celebrated man for poetical " studies that Spain ever possessed, has, though " late, properly taken shelter under the protection " of the greatest prince that the world now has, " and of the patron of every description of ingeni- " ous merit." The king is informed, that his an-

cestor, Philip the second, had enquired for Camoens on his entry into Portugal; and the condescension of the monarch is praised for having, amongst the many affairs which must have occupied his attention on so momentous a business as the invasion of a kingdom, thought of and enquired for Camoens, who, he was informed, had died a short time before his arrival. The same high strain of panegyric, addressed equally to the monarch and to the poet, is continued nearly unto the end.

This dedication to the King bears date 20th March, 1639; and is followed by another of the same date, addressed "Al Excellentissimo Senor Dom Gaspar de Guzman, Conde de Olivares, Duque de San Lucar," &c. &c. wherein Faria e Sousa says, "having resolved to offer this work to his "Majesty, it follows of necessity, that I should "also present it to your excellency." Another address to Dom Geronimo Villanueva, &c. &c. closes the adulatory preliminaries.

The advertisements to the readers next commence, in No. X. of which, he writes, "This work "cost me the best 25 years of my life; and, to put "it into its present state, I have expended more "than 400 crowns, in the purchase of books and "making researches, which could not be of any "other use to me than for this object; besides

LUIS DE CAMOENS

Published June 1. 1819 by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme & Co. London.

" what I have laid out to stimulate the printer that " I employed, and in the engravings which adorn " it." He continues stating, that for a man of his, not very flourishing circumstances, he had done more for Camoens than princes, or the rich and powerful; and he strongly denounces the apparently little interest felt for the poet.

In the preceding number we have an account of the decorations of the work. The portrait of Camoens,* he says, " was copied from one which was " an original, and which had been ordered to be " made by his friend, the licentiate Manoel Correa, " after his arrival from India. Those of Vasco de " Gama, and of the viceroys, were taken from " faithful copies curiously made in India from the " originals, which were in the (Sala) Hall at Goa." Besides these, there are vignettes, descriptive of the occurrences in the poem. The portrait of Gama is the same as in Fanshaw's translation of the Lusiad; and the printing is continued on the back: it is placed opposite column 531, and has no engraver's name. The others give only the heads of the Viceroys, except that of Affonso de Albuquerque. The portraits are cut in wood, and the fac-similes of

* I have noticed in the preface, that the poet appears blind of the wrong eye.

those of Dom Francisco d'Almeida, and Dom Garcia de Noronha, which are here given, will afford an idea of their execution. There are also woodcuts of the Earth, shewing the disposition of the Planets, and of the Moon, and a Map of the Globe.

D. FR. DE ALMEIDA.

D. G. DE NORONHA.

The "advertencias" are followed by the "Elogio "al Commentador," written by Lope Felix de Vega Carpio. It occupies ten pages, and is divided into twenty-six heads, or chapters. In the first of these Lope says, that if Camoens is the prince of the Poets, who have written in the "Idioma Vulgar," Faria e Sousa is the prince of all Commentators,

for commentaries on so great a poet never appeared so complete before from one hand. In the fourth division are enumerated the various works of Faria e Sousa, which consist of twenty-four articles. In the fifth, these various works are compared with similar productions of the ancients, and he is said to excel many, and to be equal to them all. Lope writes, "the consideration of this obliges me to "dedicate to him, for my own credit, the comedy "*del Marido mas firme;*" and to thus speak of "him in my *Laurel de Apolo:*

Entre muchos cientificos supuestos
eligen a Faria,
que en Historia, i Poesia,
saben que no pudiera
darle mayor la Lusitana Esfera.
(Aunque de tantos con razon se precia,
que pueden embidiar Italia, i Grecia)
como lo muestran oy tantos escritos
vestidos de conceptos inauditos,
elocuciones, frasis, i colores,
frutos de letras, i de versos flores.

From the sixth to the twelfth chapter are various passages, wherein Faria e Sousa is praised. The twelfth commences with an account of his Life, towards the end of which the author draws several

comparisons between him and Camoens. As, however, there is a life of him in the Bibliotheca Lusitana of Machado, compiled from the best sources, I prefer making a short sketch from it rather than to take my account from Lope de Vega, because Machado wrote at a much later period.

Manoel de Faria e Souza was born on the 18th of March, 1590, at the Quinta do Souto, in the district of Filguerias; and was baptized at the church of Santa Maria de Pombeiro, an antient Benedictine Monastery on the Bank of the Visella, in the province of Entre Douro e Minho. Of the place of his birth he writes:

El bano en este Templo se exercita,
que es la primera puerta a ser christiano:
aqui me dio tal bien mano infinita
su titulo, su nombre soberano,
por el amor sin musas dizir quiero
es de Santa Maria de Pombero.

Aqui mi vida en un ameno Soto
bien assombrado de castano, y roble
a poner en su rueca empeço Cloto;
en nido quando humilde, en nada ignoble:

una Torre de Lizes adornada
me diò si no riqueza, sangre honrada.
Fuent. de Aganip. Part. 2. st. 100 & 103.

His parents were Amador Perez de Eiró, Fidalgo da Casa Real; and Luiza de Faria e Souza, daughter of Estacio de Faria, Moço Fidalgo, and grand-daughter of Manoel de Souza, from whom he inherited his name, derived from the ancient Castle of Faria, ornamented with (Lizes) Fleur de Lis, or lilies, to which he alludes in the above verses. His early youth evinced extraordinary genius in various departments of literature; and to cultivate the seeds of instruction, which his father had sown, he proceeded to Braga to study logic. It would appear, however, that his mind was more inclined to the delights of Apollo, than to the speculations of Aristotle; and that he then composed several verses, which in his maturer years, he consigned to the flames. At the age of fourteen, his relation, D. Fr. Gonçalo de Moraes, Bishop of Oporto, appointed him his secretary; and in the space of ten years, whilst he was under this virtuous prelate,

he was instructed in the most solid documents of moral and political life. In the year 1614, he married D. Catherina, the only daughter of Pedro Machado, the head accountant of the Fazenda Real of Oporto. Faria e Souza and his wife were of the same age; and during the thirty-five years of their married state, had ten children. In 1618, he quitted Oporto to reside at Pombeiro, where his parents then were. Aspiring, however, to higher fortune, he set out for Madrid, whither he was invited by the Secretary of State of the Kings Philip III. and IV. who received him on his arrival with marks of approbation; but by whose unseasonable death, his well-founded hopes of advancement vanished. He then resolved to return to Portugal, but was induced by the promises of the Marquis of Castello Rodrigo D. Manuel de Moura Corte Real, to remain. He received a letter written to this nobleman by D. Alonso Furtado de Mendoça, Archbishop of Lisbon, and Governor of Portugal, which he delivered to him. In this, Mendoça writes to recommend his appointment as Secretary of State for India; for which station, although he had ne-

ver seen him, yet from what he had heard of his talents, he was certain he was qualified. To this recommendation the Marquis answered, that the office was too scanty a remuneration for a man of such merit. Faria e Souza was also disappointed as to another application made in his favour; he therefore seized the opportunity of a vessel going for Lisbon, and returned thither in 1628. In this journey, he became afflicted with that deafness which remained during the rest of his life. He was now named by Alonso Furtado de Mendoça Secretary of State; but relinquished the advantage of the appointment, the Marquis of Castello Rodrigo, who was going Ambassador to Rome, having invited him to accompany him, as Secretary to the Embassy. To the request of the Marquis, he at first would not concede; but at last he altered his mind, and taking leave of his parent, departed from Portugal in 1630, with his family. He joined the Marquis, who, on their arrival at Rome, delivered to him the cipher of the embassy. In Rome, he received a visit from the Count of Castelvilani, the Chief Chamberlain of the

Pope, to whom he was known merely by his writings; and who requested him to compose a poem on the coronation of Urban VIII. Faria e Souza readily complied, and as Urban was himself a poet, he received from the Pontiff, at an audience which he had on the 14th September, 1633, flattering compliments for his skill. Conceiving that he had little prospect of making his fortune in Rome, he left that city in 1634, and came to Madrid; where he experienced the inconvenience of being suspected as disaffected to the government. He was, however, restored to liberty through the means of the Secretary of State, D. Jeromino da Villanova, who obtained him the favour of the court, and a pension for the support of his family. He is represented to have been very fond of retirement; and although residing in official situations in the courts of Lisbon, Madrid, and Rome, instead of joining in the usual parties of pleasure, he is reported never to have frequented any place but the church and his own house. A great character is given of him for the suavity of his manners, and the strict attention he paid to truth in his writings. Machado

states, that he was the sworn enemy of flattery, although the composing his dedication in Spanish, and the tenor of his writings, would induce a contrary opinion. His application was excessive, and he might almost in that respect be placed along with his biographer and eulogist, Lope de Vega. He dedicated the last fifteen years which preceded his death, in composing the History of the Political and Military Actions of the Portuguese in the Four Quarters of the World. His skill in poetry was not inferior to his talent for historical writing. He died on the 3rd of June, 1649, at the age of 59 years; his decease being hastened probably by his attention to his works, and by not taking sufficient exercise.

He was buried the day after that of his death, in the Convent of the Regular Canons at Madrid, and the following inscription placed to his memory:—"Aqui jaz Manoel de Faria, "e Sousa, Cavallero de la Ordem de Christo, "y de la Casa Real. Murio, a 3. y fue sepul-"tado a 4 de Junio de 1649." His remains were afterwards removed by his wife to the church of Santa Maria de Pombeiro, and over

them was placed:—" Inclytus hic jacet uxore " sua sepulta scriptor ille Lusus Emmanuel de " Faria e Sousa, die 6 Septembris 1660." Machado gives a long detail of his various writings, amongst which his Historical Works, and his Commentaries on the Lusiad and Rimas are the principal.

The Commentaries on the Lusiad were commenced in 1614, and occupied his attention for 25 years; during which time he is represented to have consulted more than a thousand authors. The applause he received from so many learned men, was very satisfactory to Manoel: many of their expressions of approbation and praise are quoted by Machado, who says, that this almost general acclamation in his favour, was not, however, sufficiently powerful to protect him from the envy of D. Agostinho Manoel de Vasconcellos; who was bold enough to accuse him, before the Inquisition of Castile, of maintaining opinions inimical to Catholicism. From this charge he was released by the Holy Office, which considered it calumnious and without foundation; and by this sentence he obtained a complete triumph over his invi-

dious prosecutor. The malice of D. Agostinho, however, still pursued him, for, joining with two other persons, to whom Manoel had given some offence, they presented a memorial to the Inquisition at Lisbon, hoping, by doing so, to obtain that object in which D. Agostinho had been disappointed at Madrid. The charge was entertained by Pantaleaõ Rodrigues Pacheco, who held the first seat in the Inquisition, and who ordered the affair to be investigated. An injunction was in the mean time issued to prevent the sale of the Commentaries. Several persons of high consideration undertook to obtain the dissolution of this prohibition, so offensive to Manoel de Faria; who considered himself a worthy candidate for lasting fame. Amongst these his friends were D. Alvaro da Costa, the principal Chaplain; D. Gregorio de Castellobranco, Count of Villa Nova; and Francisco de Sà e Menezes, Count of Matozinhos; whose exertions at last prevailed. Manoel was ordered by the Inquisitor General D. Francisco de Castro to defend the passages, which had been represented inimical to the Catholic religion; and, in consequence, in the

short space of fifteen days, he produced a work, intituled: " *Informacion en favor de Manoel de* " *Faria y Sousa, Cavallero de la orden de* " *Christo e da la Casa Real sobre la acuzacion* " *que se hizo en el Tribunal del Santo Officio de* " *Lisboa a los Commentarios que docta, y judi-* " *ciosa catholicamente escrivio a las Lusiadas* " *del doctissimo e profundissimo, e solidissimo* " *Poeta Christiano Luiz de Camoens unico or-* " *namento de la Academia Espanola en este* " *genero de letras.* 1640. *Folio.*"

The leaf following the Elogio by Lope de Vega is divided into two columns, at the heads of which are the portraits of Luis de Camoens, which has been noticed; and that of Faria e Souza. These are succeeded by the Sonnets of Tasso, Leitaõ, Bernardes, and others; and by numerous Epigrams, Epitaphs, and other poetical pieces, in praise of Camoens and his Commentator.

The work is thus noticed in various catalogues, &c.

Lusiadas de Luis de Camoens, commentadas por Manoel de Faria y Sousa. 3 Tom. 2 vol. folio.

Madrid, Sanchez, 1639.—*Bridge's Sale*, 1725. Sixteen shillings.

Lusiadas de Luis de Camoens, commentadas por Manoel de Faria y Sousa. 4 Tom. in 2. Mad. 1639. Edit. rariss.—*West's Cat.* 8vo. 1773. Eighteen shillings.

——— Edition également estimée (avec l'ouvre de Benito Caldera) & recherchée. 18. à 20 liv.—*Dict. Bibliogr. par l'abbe Duclos Tom.* 1. *p.* 231.

Lusiadas de Luis de Camoens, commentadas por Manoel *da Feria*. Madrid 1639. 4 vols. in folio. 36 liv.—*Osmont Dict. Typogr. Tom.* 1. *p.* 163.

——— Edition estimée. 20 liv.—*Fournier, Dict. Nouv. Portatif de Bibliogr.*

——— 1639. in fol. 12 fr. Soubise.—*Brunet Man. du Lib.*

I have, in the preface to these memoirs, stated, that I forbore to repeat the harsh sentences which have been pronounced against Faria e Souza by a late biographer of Camoens; because I thought his memory entitled to respect for what he had done to illustrate the poet. That remark had reference principally to him, as the writer of the life of the Portuguese bard. I feel it a duty, however, to state

in this part of my work, that in addition to this censure, he is also represented by writers, to whom it would be difficult not to give some credit for what they advance, to have failed in his laborious work on the Lusiad. The writers to whom I allude, are disposed to grant him considerable praise for his indefatigable research and great exertions, and to allow that he has, in many instances, explained passages of his author which were obscure; yet they accuse him of vitiating the text of Camoens; of self importance;* of following an indistinct plan in his preliminary matter; of an indiscreet and over-anxiety to place his author above all modern poets, and on an equality with the best of the ancients; and of a too profuse quotation of parallel passages from them. He is also reported to be deficient in explaining calmly, any new or extraordinary idea, any delicacy of sentiment, lively metaphor, beautiful description, or exalted diction, when they occur in the poem; preferring rather

* Correa's Commentary had appeared in 1613, yet he states, "Yo soi el primero, que publico este Poeta comentado "en lo substancial."

an impassioned and earnest appeal to comparisons. At the same time, either passing over without notice, or following a similar course with respect to any passages wherein Camoens may not have been so happy in his ideas, sentiments, or expressions; and by quoting the example of other poets, pretending thereby to authorize his defects.

Let it, however, be stated in his defence, that a considerable degree of the anxiety complained of, is pardonable in an author, whose whole mind is employed in the illustration and service of any particular object; and that he himself in one passage states, that he offered his labours with a greater desire to understand the poet, than presumption that he had given him as understood.*

Faria e Souza wrote an Eclogue, which he calls Cintra, in which he gives the life of Camoens in lines, taken from the compositions of the bard himself. It is of considerable length, and is accompanied by notes.

* Ultimamente le hemos ofrecido este nuestro trabajo, con mas deseos de entenderle, que presumpciones de que le damos entendido.

Copies of these rare volumes are in His Majesty's Library at Buckingham House; and in the collections of Mr Heber, and Mr Gooden. A copy of the Apology, and of the Life of Faria e Souza by D. Francisco Moreno Porcel, printed in folio, at Lisbon, 1733, are in the collection of the author of these memoirs.

Os Lvsiadas de Lvis de Camões. Cõ todas as licenças necessarias. Em Lisboa. Por Paulo CraesbeecK. Impressor & Liureiro das tres Ordens Militares, & a sua custa. Anno 1644. *32mo.*

This little volume is dedicated to Dom Joam Rodrigues de Sà de Menezes, Conde de Penaguiaõ, &c. The dedication is dated 3rd May, 644, and signed by Paulo CraesbeecK. The poem occupies 160 numbered leaves; the Cantos are preceded by Barreto's arguments; and the index by the same person, carries on the numbers to 204. The licences are on the last side of the 204th leaf.

The copy of this edition, which was in the Bibliot. Blandford. and sold at the Whiteknights sale, has been added to the collection of editions of the works of Camoens in the possession of Mr Heber.

Rimas—1645. 12*mo*. *Lisboa*. *Por Pedro Crasbeeck*.

An edition is thus described by Machado.

Rimas de Luis de Camoens. 24*mo*. *Lisb*. *Craasbeeck*. 1651.

Os Lusiadas de Luis de Camoes. 24*mo*. *Ibid*. 1651.

These volumes were sold together at Bridge's sale, 1725, for seven shillings.

Machado mentions this edition of the Lusiad, which, he says, was printed by Pedro Crasbeeck.

Rimas—1633. *Por Antonio Crasbeeck de Mello*. *Lisboa*. 12*mo*.

This edition is mentioned by Machado.

Lusiadas—1663.

Le Pere Niceron mentions an edition of the Lusiad of this date. He writes, " Je trouve " dans le Catalogue de la Bibliotheque de " M. Bulteau une edition de la Lusiade avec " des Sommaires de Jean François Barreto et " un Abregé de la Vie de Camoens pàr le " même, imprimèe à Lisbonne en 1663, in 8vo. " que Nicolas Antonio n'a point connuë."* It is also noticed by Velasquez.

Rimas de Luis de Camoës Princepe dos Poetas Portugueses. Primeira, segunda, e terceira parte, nesta nova Impressam emmendadas, & acrescentadas, Pello Lecenciado Joam Franco Barreto. Lisboa. Com as licenças necessarias, na officina de Antonio Craesbeeck de Mello, Impressor de Casa Real. Anno 1666. *4to.*

* La Vie de Cam. dans les memoires pour servir a l' histoire des Hommes Illustres. Tom. xxxvii.

Following the title, and on one leaf, are two sonnets to Camoens; after which the Rimas commence, occupying 368 pages; the last of which is filled with the epitaph by Martin Gonsalves da Camera.

This volume contains 106 Sonnets; 10 Cançoēs; 10 Odes; Sextinas; 3 Elegies; Poem to Pereira; Capitulo; Outavas to Noronha; To Dom Constantino; A sete, que o Papa mandou a el Rey D. Sebastiaō; 8 Eclogues; Redondilhas; and the two Letters.

Copies of this volume, either separate or attached as is afterwards mentioned, are in the possession of Mr Heber, the British Museum, Trinity College Library, Cambridge, and of the author of these memoirs.

Terceira parte das Rimas do Principe dos Poetas Portugueses Luis de Camoens, tiradas de varios manuscriptos muitos da letra do mesmo autor, Por D. Antonio Alvarez da Cunha offerecidas a Soberana Alteza Do Principe Dom Pedro. Por Antonio Craesbeeck de Mello, Impressor de S. Alteza, & a sua custa impressas. Anno 1668. *4to.*

On the second leaf are the various licences, granted in the commencement of the preceding year; and on the third is the dedication, in which da Cunha accounts for the tardy appearance of the Rimas, and the apathy felt for Camoens immediately on the death of Sebastian; by stating that the nation was more inclined to lament its disasters, than to applaud descriptions. In a short notice to the reader we are informed, that the poems then offered had never before been printed; and that they were taken from manuscripts which could be depended upon.

The Rimas occupy 108 numbered pages, at the end of which is the word Finis: following it, however, are 22 pages unnumbered, and containing 48 sonnets.

The former part of the volume contains 45 Sonnets; an Elegy on the death of Dom Miguel de Menezes; another Elegy on the death of Dom Tello, who was killed in India, found in a M.S. of the Archbishop Dom Rodrigo da Cunha, written in 1568; another Elegy to a Lady; some Redondilhas; Elegies IV. V. VI. VII. IIX.; Elegy to the Illustrious Senhor Pedro da Sylva; 3 Sextinas; 2 Odes; 5 Cançoes; Lines to Sebastian; Redondilhas; and 8 Sonnets.

Copies of this volume are in my collection of

works relating to Camoens, and in the collection of the "Obras," in the British Museum.

Rimas de Lviz de Camões princepe dos Poetas Portugueses, Segunda Parte. Emendadas, & acrescentadas pello Lecenceado Iodo Franco Barreto. Lisboa. Com as licenças necessarias. Por Antonio Craesbeeck de Mello, Impressor da Casa Real. Anno de 1669. *4to.*

On the second leaf is the Sonnet by Leitaõ.

The Rimas then commence, and occupy 207 numbered pages, ending with the Protestation of Faith. The volume contains 36 Sonnets; 2 Elegies; 2 Odes; 1 Cançam; Sextina; 1 Cançam; Petiçam feita ao Regedor de hũa nobre moça, presa no Limoeiro da Cidade de Lisboa, por se dizer, que fizera adulterio a seu Marido, que era na India, feita por Luis de Camoẽs; Redondilhas; Poem on the Creation and Composition of Man; Comedia del Rey Seleuco; and Comedia dos Anfitrioẽs.

Copies of this volume, either separate or attached, as afterwards is mentioned, are in the possession of Mr Heber, and of the writer of these memoirs; and are also in the British

Museum, and in Trinity College Library, Cambridge,

Lusiadas—1669.

Obras de Lvis de Camoẽs Princepe dos Poetas Portugueses. Com os argumentos do Lecenceado Iodo Franco Barreto; & por elle emẽdadas em esta nova impressdo, que comprehende todas os obras, que deste insigne autor se achardo impressas, & manuscritas, Com o Index dos nomes proprios. Offerecidas a D. Francisco de Sousa Capitaõ da Guarda do Principe N. S. por Antonio Craesbeeck d'Mello Impressor da Casa Real. Anno 1669, *4to. Lisboa. Com as licenças necessarias E privilegio Real.*

With the above title, and with those withdrawn, which are before given in the editions of parts of the Rimas published separately in 1666, 1668, and 1669, the works of Camoens of this date, 1669, generally appear in libraries.

On the second leaf is the dedication to D. Francisco de Sousa, dated 6th November, 669; on the other side of which are the licences, nearly all of which are dated early in 1668.

The third leaf commences with a very short life of Camoens, which is closed by the sonnet of Bernardes.

Immediately preceding the Lusiad, which occupies 376 pages, is a grant from the Prince Regent, dated Lisbon, 23rd October, 1669, to Craesbeeck d'Mello, to print for ten years "Obras de Camoēs, Lusiadas, & Rimas com seus acrescentamentos." The index, containing 78 pages, is at the end of this volume.

It is remarkable, that in this edition, the fortieth stanza of Canto VII. is twice printed.

Copies of this edition of the Lusiad, either separate or attached to the volumes above-mentioned, are in the possession of Mr Heber, and of the author of these memoirs; and are in the British Museum, and in Trinity College Library, Cambridge. The copy in the British Museum belonged to Sir Paul Methuen.

Lusiadas—1670. 16*mo.*

Rimas——1670. 16*mo.*

Editions of this date are mentioned by Machado.

Rimas Varias de Luis de Camoens Principe de los Poetas Heroycos, y Lyricos de Espana. Ofrecidas al muy Ilustre Senor D. Juan da Sylva Marquez de Gouvea, Presidente del Dezembargo del Paço, y Mayordomo Mayor de la Casa Real, &c. Commentadas por Manuel de Faria, y Sousa, Cavallero de la Orden de Christo. Tomo I. y. II. Que contienen la primera, segunda, y tercera Centuria de los Sonetos. Lisboa, con privilegio Real. En la imprenta de Theotonio Damaso de Mello, Impressor de la Casa Real. Con todas las licencias necessarias. Ano de 1685. *Folio.*

Immediately after the title is the dedication to to D. Ioam da Sylva, &c. &c. which commences " Esta he a primeira vez, que saem a luz as Rimas " do Grande Luis de Camoens, illustradas por Ma- " noel de Faria e Sousa, escritores ambos de taõ " esclarecida fama, que lhe bastaõ por panegiricos, " as repetidas vozes do universal applauso." It is dated Lisbon, March 17th, 1685, and signed " Theo- " tonio Damaso de Mello."

To this follow " approvaçam" dated 13th March, 1685, signed Frey Manoel de Santo Atanasio; the licences from the holy office, &c. dated 2nd June, 679, 28th July, 1679, and 7th August, 6791, in some of which the work is said to be in eight volumes; " Advertencias para que se lean con todo " luz estos commentarios," being notices of abbreviations, &c. &c.

The " prologo" succeeds to the other preliminary matter, and is the performance of Faria e Sousa. In it he states, that, during his researches to illustrate the Lusiad, he had met with much which would have been useful for the present work; as his views, however, were then solely confined to the larger poem, he for a considerable time pursued his labours accordingly; but afterwards undertook to comment also on the Rimas. The principal part of this prologue is taken up with a detail of the requisite qualifications of a Commentator. Faria e Sousa then proceeds to point out such additions to the collection of the Rimas as he had made. Of these there were above 160 Sonnets, besides the new arrangement of 30 others, the text of which was so vitiated in the edition called the " Segunda " parte," as to require this correction. The Cançoens were before 10, and then 15; the Elegies 5, and then 12; the Outavas 3, and then 7, and the

seventh alone being longer than the first three; the Eclogues were 8, and then 16. Thus, in some cases, being more than double, and in others nearly so. In the smaller descriptions of poetry the additions were not so considerable, but were of some account. The Redondilhas were before 14, and were then 26; the Esparsas were 9, and then 17; the Glosas were 18, and then 27; the Voltas were 68, and then 82; making in the whole an addition of nearly two hundred poems.

The prologue is divided into twenty-one chapters or numbers, and is followed by a second life of Camoens, in forty divisions, wherein many alterations from that given with the Commentaries on the Lusiad occur.

At the end of the life is the "Juizio destas "Rimas," in twenty-three divisions. In the commencement of this part of the work, it is stated, how seldom a genius, however happy it may be, is found, which is equally great in various undertakings; and which succeeds in any other department than that for which it appears formed. A long list of poets is given to prove this assertion, who, although they adventured in many descriptions of poetry, are only considered illustrious for their success in one. Nor is this remark confined to poets; it is said to have reference to distinguished orators, historians,

and other writers, whose celebrity in one species of composition, and failure in others, are particularized. Camoens was happy in every department he undertook, and is described as possessing a genius of so extraordinary a description, that in whatever kind of poetry he attempted to write, he succeeded. The poets of Italy and Spain, who composed "Rimas Varias," are referred to, the names of some of the most distinguished are given, the repeated printing of their works is mentioned, and that they will continue to be printed is asserted. With respect to Camoens, however, it was to be observed, that he composed his Rimas in the Portuguese language, then little known; and that, during the first forty-five years, more than twenty-two thousand copies, being an edition in every three years on an average, had been distributed; and yet the ancient editions were so scarce as only to be obtained with great difficulty. Books of little intrinsic value, it is remarked, may have a short career, and then expire; but those of worth, the older they grow, the oftener they are renewed; and this is the case with the Rimas of Camoens, Petrarch, Gaurino, and Garcilasso. The descriptions of poetry in which Camoens composed, are next enumerated, and Faria states, that he has sufficiently written upon them at the commencement of his

Commentaries on the works themselves. He compliments Surrupita for having been the first to give his opinion respecting the Rimas of the Portuguese bard, and for having so ably executed his task. The prologue closes with an account of the poets, and others, who have eulogized Camoens in their writings.

The remarks mentioned in the prologue are now given for the first three volumes which contain the Sonnets, Songs, Odes, Elegies and Oitavas, and Eclogues. In this discourse, the beauty of the sonnet, and the authors who have excelled in that species of composition, are noticed. The sonnets are described as three centuries, and with them the first part of the work, containing vol. I. and II. ends. The second portion begins with a new title-page.

Rimas Varias de Luis de Camoens, Principe de los Poetas Heroycos, y Lyricos de Espana. Ofrecidas al muy Ilustre Senor Garcia de Melo, Montero Mor del Reyno, Presidente del Dezembargo del Paço, &c. Commentadas por Manuel de Faria, y Sousa, Cavallero de la orden de Christo. Tomo III. IV. y V. Segunda parte. El Tom. III. Contiene Las Canciones,

las Odas, y las Sextinas. El Tom. IV. Las Elegias, y las Otavas. El Tom. V. las primeras ocho Eglogas. Lisboa. Con todas las Licencias necessarias. En la Imprenta Craesbeeckiana. Ano M.D.C.LXXXIX. Con privilegio Real.

The dedication is signed "Ignacia Maria de Car-" valho," and is dated Lisbon, 1st October, 1688. After the usual licences, the commentaries follow, each description of poetry being preceded by a short dissertation.

The Commentaries on the Rimas did not appear at all until 1685, being thirty-six years after the death of Faria e Sousa. At this time, only two volumes out of the eight were published, and an interval of four years took place between that publication and the printing of the second portion, which contained the three succeeding volumes. If we are at a loss to account for this continuance of the second part so long in MS. we are more so with respect to the remainder of the work, which, even until this time, is preserved in a similar state. Machado, in his account of the unpublished works

of Faria e Sousa, thus mentions them:—"Varias Rimas de Luis de Camoens commentadas. Tomo. VI. contiene octo Eglogas hasladas de neuvo. Rimas Varias, Tomo VII. contiene todos los versos menores." And as the contents of the eight volume "Comedias, e Prozas del mismo Poeta commentadas."

That it was the intention of Faria e Sousa, and the editor of his first two volumes, that the whole should be published, is obvious, from the licence being obtained for eight volumes. Some difficulty must have occurred to prevent the speedy publication, even of the first portion, as the licence bears date 1679, and the volume was not sent from the press until 1785.*

The following bibliographical notices have been found respecting this work:—

* Garces Ferreira states the death of Faria e Sousa as the cause of the remainder of the Commentaries not being published. Not any part was published during the life of Faria, and as the other volumes exist in MS. the idea of Ferreira must be erroneous. He gives a wrong date for the time of the death of Faria e Sousa. Edition of 1731—2. p. 28.

Camoens (Luis de) Rimas Varias. Lisboa, 1686. 2 Tom. fol. vend jusqà 40. fr. en 1754. Mais moins cher depuis.—*Brunet Man. du Lib. Tom.* 1. *p.* 207.

——— vend 40 liv. chez M. de Couvay.—*Dict. Bib. par Du Clos. Tom.* 1. *p.* 231.

Rimas Varias de Luis de Camoens. Lisboa, 1689. 2 vols. in fol. rares et se vendent 36 á 40 l.—*Osmont Dict. Typogr. Tom.* 1. *p.* 163.

——— 30 l.—*Fournier Nouv. Dict. Port. de Bibl.*

Copies of this edition are in the libraries of Mr Heber and Mr Gooden, and in the collection of books, relating to Camoens, of the author of these memoirs.

Obras do Grande Luis de Camões, Principe dos Poetas Heroycos, & Lyricos de Hespanha, novamente dadas a luz com os seus Lusiadas commentados pelo Lecenciado Manoel Correa Examinador sinodal do arcebispado de Lisboa, & cura da Igreja de S. Sebastiaõ da Mouraria, & natural da cidade de Elvas, com os Argumentos do Lecenciado Ioam Franco Barreto. E agora nesta

ultima Impressaõ correcta, & accrescentada com a sua vida escrita Por Manoel de Faria Severim, offerecido ao Senhor Antonio de Basto Pereyra, do Conselho de el Rey Nosso Senhor, e do de sua Real Fazenda, seu secretario e Juiz da Inconfidencia, & das justificações, e secretario da Augustissima Raynha Nossa Senhora, vedor de sua Fazenda, e Estado, Chancelor mòr da sua Caza, & da da supplicaçaõ, Prezidente do Concelho da dita Senhora, & dignissimo Regedor das justiças, &c.

Lisboa occidental,
Na officina de Joseph Lopes Ferreyra, Impressor da Serenissima Rayna nossa Senhora,
& à sua custa.
M.DCC.XX.
Com todas as licenças necessarias. Folio.

On the first leaf is the address of the printer to Pereyra, wherein he says, that, under his protection as a Mæcenas, the world will see repaired the injury, which Camoens complained of as having suffered from the neglect of those who were about the person of the King Sebastian, to whom he had dedicated his poem.

On the following page is the prologue to the reader. In this the editor states, that, observing the great demand for the works of the poet, and the inefficiency of the supply to answer such demand, he determined to render a service to his country and to his friends, who were very desirous of his embarking in the undertaking, by collecting all the works of Camoens, and printing them with the Commentary on the Lusiad of Manoel Correa, the poet's most faithful and true Commentator, having been his friend and cotemporary, and one with whom he had frequent intercourse. He says, he has preferred the Life of Camoens, written by Manoel Severim de Faria, because, not on account of its learned style only, but also for its historical truth, he deemed it would be most satisfactory to the curious. He prints his work in folio, without consideration as to the expence, and from a desire of adorning libraries by so superior a volume. The book is illustrated, he continues, with a full-length portrait of Camoens, taken from nature, and not before seen. On the other side of this leaf are the several licences, dated in May, 1715, and in June, 1720.

The portrait is followed by the life, occupying twenty-four unnumbered pages. Os Lusiadas with Correa's Commentary then commence, and with them the paging of the volume, running to the end

of the Lusiad 312 pages. The " Rimas do Grande " Luis de Camões, primeira parte," succeed with a new paging, and contain 302 Sonnets,* and the poem on the Creation and Composition of Man. The " Segunda parte" contains 16 Cançoēs; 12 Odes; 4 Sextinas; 21 Elegias; 7 Octavas; and 8 Eclogues. The " Terceira parte" contains Tercetos to Sebastian; Cartas and Redondilhas; and the two Comedies. The Rimas occupy 251 pages.

A copy of this edition, which is the first containing all the works of Camoens, is in the library of James Gooden, Esq. by whose permission the portrait has been engraved.

Lusiada Poema Epico de Luis de Camoēs Principe dos Poetas de Espanha, Com os Argumentos de Joaō Franco Barretto, Illustrado com varias, e Breves notas, e com hum precedente apparato do que lhe pertence, por Ignacio Garcez Ferreira entre os Arcades Gilmedo. A El-Rei

* In this edition four of the Sonnets are repeated. Sonnet 101 is the same as 226—102 as 217—104 as 218—and 105 as 234.

D. Ioaõ V. Nosso Senhor. Tomo I. Em Napoles na Officina Parriniana MDCCXXXI. Com as Licenças necessarias. Tomo II. Em Roma na Officina de Antonio Rossi MDCCXXXII. Com as Licenças necessarias. 4to.

Fronting the title-page to the first volume is a print, designed and engraved in 1728 by Io. Carolus Allet, in which the head of Camoens is exhibited within a circle, supported by two female figures, representing War and Poetry; a figure of Fame is at the top sounding a trumpet, and in one corner is a temple. Immediately below the circle is a scroll with the words "IN UTRUNQUE PARA-"TUS;" and at the bottom of the picture is part of the globe with the following lines:

Fama volans cita, Calliopes ac Palladis, arte,
Ætheris ad Fanum te, Ludovice, vehit.

In the portrait, which is evidently copied from that in the "Discursos varios" of Severim de Faria, Camoens is given blind of the wrong eye.

The dedication to the King bears date Naples, 21st December 1730; and is followed by a list of the authors who had been consulted for the work. A licence, signed by Franciscus de Fonseca, S. I.

and dated 30th June 1728, succeeds, and to this "Imprimatur extra Urbem Servatis Servandis. Fr. "Io. Benedictus Zuanelli Ord. Præd. Sacri Palatii "Apostolic. Mag."

At page 1 commences "Apparato Preliminar a "Lusiada de Luis de Camoēs, em que se expoem, "quanto pertence à condiçaō do Poeta, e à cali- "dade e particularidades do Poema," consisting of an Introduction—Livro I. Capitulo I. *Compendio da Vida de Camoēs.*—Cap. II. *Alguus testimunhos de celebres Lettrados sobre o Caratter de engenho do Camoēs.*—Cap. III. *Varios Elogios de insignes Poetas em louvor do nosso, e das suas obras.*—Cap. IV. *Catalogo das obras de Luis de Camoēs; e de algumas principaes Ediçoēs dellas.*—Cap. V. *Diversas Traducçoēs da Lusiada, tanto impressas, quanto manuscrittas.*—Cap. VI. *Expositores da Lusiada, e Juizo dos seos Comentos.*—Livro II. Cap. I. e VII. *Do Poema Epico, do seo Argumento, e das suas partes em comum.*—Cap. II. & VIII. *Da Acçaō Heroica, e suas propriedades, observadas na Lusiada.*—Cap. III. & IX. *Da Fabula Epica, primeira parte de Calidade do Poema, e das suas proprieda-des, examinadas na Lusiada.*—Cap. IV. & X. *Dos Costumes, segunda parte de Calidade do Poema Epico: e do modo, com que Camoēs a manejou em ordem ao seo Heroe.*—Cap. V. & XI. *Da Sentença,*

terceira Parte de Calidade do Poema Epico; e do uso della neste do Camoẽs.—Cap. VI. & XII. *De Dicçaõ, quarta, e ultima Parte de Calidade do Poema Epico; e das suas condiçoes, consideradas no da Lusiada.*—Cap. VII. & XIII. *Das duas Partes de Quantidade do Poema Epico em comum; e do excesso no numero dellas, que se acha na Lusiada.*—Cap. VIII. & XIV. *Da propositçaõ do Poema Epico, huma das partes do seo Exordio; e dos defeitos observados na da Lusiada.*—Cap. IX. and XV. *Da Invocaçaõ outra parte do Exordio: e de como na deste Poema se conteve, o seo Autor.*—Cap. X. & XVI. *Da Narraçaõ, outra Parte de Quantidade do Poema Epico: e da sua divisaõ material; e em que modo esta se acha na Lusiada.*—Livro III. *Expoem ao Calidades accidentaes da Lusiada.*—Cap. I. & XVII. *Do Titulo do Poema Epico: e do que elegeo Camoẽs para o seo poema; e impropriedades delle.*—Cap. II. & XVIII. *Do verso do Poema Epico no uso, tanto dos Poetas Gregos e Latinos, quanto dos Vulgares; e de qual elegeo o nosso para o seo Poema: e de algumas observaçoẽs sobre a materia.*—Cap. III. & XIX. *Do Idioma conveniente ao Poema Epico, e daquelle, em que o Camoẽs compoz a sua Lusiada.*—Cap. IV. & XX. *Da Allegoria Universal do Poema Epico; e das Particulares: e das condiçoẽs, que deve ter toda a sorte de Allegoria,*

examinadas na da Lusiada.—Cap. V. & XXI. *De outras allegorias Particulares da Lusiada na opiniaõ do seu Comentador, que se reprova.*—Cap. VI. & XXII. *Da opiniaõ mais verisimil, ou menos incompetente sobre o uso dos nomes das falsas Divinidades Gentelicas, introduzidas neste Poema: e da censura no modo, e circumstancias da introducçao dellas.*

A map is here inserted, which has the title "Carreira da India no seo descobrimento por Vasco da Gama no anno de 1497."

Livro IV. then commences, Cap. I. e XXIII. *Do Argumento Historico, ou nua acçaõ da Lusiada.*—Cap. II. e XXIV. *Do Artificio Poetico, ou acçao fabulosa da Lusiada.*—Cap. III. e XXV. *Da Economia deste Poema, e sua critica.*—Cap. IV. e XXVI. *Dos exemplares, que Camoës imitou na fabrica da Fabula do seo Poema, e nas especies particulares do adorno della.* An index follows, and the poem commences at p. 137. "Lusiada Poema Epico de Luis de Camoës, Princepe dos poetas de Espanha, com os argumentos de Joaõ Franco Barreto, Illustrado com varias, e breves notas, por Ignacio Garcez Ferreira."

Dom Joze Maria de Souza censures Ignacio Garcez Ferreira for having altered and vitiated

the text of the poem; and for his illiberal and unjust attacks upon the pretensions and merit of Camoens. The notes are not esteemed of any worth.

Copies of this edition are in the possession of Dom Joze Maria de Souza, and of the Author of these memoirs.

Lusiadas. Lisboa—1749.

An Edition of this date is stated by Clarke, in his Progress of Maritime Discovery, to have been in the library of the late Dr J. Warton.

Obras de Luis de Camoens. Nova Ediçaõ. Paris a custa de Pedro Gendron. Vendese em Lisboa, Em casa de Bonardel & Dubeux, Mercadores de Livros. M.DCC.LIX. 3 Tom. 12mo.

Preceding the title is the portrait of Camoens within a circle, beneath which is the following inscription:—

"Musis et Posteritati. S. Ludovico de Ca-
"moes, Equiti Lusitano, Poetæ celeberrimo, Mu-

" sarum delitiis Gratiarum Alumno humanarum
" literarum Encyclopedico, nec non armatæ Pala-
" dis egregio sectatori: In quo felicissimum Inge-
" nium et adversa Fortuna decertarunt: GASPAR
" SEVERINUS de Faria veram effigiam enea Tabula
" incisam ut qui orbem jam Fama occupavit, pre-
" sentia exornet. D. D. Q."

The work is dedicated by Gendron to the most Illustrious and Reverend Senhor P. Da Costa de Almeida Salema, a Prelate and Counsellor of the King, a Fidalgo of the Household, and the Minister at the Court of France. The dedication is followed by an address to the reader, wherein, after some remarks on the Lusiad, the Editor sets forth the editions of the works of Camoens, which he had consulted and determined to follow. They are those of 1666, 1669, 1668, and in some cases the order of the poems has been altered. He says he could not obtain a copy of the edition of 1572. He has printed the sonnets which he found in these editions, and also 78 others which were printed in that of 1720, making in all 315 (314). Some of the works attributed to Camoens, the Arguments and Index of Barreto, the Life of the Poet, and the Historical Argument from Garçez Ferreira's edition, a geographical map of the discoveries of the Portuguese, a head of Vasco de Gama, and engrav-

ings which represent the subject in each Canto of the poem, are also given. He then says, that without boast, the characters he has used in the printing are equal to those of Elzivir, or of the Glasgow press; that few errors will be found; and that the texture of the paper will meet with approbation.

These volumes are very neatly printed; they were executed at the office of Franc. Ambros. Didot, as appears at the end of the address to the reader. Aquino, the editor of the edition of 1779—80, writes, that Gendron is guilty of great negligence, in having given 314 sonnets; and accounts for the number being swelled beyond the usual bounds by frequent repetitions in the printing, there being only 301 sonnets known as the compositions of Camoens.

Obras de Luis de Camoens, Paris, Didot. 1759. 3 Tom. in 12mo. vend 30 liv. (bel exemplaire en Mar. rouge) chez M. le Marié; mais ordinairement 12 á 15.—*Dict. Bibl. Paris*, 1790, *p.* 233.

——— jolie edition, peu commune 18 á 24 fr. vend 30 fr. m. r. le Marié—á 22 fr. br. Peinier. —*Brunet Man. du Lib. p.* 207. *Tom.* 1.

——— 20 liv.—*Fournier, Nouv. Dict. Por. de Bibl.*

Copies of this edition, which is rather rare than otherwise, are in the libraries of Lord Holland, Mr Heber, and the Author of these memoirs.

Obras de Luiz de Camoens Principe dos Poetas Portuguezes. Novamente reimpressas, e dedicadas ao Illust.mo e Excel.mo Senhor Marquez de Pombal Conde de Oeyras, Ministro Secretario de Estado, e do Conselho de sua Magestade &c. &c. &c. Por Miguel Rodrigues. Lisboa na officina de Miguel Rodrigues, Impressor do Eminent. Card. Patriarca. M.DCC.LXXII. Com Licença da Real Meza Censoria. Vendemse em casa do mesmo Miguel Rodrigues. 3 *Tom.* 12*mo.*

Rodrigues, in the title-page to the first volume, states, that he had added as many compositions as were supposed to belong to this great poet; that he had taken care that the work should appear as correct as possible; and that the volumes should be adapted and convenient for the perusal of all. After the dedication, is the life of the poet, followed by "Argumento Historico dos Lusiadas." The Arguments and Index of Barreto appear with the

Lusiad, and the first volume contains the portraits of Camoens and Gama; a map of the route to India; and several rude engravings, all of which are copies from the prints in the last article.

Aquino greatly condemns Rodrigues for the manner in which he sent this edition from the press, wherein he observes, there are as many errors as words, "*onde saõ tantos os erros, como "as palavras.*" Rodrigues makes the number of sonnets 314, and Aquino convicts him of having printed several of them twice over.

A copy of this edition is in the collection of books relating to Camoens, in the possession of the Author of these memoirs.

Obras de Luis de Camões, Principe dos Poetas de Hespanha. Nova Ediçaõ, a mais completa e emendada de quantas se tem feito até o presente. Tudo por diligencia e industria de Luis Francisco Xavier Coelho. Lisboa na officina Luisiana. Anno CIↃIↃCCLXXIX. Com licença da Real Mesa Censoria. 4 *Tom.* 8vo.

A small engraving of a ship, with a motto "IT

" PELAGO CONFISA DEO" is in the title-pages; and a head of Camoens is the only other embellishment in these volumes.

The first volume commences with a " Discurso " preliminar, apologetico, e critico, sobre a pre- " sente Ediçaõ," which occupies fifty-six pages. In this the editor begins by stating the nature of the work, which was then undertaken; gives a short account of some of the editions that had appeared; and blames the editors of most of them for the negligence with which they had allowed so many errors to be published in their works. He accuses them of looking only to their own interest, and not to the honour of the poet, or of their country. Of all the Editions, he has preferred that of Faria e Sousa, for which choice several reasons are adduced. He proceeds to exculpate the poet from the accusations of Voltaire, and pointing out his gross mis-statements and ignorance of his subject, he opposes to them the many expressions of admiration of the genius and talents of Camoens which are to be found in various works. Some account of the defenders of Camoens, and of the translators of the Lusiad follows, wherein the translation of Mickle* is particu-

* Mickle's translation was published in 1776, and on that account, very likely to engage the attention of the editor of a new edition of the works of Camoens.

larly noticed, and the discourse closes with an epitome of the Lusiad.

A summary of the Life of Camoens is then given, and the reader is referred for a more extensive account of him to the memoirs by Severim de Faria, and Manoel de Faria e Sousa.

The Lusiad is accompanied by the Arguments and Index of Barreto, and occupies the first volume.

The second volume, published in the same year, contains the "Advertencia do Editor;" part of the Rimas; and an Index to the same. In the Advertencia, the editor says, that in order that nothing may be wanting that can enrich this edition; and that it may be accompanied by every thing which can be at all interesting, give pleasure to readers, and afford instruction; he prints the prologue, written by the excellent lawyer and poet, Fernando Rodrigues Lobo Surrupita, with which some Rimas of Camoens first appeared in 1595.

The third volume was published in the same year 1779, and contains a "Prologo;" a further portion of the Rimas; and the two Letters of Camoens. It is here observed, that to render his edition perfect, the editor had followed that of Faria e Sousa; and that, as his Commentaries ended with the eighth eclogue, application had been made for the original MSS. of Faria e Sousa, which were in the Royal

Convent " de Nossa Senhora da Graça de Lisboa," and such application had been attended to by the librarian Fr. Vicente Barbosa. He was enabled, by this means, to extract copies of what remained in MSS. and exults, that, at the end of two centuries, he had been instrumental in bringing to light any of the works of Camoens which had not before appeared, and thereby had it in his power to print an edition, more calculated than any which had preceded it, to add lustre to the memory of the poet. After stating that Faria e Sousa frequently mentions that Camoens was the author of more than eight eclogues, and that Bernardes had published some of his compositions as his own; he gives the discourse prepared by Faria e Sousa to have preceeded the ninth eclogue, in case the remainder of his work had been published.

The fourth and last volume issued from the press in 1780, and contains a Preface; three Comedies; " Obras Suppostas ou Atribuadas," amongst which is placed the poem on the Creation and Composition of Man; and the Eclogue, called Cintra, wherein Faria e Sousa relates the life, in verses extracted from the poems of Camoens. In the preface, the editor writes, that the work was intended to have appeared in three volumes, and says, that great pains had been taken to restore the proper punctuation to the Comedy of Filodemo.

Dom Joze Maria de Sousa censures the editor for having thus followed the text of Faria e Sousa, in printing the Lusiad, instead of that of the edition of 1572, which was so much more perfect and correct. He accuses him of adopting all the alterations with which Faria e Sousa had vitiated the text; and of not being content with this, but of introducing his own in two or three instances. If, he adds, future editors shall continue this practice, we shall soon have what Montenegro projected, an edition, in which little or nothing of the original will be found.

The editor was attacked, and a small volume in defence of his work was afterwards published with the following title:—" *Discurso critico em* " *que se defende a ediçaõ deo* 1779. *Lisboa,* " 1784."

Copies of this, and of the following editions, are not of rare occurrence.

Obras de Luis de Camões, Principe Dos Poetas de Hespanha. Segunda Ediçaõ, da que, na officina Luisiana, se fez em Lisboa nos annos de 1779, *e* 1780. *Lisboa. Na offic. de Simão Thaddeo Ferreira. Anno M.DCC.LXXXII.*

Com licença da Real Meza Censoria. 4 *Tom. in* 5. 8*vo.*

The first volume is divided into two parts, and the third and fourth volumes were printed in 1788. We gather from the above title-page, that it was the second edition from the Luisian press; and in fact, with the exception of an address by "Thomas "Joseph de Aquino, Presb. Sec. ao Leitor," and some other additions, the present is a re-print of the last edition.

In this address Aquino acknowledges himself to have been the editor of the former edition, in which he then thought he had given every information; some things, however, which were worthy to be known, had escaped him, and he felt it indispensably necessary in this second edition to communicate them to his readers. The first of these is to state an emendation in stanza 67 of Canto IV. as to the dream of D. Manoel; and to detail a controversy, whether, according to the rules of Epic poetry, a King should have a propitious dream on his first going to bed, or at the dawn of the following morning. Aquino shews that Ioaõ Franco Barreto* discovered that an accent on one of the words alluded to in the controversy would answer the pur-

* Orthographia Lisboa 1671, p. 207.

pose, and by making Manoel's dream to take place at the dawn, restore Camoens in the opinion of those versed in the rules of Epic poetry. It would appear that this alleged fault was taken hold of by the Licenciate Manoel Peres d'Almeida, whose censures on Camoens were answered generally by Brito, but the discovery which should clear up the difficulty, was reserved for Barreto. Aquino proceeds by making honourable mention of Luis Francisco Xavier Coelho, at whose office this edition and the former one were printed; and of the types, ink, and whole establishment. He then points out the way in which a reader who wishes, divesting the poem of its poetical machinery, to peruse the work in historical order, should proceed. He ought, he says, to begin at Canto IIII. Stanza 84, where the true beginning of the undertaking and action commences, and pursuing Canto V. unto Stanza 84, to return to Canto I. Stanza 43, and taking the latter half of it, to go on to the end of Canto II. then to read Cantos VI. and VII. Canto VIII. comprehends the troubles and embarrassments experienced by Gama in Calicut. Cantos IX. and X. treat of the return to Portugal. He does not, he says, mention the first 18 stanzas, because they are taken up with the Exordium, Invocation, &c.

Several pages are now occupied in enlarging

upon remarks which were contained in the "Dis-" curso" to the former edition; and these are succeeded by a complete analysis of the English translation of the Lusiad by Mickle, which he had shortly noticed, he says, in that "Discurso."

The other additions consist in arguments in prose to each Canto, and in an "Advertencia "acerca das Comedias," of which I have availed myself in the account of them.

Lusiadas de Luis de Camoens. Coimbra na Imprensa da Universidade. 1800. 2 *Tom.* 18*mo. Com licença da mesa do Desembargo do Paço.*

The contents are thus summed up by the editor: "Contem estes duos volumes o Poema de Camo-"ens; os Argumentos e Index de Ioaõ Franco "Barreto; hum Compendio da Vida do Poeta; "hum Argumento historico da Lusiada; (extrahio-"se a vida e argumento da Ediçaõ de Ignacio "Garcez Ferreira, no apparato á Lusiada) e as "Estancias e Liçoens achadas por Manuel de Faria "y Sousa em duos differentes manuscritos. Acre-"scentamos-lhe algumos Liçoens mais, que acha-"mos nas differentes Ediçoens, que consultamos "para a correcçaõ desta."

This little edition has a head of Camoens to face the title-page of vol. I.; and a view of Camoens escaping from shipwreck precedes the title to the second volume.

Lusiadas de Luis de Camoens. Lisboa: Na Typografia Lacerdina: 1805. *Com Licença da Meza do Desembargo do Paço. 2 Tom.* 16*mo.*

This edition appears to be a re-print of the last, but is larger, and has several rude plates placed at the commencement of the Cantos.

Obras do Grande Luis de Camões, principe dos Poetas de Hespanha. Terceira Ediçaõ, da que na officina Luisiana, se fez em Lisboa nos annos de 1779, *e* 1780. *5 Tom. Paris, na officina de P. Didot Senior. E acha-se em Lisboa, em Casa de Viuva Bertrand e Filhos. M.DCCCXV.* 12*mo.*

The titles to these volumes inform the reader that they contain the third edition of the

works of Camoens, as published at Lisbon in 1779—80; and, on comparing the contents, they are found to correspond. There are in this edition, portraits of Camoens and Gama; a map of the route to India; and several engravings, principally copied from those in the edition of Mickle's translation of the Lusiad, published in 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1807.

Os Lusiadas, Poema Epico de Luis de Camões. Nova Ediçaõ correcta, e dada á luz, Por Dom Joze Maria de Souza-Botelho, Morgado de Matteus, Socio da Academia Real das Sciencias de Lisboa. Paris, na officina Typographica de Firmin Didot, Impressor do Rei, e do Instituto. M.D.CCC.XVII. 4to.

Fronting the title is a fine portrait of Camoens within a rich border, in the compartments of which are pictures emblematical of the subject. In the execution of this engraving, as in every department connected with this magnificent undertaking, no expence or trouble appear to have been spared to render it an eminent tribute to the memory of the poet. We find, therefore, the following names

attached to this print;—" F. Gerard Del. Effig.; " L. Visconti Del. Plateum; F. Lignon Sculpt.; " Durand Imprimio as Estampas."

The dedication to the king follows the title-page: " A El Rei, Senhor, Depois da honra que tive de " servir a Vossa Magestade por muitos annos naõ " podia receber outra alguma que mais estimasse " do que a graça que me concedeo de pôr debaixo " dos auspicios de Vossa Magestade esta nova edi- " çaõ de hum poema, monumento da gloria naci- " onal, pois nelle saõ cantados os heroicos feitos " dos Senhores Reis Seus augustos Avós, e os dos " vassallos excellentes, que estes grandes Soberanos " conduziram comsigo á immortalidade.

" Digne-se Vossa Magestade acceitar os puros " votos que faz, e lhe offerece, pelas Suas prosperi- " dades, da Real Familia, e do Seu Reinado, Sen- " hor, De Vossa Magestade o mais humilde criado " e leal vassallo D. Joze Maria de Souza-Bo- " telho."

The dedication is succeeded by an " Adverten- " cia" of 48 pages, dated Paris, September, 1816, wherein is given an account of the design of the work, and of the editions of the Lusiad which had appeared. To this " Advertencia" there are notes in further explanation of the subjects treated upon in it. Dom Joze states, that his principal care had

been to give the text as printed under the eye of Camoens; and that, therefore, he had examined his proofs with the edition of 1572, and only attended to amend any errors of the press. He regrets, that from the faults of editors, and the rarity of the original editions, the readers of Camoens have been under the necessity of perusing his works through vitiated copies.

Amongst other things which this illustrious Editor mentions he had done to render his edition perfect, he says he had deemed it right to exclude the Arguments of Ioaõ Franco Barreto, because he could not approve of their introduction into so pre-eminent a work; and also to omit his Index of proper names, because he found it erroneous; and also because his edition was not intended for those to whom such explanations would be of use.

He then states, that in consequence of the manner in which preceding editors had given the life of Camoens, he felt himself called upon to write a memoir of him, wherein his superior qualities and noble character should be properly represented. To make the edition also worthy of the poet, he had procured the assistance of M. Didot, hoping that by their joint attention, not a single typographical error should be found in the volume.* He

* An error was afterwards discovered in some of the copies.

had further secured the aid of M. Gerard, a member of the Institute, and a celebrated painter, to superintend the designing and engraving of the embellishments; and he writes, that M. Gerard had entered upon the office with the most disinterested zeal, and had himself undertaken the portrait of Camoens. The "Advertencia" is closed by a declaration, that the most ardent patriotism, and his admiration for Camoens, were the only inducements for undertaking the edition. Retired from public affairs, from the service of his sovereign, arrived at the autumn of his life, and with his health impaired, he imagined that he could not perform a service more grateful to his country, than to give a good edition of that poem which was the greatest ornament of her national glory. He hopes, therefore, that his country will receive courteously this last proof of the love which he always professed, and ever will profess for her; having it in his power conscientiously to exclaim at the close of life, "Præclara conscientia sustentor, cum cogito me "de PATRIA aut bene meruisse, cum potuerim;

caused by one of the letters in the word *Lusitano* having got misplaced during the working of one of the sheets. Dom Jose has had this leaf reprinted, and has sent copies of it to the several libraries wherein his work was deposited.

" aut certè nunquam nisi divinè cogitasse."—*Cicero ad Attic.*

At the end of the " Advertencia" is a full-length print of Camoens, engraved by Forssell, under the inspection of Gerard; and from the design of Desenne. In this engraving, the poet is standing with a pencil in one hand, and the Lusiad in the other; his sword, hat, and some other books are at his feet.

The life occupies from page 50 to page 130; a new paging then begins, where the poem commences, which ends with page 375. Following the poem, are " Notas da Advertencia" and to the life.

There are several other engravings, which are executed by Massard, Oortman, Henri Laurent, F. Lignon, Bovinet, Pigeot, Toschi, Forster, and Richomme, under the inspection of Gerard, and from the designs of Desenne and Fragonard.

No mention had been made by any author of the existence of two editions of the Lusiad, published in 1572, until the appearance of the posthumous work on the Rimas, by Manoel de Faria e Sousa, in 1685; nor after the trifling notice of it given in that publication, had any one undertaken to collate them, to characterize them, or to state their various readings. On

the contrary, many were of opinion that only one had issued from the press in that year, and that the differences observed in various copies arose from emendations and alterations of the type in the course of printing the impression. The edition of Dom Joze Maria de Souza completely decides the question. In it bibliographical notices of them may be seen; various readings and different orthography in such parts as he had had an opportunity to examine, are pointed out; and the priority as to the date of their publication satisfactorily cleared up. It is also shewn by it, that since 1584 up to the present day, all the editors have, according to their respective pleasures, corrupted the original text. Having ascertained to his own satisfaction, which of the two was the Editio Princeps, and consequently printed from the MS. of Camoens, Dom Joze determined to follow it; and by that measure to restore the text. His chief aim appears to have been to remedy the disadvantage arising from the rarity of copies of the first edition, by restoring the text to its original purity; and to give the poem as Camoens himself wished it should be sent into

the world. The principal merit of the edition under consideration consists in this restoration; and because its editor destined it for a species of monument to the honour of the Portuguese bard, he has spared no expence in its embellishments and execution. The impression consisted of 200 copies, which, with a munificence seldom, if ever, equalled, have been presented to the principal libraries in Portugal, Brazil, England, France, Italy, the kingdoms of the North, Germany, North America, and India. A few were reserved for the editor's particular friends, and one copy was taken off on vellum, in which the original designs have been inserted, and which it is hoped will descend down in his family, as a noble mark of the attachment of their ancestor to his country, and to Camoens.

This account of the editions was nearly printed, when the author received from Paris an octavo edition, which M. Didot has printed by the permission of Dom Joze Maria de Souza, with the following title, " *Os Lusiadas,* " *Poema Epico de Luis de Camões. Nova* " *Ediçaõ correcta, e dada á luz, conforme á*

" *de* 1817, *in* 4*to. por Dom Joze Maria de*
" *Souza-Botelho, Morgador de Matteus, Socio*
" *da Academia Real das Sciencias de Lisboa.*
" *Paris, na officina Typographica de Firmino*
" *Didot, Impressor do Rei, e do Instituto.*
M.DCCCXIX." In this edition, in which there is a portrait of Camoens, the collation referred to in the account of the Editio Princeps at page 264 is given, and it is conceived, that although to enter minutely into it might not meet with the approbation of general readers, yet that a short account of it will be acceptable.

It would appear that soon after the publication of the 4to. edition, the Royal Library at Paris obtained from Germany, a copy of an edition of the date of 1572, and generously placed it for inspection in the hands of Dom Joze. He expresses, that he felt considerable pleasure in discovering that it differed from that in his possession, and that it was conformable to the copy in the Library at Lisbon. He found, however, that folios 75, 76, 77, and 78, were inserted, and belonged to the other edition. Having minutely, and with scrupulous attention, examined these copies,

he has been enabled to publish the result of his labours, which result distinguishes accurately the two editions, shews the differences in them, and decides the priority. He states the collation to have been made by comparing his copy with that lately acquired by the Library at Paris. He asserts that his copy, one in the library of Sen. Antonio Ribeiro, and Lord Holland's, (with the exception of folios 41, 42, 47, and 48, inserted in the latter) are alike, and of the same edition, which he denominates the first edition; and that those at Lisbon in the Royal Library, and in the Library of the Benedictines, (according to notices he had received of them) and that of Paris,* are alike, and of the same edition, which he distinguishes as the second edition, published in 1572.

Previous to pointing out the various readings, verbal and orthographical differences, Dom Joze has the following remarks:—In the first edition the shield is a little larger, and not lower than in the second; the Pelican, at the

* The c py in the British Museum is the second edition.

top, looks to the right in the first, and to the left in the second edition; the fillets of the columns descend in the first from right to left, and *vice versa* in the second; the type in the frontispiece of the first is larger than in that of the second. In the first edition the Alvará contains thirty-four lines, with the date printed "a vinte e quatro dias do mez de Setembro;" in the second it contains thirty-three lines, and in the twenty-second it begins to change the division, and finishes with the date thus: "a "xxiiij de Setembro." In the first, the Italic letters of the Censure are less than in the second, but the name of the Censor is larger.

The greatest difference consists, first, in the orthography; secondly, in the typographical errors; and thirdly, in the few words changed in the text. These three points he proceeds to examine, and has printed the variations. He is decidedly of opinion, that in the first edition the text is the most pure, having been printed from the MS. of Camoens, whereas the second most probably was under some other inspection than that of the author.

Os Lusiadas, Poema do Grande Luis de Camoẽs, Segundo o Legitimo Texto. Avinhaõ, na officina de Francisco Seguin. 1818. 2 *Tom.* 12*mo. Acha-se em Paris, na Loja de T. Barrois filho, Quai Voltaire N°.* 11.

The "discurso preliminar" and the life of the poet in this edition, are copied from Aquino. It contains the Arguments and Index of Barreto. In the text the editor has followed Faria e Sousa. Besides the arguments of Barreto, another set appears at the commencement of the Cantos. There are not any engravings.

NOTICES

OF

Commentators,

Apologists,

&c.

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MANOEL GOMEZ GALHANO DE LOUROSA was a native of Almada, opposite to Lisbon; professor of medicine and astrology, and esteemed as a writer of Latin poetry. He published two works, and composed others; amongst which was

"*Commento sobre o primeiro Canto das Lusiadas "de Camoens.*"

LUIZ DA SILVA DE BRITO was born at Santarem; studied at Evora and Coimbra; and was a good poet, an eloquent orator, a profound divine, and an excellent canonist. He enjoyed various situations of honour, principally ecclesiastical. Amongst other eminent virtues with which he was endowed, was that of fidelity to the princes of his country. As a proof of this, when Antonio was proclaimed King of Portugal, he mounted his horse,

and heading a party, joined in the battle of Alcantara, which, however, was decided in favour of the Spaniards. He died Prior of the Church "Santo "Estevaõ" of Santarem, in 1618.*

Manoel Severim de Faria thus mentions a Commentary on the Lusiad of Camoens, by Brito:— "In this kingdom there are not a few, who have "undertaken to comment upon, and to praise Luis "de Camoens. Some of these works have appeared, and others are preserved in MS. more worthy "possibly of being printed than those which have "had that fortune: such is that which has been "many years composed by Luiz da Sylva de Brito, "a person sufficiently known in this kingdom by "his great learning and qualifications."†

Manoel Severim de Faria was born at Lisbon; was a celebrated antiquary; and has been mentioned as an early biographer of Camoens. Machado dedicates several pages to his life, and the list of works by this extraordinary man. He died in 1655, at Evora. He left in MS.

"*Notas as Lusiadas de Luis de Camoens.*"

Manoel de Faria e Sousa informs us, that he dis-

* Machado iii. p. 137.

† Vida de Cam. Discur. Varios. fol. 131.

covered 150 passages in different authors which Camoens had imitated.*

MANOEL DO VALLE DE MOURA was born at Arrayolos, and studied at Evora, where he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity. He was appointed by the Duke of Braganza, D. Theodosio, Abbade of the church " da Santa Christina de Barroso," and was afterwards a member of the Inquisition. He died in 1624. Amongst his works was

" *Illustraçaõ á primeira Oda de Camoens, com hum* " *discurso excellente sobre o Poema Heroico.*"

The MS. was preserved at the time Machado wrote, and was in the library of the Conde de Vimiero.

D. FRANCISCO ROLIM DE MOURA was born at Lisbon in 1572, and died in 1640. He was a man of large possessions, and well educated; particularly in mathematics and in the composition of poetry. For his productions in the latter he is mentioned with great praise by Cordero† and others. He left in MS.

" *Advertencias a alguns erros de Luiz de Camoens* " *em os Lusiadas.*"

MANOEL PIRES DE ALMEIDA was born in the city of Evora, in 1597, and studied in Portugal

* Faria Coment. Lusiad. p. 647. Machado Iii. p. 373.

† Elog. dos Poet. Lusit. Est. 9.

and at Rome. He was bred to the Church, and principally employed in clerical affairs. He died at Lisbon in 1655. He is thus mentioned by Brito in his Theatr. Lusit. Lit. E. n. 65 " Vir eruditus præ-" sertim poeticæ artis notitia ad quam mira sem-" pre propensione abductus est." He left several works, especially

" *Commentos as Lusiadas de Camoens.*" *Folio* 4 *Tom. MS.*

Prefixed to the Commentaries is a life of the poet. The author left the work to be placed in the library of the celebrated antiquary Manoel Severim de Faria, and afterwards to be preserved by Gaspar Severim de Faria, the nephew of Manoel Severim. He criticised some passages of the poet, which Ioaõ Soares de Brito strenuously defended in the Apology which he published in praise of Camoens, and which was printed in Lisbon by Lourenço Alvares, in 1641. 4to.

Ioaõ Pinto Ribeiro was a native of Lisbon; Desembargador do Paço; Contador Mór do Reino; and Guarda Mór da Torre do Tombo. He died in the same city, in 1649.

He had prepared for the press, " *Commento ás* " *Rimas de Luiz de Camoens,*" which is mentioned by Fr. Antonio Brandaõ in the Prologue to the third part of the *Mon. Lusit.*; and Manoel de

Faria e Souza, in the life of Camoens, prefixed to the Commentary on the Rimas, stiles him "*gran "estudiante y averiguador do los quilates de inge-"nio, letras, y espirito de nuestro Poeta,*" a great studier and examiner of the purity of the genius, literature, and spirit of our poet. Faria e Souza* also thus mentions him in the *Fuent. de Aganip.* Cent. 3. Sonet. 92.

De la grán Camoens Lirica Urania
Derrama el erudito Contrapunto.

ANTONIO GOMES DE OLIVEYRA, a native of Torres Novas, was secretary to Mathias de Albuquerque, Conde de Alegrete, governor of Alentejo. He was intended for a civil lawyer, but thinking that the military life was more consonant to his ideas, and judging that he could serve his country better with a sword than with a pen, he left the university and took the field. He is represented to have fought most bravely in the battle of Montijo, in 1644, and at the lines of Elvas, in 1659. He was much esteemed as a poet, received many academic prizes,

* Nearly in the same place, he writes, that Ribeiro had commented on the Rimas, *worthily*, as far as he understood, from the little he had seen of the work.

and enjoyed the patronage of Ioaõ IV., on whose accession and triumph over the Spanish usurpation, he composed several poems. His Herculeida, a heroic poem, is praised by Brito in his Apologia de Camoens. He wrote

" *Commento ás Lusiadas de Camões.*" *MS.*

Andre Rodrigues de Mattos was born at Lisbon, and studied at Coimbra, where he took the degree of Bachelor. Although law was his profession, he cultivated the muses, and read the best poets in the polished languages in Europe, in which he was eminently skilled. He was passionately attached to the verses of Camoens, of which he was a great imitator, and could repeat nearly the whole of them. He died in 1698. The following effusion was published at Lisbon by Antonio Crasbeck de Mello, in 1663. 4to. It is in ottava Rima.

" *Triumpho das Armas Portuguezas deduzido*
" *de varios Versos do insigne Poeta Luiz de Camo-*
" *ens glossados, e reduzidos ao intento.*"

Ioaõ Soares de Brito was born at Matozinhos, in the Bishopric of Oporto, in 1611. He studied first at Oporto, then in the College of S. Paulo de Braga, afterwards at Coimbra, and lastly at Salamanca. On his return he was admitted to the degree of Doctor in Divinity at Evora and Coimbra. He was appointed Abbot of the Church of S. Mi-

guel de Rebordosa, in the Bishopric of Oporto; and translated afterwards to that of S. Tiago Dantas, in the Archbishopric of Braga. In both situations he received considerable stipends, whereof he is stated to have distributed largely to the poor. He died in 1664. He was skilled in the Latin language, and spoke it fluently. He also distinguished himself in Portuguese poetry. He composed

" *Apologia em que defende a Poezia do principe* " *dos Poetas de Espanha Luiz de Camoens, no* " *Canto 4. da Estanc. 67 e 75. e Cant. 2. Estanc.* " *21 e responde ás censuras de hum Critico destes* " *tempos.*" *Lisboa por Lourenço de Anvers.* 1641. *4to.*

The work is dedicated to Ioaõ Rodrigues de Sá e Menezes, Camereiro Mór del Rey, and Conde de Penaguiaõ.

Britò does not state who it was that had made the attack upon Camoens, but Ioaõ Franco Barreto, in his *Orthographia da Lingua Portugueza* writes, that his name was Manoel Pires de Almeida.

Aquino quotes the following testimony in defence of Camoens, extracted from the " *Theatrum Lusi-* " *taniæ Litterarium*" of Brito, the unpublished MS. of which is in the library of his most Christian Majesty:—" De celeberrimo autem ejus (CamonI) " Lusiadum Poemate Epico, in quo Indicam Lusi-

" tanorum expeditionem, sub auspiciis Emmanuelis " Regis ad sydera usque evexit, sic statuimus: " divinum illud esse opus, sive fabulam & mores, " sive sententiam, et dictionem spectes. Actionem " vero suis distinctam partibus, & episodiis, optimo " principio, congruenti medio, et aptissimo fine " constare; neque aliquid in ea desiderari, quod " juxta Poeticæ artis præcepta, ad veram, & per- " fectam Epopeiæ rationem requiratur, Tametsi " vero scioli non defuerint, qui Camonl scripta " morsibus, seu potius latratibus impetierint; tamen " Viri egregii defenderunt: & Nos, edita Olisipone " Apologia, ab omni erroris, aut minimi lapsûs no- " ta, pro temporis, de virium mensura vindicavimus, " haud passi inultam tanti viri errare umbram."

MANOEL PACHECO DE SAMPAYO VALLADARES, a native of Benavente, and born in 1673; studied at Lisbon, and the University of Coimbra. He was one of the most celebrated scholars of the academy instituted at Lisbon, where the authors withheld their real names. Several of his works were published, and amongst those in MS. is

" *Exposiçoens de varias Outavas de Luiz de* " *Camoens, recitadas na Academica dos Anonymos* " *de que foy Collega.*"

FR. MANOEL DE S. TEREZA E SOUSA was born at Oporto, in 1686. He was originally intended

for the military profession; but changed it for that of religion, and became a Monk. He composed "*Lusifineida*," a poem, in ten Cantos, on the decline and restoration of the Portuguese kingdom, from the time of Sebastiaõ to Ioaõ IV. which he left in MS. ready for the press. He also left some other writings, one of which was

"*Commento ás obras de insigne Luiz de Camoens. 4to.*"

MATHEOS DA COSTA BARROS, was born in Lisbon, in 1693, and died at Castanheira, in 1746. He left

"*Novissimo Comento Apologetico ao Poema das Lusiadas de Luiz de Camoens. Folio. 3 Tomos. MS.*"

Machado writes, that he examined the second volume of this work by order of the Desembargo do Paço, on the 16th Nov. 1750.

IOAO FRANCO BARRETO, whose name has been frequently mentioned, also stood forth as the defender of Camoens, and wrote "*Discurso Apologetico sobre a visaõ do Indo, e Ganges, introduzida com excellente Prosopopeia, pelo insigne e heroico Poeta Luis de Camões, no Canto IV. da sua Lusiada.*"

It had not been published in 1779.

Dr. Andre Nunes da Sylva wrote "*Liçaõ "Academica sobre o Poema de Luis de Camões,*" which, together with other works by the same author, was preserved in MS. in the year 1779, in the Library of the "Padres Theatinos" of Lisbon.*

* Edition 1779. Disc. Prelim. p. 34.

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EDW. WALKER, PRINTER, NEWCASTLE ON TYNE.

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215

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